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THE MARTYRS OF POLYNESIA.

THE

MARTYRS OF POLYNESIA.

MEMORIALS OF MISSIONARIES, NATIVE EVANGELISTS, AND NATIVE CONVERTS, WHO HAVE DIED BY THE HAND OF VIOLENCE, FROM 1799 TO 1871.

BY THE

REV. A. W. MURRAY,

Of the London Missionary Society.

AUTHOR OF 'MISSIONS IN WESTERN POLYNESIA' AND 'FORTY YEARS' MISSION WORK IN POLYNESIA AND NEW GUINEA.'

'And they loved not their lives unto the death.'

LONDON:

ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1885.

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PREFACE.

NOT much need be said by way of preface to the following pages. The origin and nature of the work are explained in the introduction.

Most of the papers have already been given to the Australian public through the medium of periodicals, and they are now collected and offered in their present form to a wider circle in the hope that their usefulness will thereby be extended, and the end of their preparation and publication be further promoted.

May the Head of the Church smile on these records, and make them instrumental in awakening a deeper and wider interest in the great cause with which the martyrs of Polynesia were identified in life and in death, and to Him let all the praise redound, world without end.

Sydney,
March 1885.

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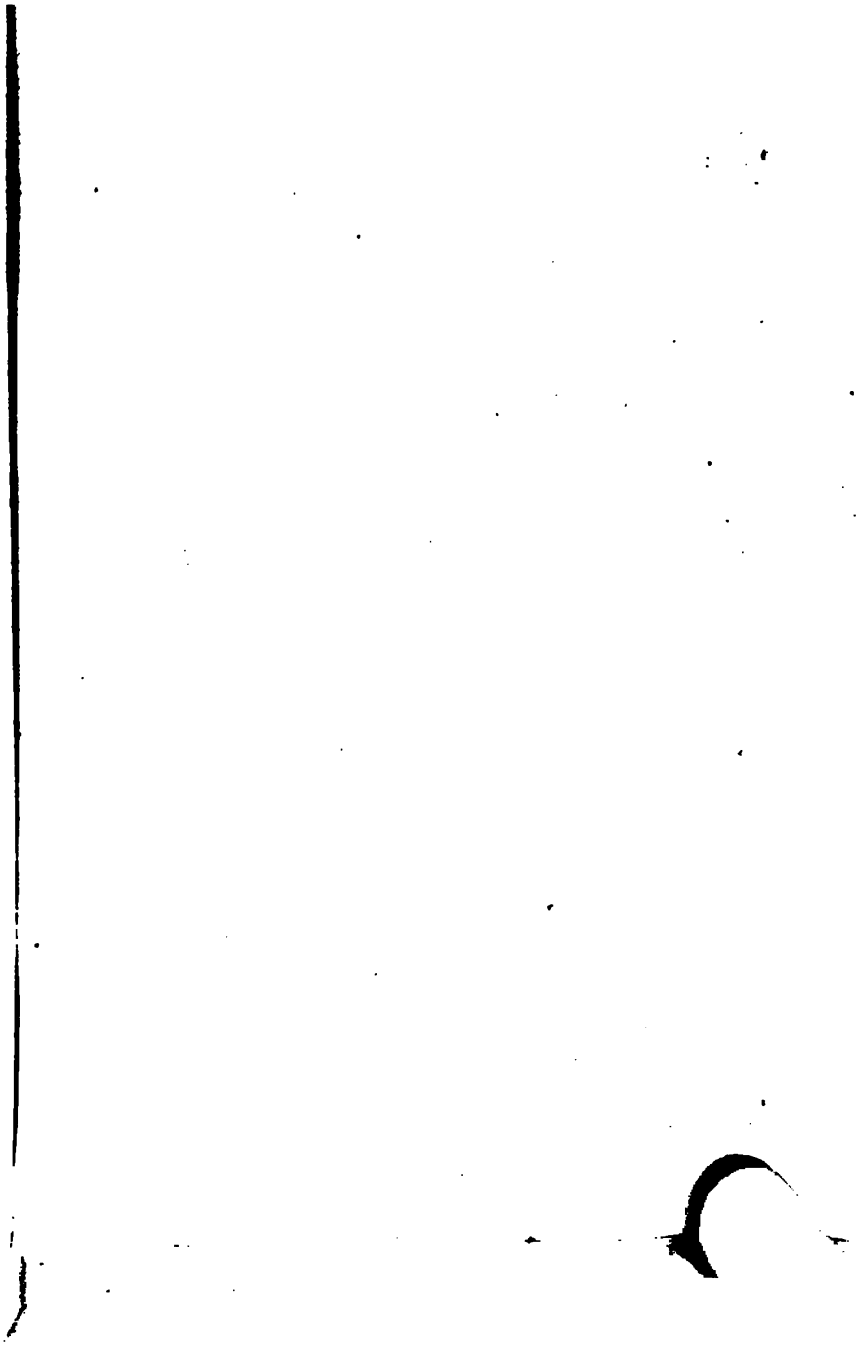

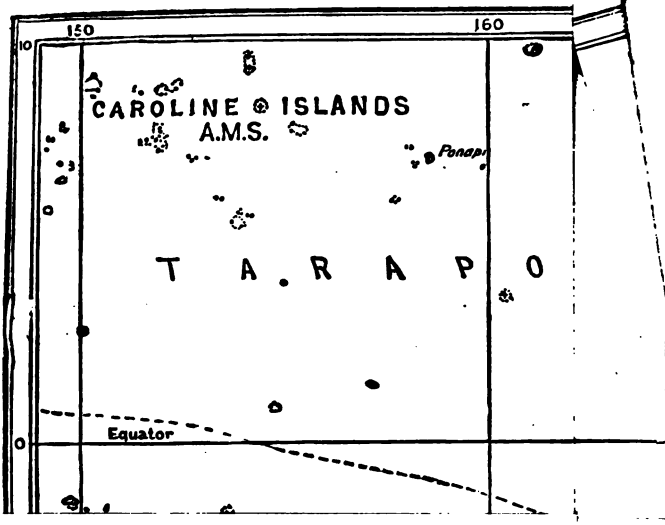
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THE MARTYRS OF POLYNESIA.

INTRODUCTION.

For a number of years it has been upon the mind of the writer to attempt to rear a memorial to the martyrs of Polynesia. The idea was suggested seventeen years ago by a remark, casually thrown out by a brother missionary, to the effect that it was much to be regretted that something had not been done towards perpetuating the memory and usefulness of the men and women who had died as martyrs, in connection with our South Sea Missions. The writer was struck with the remark, and a purpose was formed, almost forthwith, that, should his life be spared, and the opportunity be afforded, he would make an attempt to supply what seemed to be a manifest lack in the missionary literature of the South Seas.

The purpose has gained strength rather than otherwise during the intervening years, in the course of which some distinguished additions have been made to the martyr-roll of Polynesia; and now the long-waited for opportunity is afforded, and the writer enters upon the task which he has set himself, with pleasant anticipations that it will prove to him a labour of love, and that it will subserve in some measure the interests of the great cause of Christian missions.

The materials for the accomplishment of the proposed object are, in some cases, rather scanty; and in all, much of what invests ordinary tales of martyrdom with such tender and

stirring interest is wanting. The pomp and show and circumstances of earthly tribunals; the touching tales of the heroism and bravery of the victims; their grand testimonies as they were exposed in the amphitheatre, bound to the stake, or subjected to modes of death still more terrible—all these are wanting: nor will there be much to appeal to our feelings of patriotism and stir our souls, as there is in the annals of martyrdom in the British Isles. No 'bloody Claverhouse' with his savage dragoons pursuing their victims amid the hills and glens and moorlands of old Scotland, and shooting them down without regard to age or sex, and without even the formality of a trial; nor is there any 'bloody Bonner,' with his tools and minions, not less cruel and bloodthirsty than himself, striving to entrap and drag to the stake the saints of God. No such characters as these, and no such scenes and doings as these, will be found in connection with our South Sea martyrs. They are altogether of a different order.

And as regards the victims of these martyrdoms, with a few illustrious exceptions, they are men and women unknown to fame. Of the great majority we cannot even say what the poet Graham, with equal truth and beauty, says of the martyrs of Scotland:

> 'They lived unknown,
> Till persecution dragged them out to fame,
> And chased them up to heaven.'

The martyrs of whom we are about to write, in most cases, were never brought out to fame at all in this world. The fame that fell to their lot lies beyond, in a region which it is not given to us to explore. Hence their humble memorials must needs lack much of the kind of interest that attaches to ordinary tales of martyrdom—yet will they not be without interest. We would not put forth extravagant claims, but we think that the group we are about to pass in review will present many points of a character both interesting and instructive.

In some respects, indeed, the individuals comprising that group, when viewed in connection with their surroundings, will

not, we think, suffer by comparison with their brethren of other lands. Among them we shall find men and women of the grandest type of humanity, and of the loftiest Christian character. In the forefront are some of England's noblest sons, and, along with these, we shall find representatives of a distant British colony—the same which had the honour, among all Her Majesty's colonial possessions, to send forth the first missionary to the heathen—Nova Scotia. And, in striking but most instructive contrast with these, we shall find the representatives of many lands, differing very widely, not only from their white-skinned brethren, but even among themselves. And how interesting will it be to note, that amid all the external diversity there is substantial oneness, oneness in all that is essential to man's safety here, and to his eternal well-being beyond! And how will the mighty efficacy of the grand old Gospel be thus illustrated!

It does not enter into our plan to give the history of martyrdom in any other part of the mission field except that of Polynesia. We may just remark, however, by the way, that few if any of the many lands on which the standard of the cross has been planted in modern times, will be found unrepresented in the noble army of martyrs when the grand muster-roll shall be called. China, India, Africa, various regions of the great American continent, and notably the Island of Madagascar, have contributed their contingents, more or less numerous, to the witnessing host; but of the great bulk of these comparatively little is known. Now and again a touching tale comes to light, and arouses attention and excites sympathy; but it is only recorded in the periodical literature of our missionary societies, and in that it is consigned to virtual oblivion.

From that literature and other reliable sources we purpose to give a history of martyrdom in the South Seas, as complete as the materials to which we have access and our own personal knowledge will allow.

In writing of the worthies who have died by the hand of violence in the South Sea Islands, we shall employ the term

'martyr' in a somewhat lax sense—not simply to designate persons who have been put to death as witnesses for Christ, but as used by many writers in recent years, notably by the late Dr. Campbell, in his 'Martyr of Eramanga.' In that work the Doctor applies the term to those who have fallen by the hand of violence in connection with missionary work, and in that respect we shall follow his example, speaking of all of whom we shall have to write as martyrs of the Lord Jesus Christ.

In tracing the causes and consequences of the events which we shall have to narrate, it will be needful to enter more or less fully into the history of the different missions in connection with which they may have occurred. Hence our narrative will embrace a considerable amount of general missionary information, and many side-lights will be cast on the manners and customs and character of numerous tribes of the human family. Thus, we trust, it will be found to possess a fair measure of interest, and that its publication will contribute something towards aiding in the great work of evangelizing the nations of the earth.

Throwing himself on the reader's indulgence, the writer will close this introduction with a brief extract from a work of his own, published twenty years ago. It refers to the martyrs of a single group—the New Hebrides—but it is equally applicable to those of other groups as to that to which it immediately refers:

'And now there remains not one of all the islands of the group (the New Hebrides), on which missionary operations have been commenced, on which one or more of the labourers have not fallen sacrifices to their zeal in their Master's work. As many as twelve individuals, including Williams and Harris, have been killed. We feel tempted to linger a moment over the memory of the martyrs of the New Hebrides, almost all of whom we personally knew, and to some of whom we sustained relations which death has interrupted but cannot dissolve. Very touching are our recollections of them. But we need not

mourn for them, although one is tempted to feel as if theirs had been a hard lot—as if their lives had been thrown away. With the exception of the illustrious man who led the way, they lived and died unknown to fame; in circumstances the most revolting that can well be conceived, their lives were cut short, in some cases before they had well entered upon their labours, and in all before they had seen any fruit of their sufferings and toil. Yet they lived not in vain—they died not in vain. As surely as the cause in which they fell shall live—as surely as the islands on which their blood was spilt shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, so surely shall their names be cherished, and their memory fragrant, and their influence felt to the latest generations. "The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance." Yes! theirs is a lot rather to be envied than pitied. "It is a faithful saying; for if if we be dead with Him, we shall also live with Him; if we suffer, we shall also reign with Him." "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."'

CHAPTER I.

THE MARTYRS OF TONGA.

THE estimable author of 'The Peep of Day' and other valuable works has given to the world a very interesting account of the early history of the Tahitian Mission, bearing the appropriate title of 'The Night of Toil.' In another group of islands, on which an attempt was made to commence a mission at the same time as on Tahiti, there was also a 'night of toil,' even more dark and disastrous than that of Tahiti, which was eventually followed by a day not less bright than that which crowned the sufferings and toils and hazards of the labourers in the Tahitian group.

The scene of this second 'night of toil' was what is now universally known as the Tongan group. This group was discovered by the Dutch navigator Tasman, in 1643, who named the three principal islands New Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and Middleburgh, names which no native could possibly pronounce if it were to save his life. In 1773 our own Cook visited the group, and by him the name which we still occasionally hear was given to it—the Friendly Islands. This complimentary designation was given on account of the friendship which seemed to subsist among the natives themselves, and their courteous behaviour to strangers. The group lies between 170° and 178° west longitude, and 18° and 23° south latitude, nearly due south from Samoa, and south-east of the great Fiji group, the three groups forming one great cluster of islands separated by a channel of from 200 to 300 miles in breadth.

The Tongan group consists of three principal islands, and a great number of small ones; Cook speaks of over sixty. Many of those must be mere islets, without settled inhabitants, and only used as fishing-stations and places of call. The principal islands are Tongatabu, Haabai, and Vavau. The population is estimated at from 24,000 to 25,000.

Ten of the first band of missionaries sent by the London Missionary Society to the South Seas in the ship *Duff*, in 1796, were commissioned to 'endeavour to settle on Tongatabu, in the Friendly Islands;' and, after landing the missionaries appointed to Tahiti at their destination, the vessel proceeded to that group, which she reached on the 10th of April, 1797.

On that day she anchored in the bay in the centre of the northern shore of Tongatabu,* the principal island of the group. The missionaries met with as favourable a reception as under the circumstances could reasonably be expected. Two seamen —the one a native of London, the other of Cork—were found living among the natives. How they had found their way to a part of the world of which so little was known at that time we are not informed. Their appearance was not prepossessing, and, as was afterwards found, they were not better than their looks indicated. But as they had been about eighteen months on the island, and had learned something of the language, and gained some knowledge of the state of the people, the names, rank, and power of the chiefs, etc., they were able to render important aid to the missionaries in effecting a settlement.

On the fourth day after their arrival the *Duff* took her departure, leaving the missionaries among the savage Tongans, their only foreign companions being men from whom they soon found that they had more to fear than from the heathen.†

* That is, Sacred Tonga. The adjunct *tabu* is only used, I think, when the single island is meant. When the whole group is referred to, it is simply Tonga.

† About four months after landing the missionaries the *Duff* returned, and the captain had the great satisfaction of finding them all alive, and, with a single exception, in health, and willing to remain at their post, though they had suffered much insult and annoyance from the seamen

The missionaries in Tonga did not, as their brethren at Tahiti, adopt the plan of remaining together in one place, but lived singly, or in twos or threes, under the protection of individual chiefs; and this, under the circumstances, was attended with serious disadvantages, though perhaps it was necessary to avoid awakening jealousy among rival chiefs, and thereby exposing themselves to danger, and occasioning quarrels among the fierce savage people in whose power they were.

About a month after the departure of the *Duff* a sad calamity occurred. An American vessel, the *Mercury*, called at the island, and on her departure seven of her crew remained behind. Strange it seems to have to speak of the arrival and settlement of a party of men from a civilized and Christian country as a calamity, yet such it emphatically was. With a single exception, the newly arrived associated with the white men already on the island, and, bad as these were, they appear to have been even more vicious and abandoned. The exceptional case was that of a man named Beak, a blacksmith, who deserves honourable mention; for, though he made no profession of religion, he attached himself to the missionaries and proved faithful to their interests, aiding them in every way in his power, and fully sharing with them in all their privations and perils.

The others took every occasion to extort or steal from them tools or clothing, fabricated and spread the most false and malicious reports against them, and more than once sought their destruction. Thus they were in peril from men calling

already mentioned, and another who had arrived in the interval from an adjacent island, and who was, if possible, more depraved than the rest. One of the missionaries, Mr. Nobbs, who had been ill almost ever since landing, left in the *Duff*.

The following are the names of the missionaries: Bowell, Buchanan, Gualton, Harper, Shelly, Veeson, Wilkinson, Nobbs, Kelso, and Cooper.

It must have been cheering to the missionaries to have had the *Duff* with them for nearly a month. She arrived on the 10th of August, and took her final departure on the 7th of September; and not the least acceptable service she rendered was taking away from the islands one of the white men, who seems to have been specially feared by the missionaries.

themselves Christians, and soon they were also in peril from the heathen. Early in the year 1798 the death of a woman of rank was attributed to their prayers, and these they were requested to discontinue. With this request they did not comply, but they were often greatly interrupted and annoyed. An attempt was made upon the life of Beak; and in the month of July of this year, 1798, the lives of all were in great jeopardy. Through the watchful care of a gracious Providence they escaped, though not without being abused and plundered.

On the 21st of the same month a band of native robbers entered the dwelling of one of the missionaries, stripped him of his clothes, giving him instead a scanty covering of native cloth, and driving him from the house, threatening to kill him if he made the least noise. A short time after part of the roof of another of their dwellings was taken off, and a quantity of provisions stolen.

In the midst of their privations and dangers the missionaries kept the object of their mission steadily in view, labouring to acquire a knowledge of the native language, and longing for the time when they might be able to unfold to the benighted people among whom they dwelt the Gospel of the grace of God.

Up to this point the prospects of the mission had, as we have seen, been sufficiently gloomy, but darker days were at hand. There was a principal chief on the group, and on the night of April 21st, 1798, he was assassinated in his own house by a brother of his own, named Finau Lugalala, and this deed of darkness led to a civil war, the consequences of which were of the most deplorable character. As the report of the murder of the chief spread through the island, all order and subordination ceased, the domestic establishments of the chiefs were broken up, and the missionaries, having refused to take part in the war, were told that no further protection would be afforded them. Thus they were as sheep in the midst of wolves, exposed to all the horrors of war in its most appalling forms; and though for a time the influence of some of the chiefs, who

were inclined to befriend them, afforded them protection, their houses were ultimately plundered, they were stripped of their wearing apparel, some of them being able to secure only a covering of native cloth, their lives being as much in danger from the violence of the followers of the chiefs who had hitherto protected them, as from their avowed enemies.

At this sad crisis they managed to get together, and, under deeply solemn feelings, they united in imploring the Divine interposition, and in commending themselves and their work to the care and protection of their Father in heaven. This meeting must have been of an intensely affecting character. It was the last time they met on earth, and that thus it would prove, the circumstances under which it took place must have been sadly suggestive. It occurred on the 29th of April, 1799. The good men felt that their lives were in jeopardy every hour, and in their extremity they thought of trying to launch a boat which they were building, and which was nearly finished, in order to try and escape to some other island where their lives might have been safe. The boat was so far inland, however, that they were unable themselves to convey it to the sea, and they could get no help from the natives. How sad their case must have been! but the worst was yet to come.

On the 10th of May—*May*, when the friends of missions in happy England are generally more or less jubilant—these devoted pioneers of the missionary enterprise were required by the savage people among whom they dwelt to join the army of the district named Ahifu,* in which the larger number had settled. Knowing that, humanly speaking, their safety depended on the influence of the chiefs, they so far complied as to follow in the rear of their forces. Shortly after daybreak the conflict began; the enemy soon fled before the Ahifuans, who pursued them, and practised barbarities which even to think of makes one's blood run cold. The first prisoner they took was cut up and devoured on the spot, and the missionaries saw an old man roasting part of one of the bodies of the slain;

* Pronounced Aheefoo.

and even the women, who mingled in the rear, dipped their hands in the blood of the slain who lay by the road-side, and licked them as they walked along. Such is heathenism. As of old, so now, it transforms men, and women too, into incarnate demons. And those were the Friendly Islanders, the 'innocent children of nature,' whose apparent amiability so favourably impressed Captain Cook!

At first the natives seemed pleased at seeing the missionaries in their ranks, but when they saw that they took no part in the conflict their presence was evidently unwelcome; so they left the savage warriors, and returned to their former habitations, which they found stripped of most of the articles they had left. Shortly after reaching their now desolate home, they beheld a hostile party approaching, and fled to seek shelter among the rocks of a place named Eligu,* on the western shore, and here they remained undiscovered during the rest of the day.

In the evening two of their number ventured to return to their former residence, and, finding all quiet in the neighbourhood, the others joined them, deeming it safer to do so than to spend the night in the unfrequented place to which they had fled. In this, however, they found themselves mistaken, so they removed to an adjacent house belonging to a native, who professed great friendship, while, as they afterwards found, he intended to have murdered them during the night. The eye of the Keeper of Israel was over them; the treacherous native was prevented from carrying his purpose into effect, and at break of day they returned to their former dwelling, in the hope of finding one of their number, who had been separated from them on the previous evening. Being unable to obtain any tidings of him, they again betook themselves to the wilderness, and sought safety by concealing themselves in a wood near the rocks where they had found shelter on the previous day.

About noon the same day they were surprised by hearing a native call one of their party by name, and on leaving their concealment, they saw numbers fleeing like broken ranks of a

* Eleegoo.

vanquished army, and they soon learned that the fortune of the war had turned, and that the Ahifuans were beaten, and many of those who had professed to be their friends were killed, and that the principal surviving chief had fled to a place farther along the shore, where he requested to see them. They joined the fugitives, and followed with the crowd, till they were met by a party of armed men, who demanded from them what clothes they had been able to retain, but spared their lives. Having obtained some native cloth, it does not appear how, they continued with the fugitives, many of whom evidently regarded them with no friendly feelings, till they reached a thick wood, beyond which a range of craggy rocks seemed to promise a place of concealment, and in which they were glad to take shelter. And here, in the seclusion and comparative quiet which their retreat afforded, they reviewed the sad scenes through which they had passed; and in the journal which narrates their proceedings at this time, they record their experience of the Divine faithfulness and care. 'We still found,' they write, 'abundant cause to bless the name of the Lord, Who had given so much and taken away so little of what was essentially necessary for our real happiness. Though stripped of every worldly good, without so much as a garment to cover us, yet our heavenly inheritance remained inviolate and inviolable; though at a distance from friends, and exposed to enemies on all sides, we might yet rejoice in the presence of our heavenly Father, our best Friend, and His promised protection; and though life seemed more than ever uncertain, and death impending, yet neither could separate us from the enjoyment, and the latter, we had cause to hope, would but hasten to the closer embraces of His love.

'We could not be insensible to the loss we had sustained, whereof we esteemed the Word of God,* and other books, of which we enjoyed a great number and variety, the most considerable; but we still had access to the throne of grace, and oh, what

* The only Bible they had saved from the plunders of the natives had been lost in the hurry of their flight in the morning from Eligu.

a difference had His distinguishing grace made between us and the many thousands around us who never heard of His Word, nor the salvation it reveals!'

What a touching record is the above, considering the circumstances in which it was made! As Mr. Ellis remarks in his history of the London Missionary Society, p. 78-9:—'Men who at such a time thus realized the genuine fruits of the faith they professed, when it works by love, and brings its possessor under the influence of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen, were not destitute of some of the highest missionary qualifications.'

Alas! the faith and patience of these devoted servants of God were to be yet more severely tried. About sunset of the day on which the above record was made, two of them, impelled by hunger, set out in search of food. Water they had found during the afternoon in a hole among the rocks. The search for food was so far successful; the two soon returned to their companions with a single bread-fruit, and some unripe bananas, which they had obtained from a company of men whom they met, and from whom they received the sad intelligence that their brethren at Ardeo* had been murdered. After eating part of their scanty supply of food, they passed the night in a cave among the rocks, which was so small as to afford but partial covering from the rain. What a sad night it must have been!

The chief of the district of Ardeo, under whose protection the missionaries had settled there, had joined the insurgents. They were defeated by the Ahifuans, who rushed on with savage triumph towards Ardeo. When they approached the dwelling of the missionaries, they came out, apprehending no danger, as they had taken no part with either side in the war. Whether as the friends of the chief of the now vanquished district they would have been in danger, does not appear; but

* There must be an error in the spelling of this and some other words in Mr. Ellis's work. In all the dialects of Eastern and Central Polynesia there is the entire absence of double consonants.

among the Ahifuans, who were at this time the conquerors, was a man who had once asked them for some article which they had refused. Seizing the opportunity which was now offered for revenge, he rushed upon them, and was joined by others. Two of the three missionaries who occupied the station, Messrs. Bowell and Harper, and a seaman named Burnham, who resided with them, were struck down at once and murdered. The third missionary, Gaulton, fled at first, but looking back and seeing his companions fall, he returned and immediately shared their fate. The savages, leaving the mangled bodies on the ground, hastened to the mission-house, which they plundered of everything they desired, and then hurried off again to the fight.

Such was the tragical end of these good men, of whom Mr. Ellis says: 'They were eminently pious, industrious, and devoted men . . . their course, though brief, was irreproachable and honourable; they were faithful unto death; and, though the early and violent termination of their lives was permitted in accordance with the will of Him Whose ways are past finding out, there is reason to hope that for them to die was gain, that it was to depart and to be with Christ. They were the first martyrs among missionaries of modern times, the forerunners of those who in the recent movements of the Church have since been called to part with life in the sacred cause; and their sudden and unexpected removal, though afflictive in the extreme, was, there is reason to believe, beneficial in its influence on survivors in the field, and on the churches at home.'

I regret that we have no information as to the early life of these first martyrs of Polynesia, and that we know so little of their brief course in the mission field. Mr. Ellis says: 'They laboured diligently to acquire the native language, and to introduce among the people, in subordination to the higher objects of their mission, the arts and comforts of civilized life.'* They

* 'The lamented missionaries who were murdered maintained several natives in their houses for the sole purpose of learning from them the

were all comparatively young. Harper, the eldest, was twenty-nine years of age, Bowell was twenty-five, and Gaulton was still younger. It is painful to think of their brief and chequered course, and of its sad termination; but all, no doubt, was wisely and kindly ordered, however appearances may seem to indicate the contrary. 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.' To the eye of sense, indeed, it seems as if their lot had been a peculiarly hard one—as if they had sacrificed their earthly all, and suffered and died in vain; but that cannot be. We may not be able to trace the results of their labours and sufferings, but it does not follow that they were fruitless; yea, may we not rather confidently conclude that it was otherwise, that they were instrumental at least in preparing the way of the Lord, and that the blood of the first Polynesian martyrs, like that of others of early and later date, proved in the Friendly Islands, as elsewhere, the seed of the Church?

It does not comport with our plan to trace with anything approaching to completeness the subsequent history of the mission; still a brief notice of the leading events which took place from the date at which we have now arrived till its suspension, will not, we think, be out of place.

The next day after the sad occurrences narrated above, was the Sabbath. It was spent by the remaining missionaries among the rocks, where they had sought and found a hiding-place, in devotional exercises, and solemn and deeply affecting conference on the privileges of those, who amidst all the disappointments and desolations of the world could rejoice in the Lord as their refuge and their strength.

'The scenes which took place this day in other parts of the island,' Mr. Ellis remarks, 'appear in awful contrast with the quiet solitude and devotional engagements of the missionaries among the rocks of Eligu.' The conflict between the contending parties was renewed, and maintained with obstinate and determined ferocity. Horrid deeds of cruelty and canni-

language of their country.'—Note by Mr. Ellis in his 'History of the London Missionary Society,' p. 98.

balism were indulged in by the party who gained a temporary triumph, but there was no decisive result.

The dangers and sufferings of the missionaries were in no degree diminished. They were indeed befriended by some of the natives, but others seemed bent on taking their lives, some insulting them with the accounts of the part they had taken in the murder of their beloved companions, while others were exulting in the expectation of their speedy destruction.

Three days after leaving their hiding-place among the rocks they learned that their death had been determined upon, and would probably take place speedily. Some of the chiefs, however, interposed and interceded for them, and they were spared. They had taken refuge in the camp of the Ahifuans, where they were exposed to the insults and reproaches of the living, and to the noxious state of the atmosphere arising from the bodies of the slain which lay unburied around. What a horrid situation was theirs! Yet all seems to have been patiently and heroically borne. We hear of no murmuring or complaining. True to the spirit and example of Him Whose they were and Whom they served, they took submissively, if not joyfully, the spoiling of their goods, knowing that they had in heaven a better and an enduring substance.

The war ended in the complete defeat of the Ahifuans, in whose district the missionaries resided. They fled to Mafanga, a district which had taken no part in the war, and where, on that account, the refugees would be in comparative safety. Thither the missionaries followed; but they found the people there scarcely more friendly than the Ahifuans had been. The chief of the district professed to be their friend, but he seemed influenced by mercenary motives only. Their connection with him led to one deeply interesting movement. He proposed to them that they should go to Ardeo to search for some things which he had been informed the murdered missionaries had buried on the first breaking out of the war. They gladly complied with his proposal, in the expectation that they would be able to render the last sad offices of friendship to their

beloved companions. On the 8th of June they set out, accompanied by about a dozen men; and, on their arrival, they found the mission premises a perfect desolation; the fences broken down, the houses in ruins, and the produce of the gardens entirely destroyed. The bodies of their murdered companions were found lying unburied at a short distance from the premises. That of Burnham, the sailor, was found in a ditch not far off, and as it could not be removed they covered it with earth where it lay. Assisted by the natives, they dug one large grave, into which they removed the bodies of their departed brethren. 'They had lain,' Mr. Ellis remarks, 'for nearly a month exposed to the elements of heaven and the insults of relentless savages, and were now interred without a remnant of cloth to surround them, or a few boards to enclose them. Happily for the departed, it made no difference; their dust was as precious in the eyes of Him Who will watch over it till the morning of the resurrection, as if deposited in its last resting-place with the most costly rites of sepulture.'

The name of one man among the natives, Vaaji, the chief of Ardeo, deserves honourable mention. He appears to have been a sincere friend to the missionaries. He bewailed their death in the most affecting manner, and when the troubles occasioned by the war had subsided, he had their bodies removed to a more suitable place of interment, and erected over them a tomb to mark the spot where they lay. 'This delicate and generous token of respect' to the murdered missionaries was deeply affecting to the survivors. It was a beautiful and touching deed, all the more so as it stands almost alone. A gleam of light amid the dense darkness of those troubled and calamitous years, it seemed to herald the brighter era which in due time was to open upon Tonga. One would fain hope that a ray of Divine light had found its way into the dark mind of that poor chief, and that not only will this that he hath done be told as a memorial of him, wherever the story of the Tongan mission shall be known on earth, but that he has found in heaven an everlasting memorial. He took the missionaries to his house,

after the interment of their brethren, showed them all he possessed, and told them to take whatever they wished. To their great joy they recovered a Bible, and they obtained also some writing-paper, pens, and ink, and some other useful articles.

Their situation continued to be wretched in the extreme. They were exposed to constant insult; they were obliged, on account of the superstitious fears of the natives, which had been wrought upon by the foreigners, to discontinue the practice of social worship, and their lives were in constant peril. Amid all, however, they held fast their integrity, maintaining unshaken confidence in their Divine Protector, and often, in seasons of extremity, from want or danger, experiencing such marked interpositions of His Providence, as caused them to feel that, though sorely tried, they were not forsaken.

And so closed the eighteenth century upon the Tongan Mission. Its last year had been a time of dire calamity to the natives, as well as to the mission and the missionaries; and, alas! the new year brought no alleviation. It seemed almost as if an end had come to the Tongan nation. On the 17th January, 1800, a violent storm swept over the group, accompanied by torrents of rain. The island on which the missionaries resided was several times rocked by an earthquake, and the sea rose to an unusual height, overflowing all the north side of the island, and destroying what little produce the devastations of war had spared. Vast numbers of bread-fruit and bananas were blown down, and famine was added to other calamities.

Under these circumstances, it will not surprise the reader to learn that the missionaries were induced to entertain the idea of attempting to escape from the island. They seemed to be making no impression upon the natives. They were assured that the savage chief Finau, who had by the murder of his brother been the occasion of the horrid wars that had already taken place, and in which he had been the principal actor, had determined to put some of them to death, and they were in danger of actual starvation; while of clothing, except native

tapa, they must have been almost if not quite destitute. Some articles of wearing apparel that had belonged to the murdered missionaries had been recovered.

They had serious thoughts of attempting to reach the coast of Australia in the boat which they had built, but having no means of navigating the boat, nor of obtaining the requisite provisions for the voyage, the project was abandoned, as it seemed to threaten certain destruction. The fact that it was entertained at all shows most forcibly that in their estimation *man's* extremity had been reached.

Another fearful struggle between the chief Finau and the Ahifuans was impending; but before that actually took place, an opportunity was afforded, in a most remarkable manner, to the missionaries of leaving the island. On the 21st of January, three days after the storm, a ship touched at the island. Her name is not given in Mr. Ellis's history. She was an English privateer, with a Spanish vessel as a prize. The captain had called at Tahiti, but had relinquished his intention of touching at Tonga on his way to New South Wales. But mark the hand of an overruling Providence! The storm which had wrought such havoc on land, had drifted the vessel far to the leeward of the island on which the missionaries were imprisoned; but she had an errand there, and there she must be brought, and this was effected by a calm which followed the storm, and a strong current which carried the vessel *back* to the island, and afforded the missionaries an opportunity of escape. As soon as the captain was made acquainted with their circumstances, he generously offered them a passage to Port Jackson, with the best accommodation which his cabin afforded. With feelings more easily conceived than described, the offer was accepted, and they were soon on board the ship which, at the critical moment, had been so remarkably brought to their succour.

One pleasing incident, akin to that connected with the conduct of Vaaji towards the murdered missionaries, occurred as they were leaving. As the vessel was passing near the part of the island at which they had resided before the outbreak of the

war, a man named Ata, and a chief whose name is not given, came off with a few cocoanuts as a present. The chief was deeply affected on account of their leaving, and took farewell of them with many tears. Notwithstanding his sorrow at their departure, he fully approved of the step they were taking, fearing, no doubt, that if they remained they would share the fate of their companions. The missionaries also, though satisfied as to the path of duty, were much affected at leaving the people in such circumstances. The almost total failure of their mission, in as far as appearances went, was very grievous, though they were comforted by the assurance that Christianity would yet triumph on Tonga, and the hope that their labours and sufferings might be made in a measure subservient to that end. With these mingled feelings they bade adieu to the Friendly Islands, and followed what they believed to be the leading of Providence.

They reached New South Wales in safety, about the middle of February, and were welcomed there by their brethren who had fled from Tahiti, and treated with great kindness by the Governor, and Mr. Johnston, the chaplain of the colony. One of them, Mr. Shelly, after a short residence in the colony, returned to the islands, and joined the Tahitian Mission; the others proceeded to England, where they arrived in the month of September, 1800, after an absence of four years.

And so ended the first attempt to introduce Christianity to the Tongan group, apparently in failure. It was not, however, a total failure. The mission was only suspended, but many years passed before it was resumed; and as we are not writing a history of the mission, we shall only add a very brief notice of its resumption and subsequent progress.

Some time in the course of the year 1823, the church at Borabora, one of the islands of the Tahitian group, under the care of Mr. Orsmond, sent three native missionaries to Tonga, two of whom were married. Two others were afterwards sent from the church at Papara, in Tahiti, of which Mr. Davies was pastor. They were well received and kindly treated, and in

1827 they reported that four members of the chief family had embraced the Gospel. A chief woman also sent a letter, written by a *native*, desiring Christian baptism. In the course of the same year, tidings reached Tahiti that the population of the district in which the teachers resided had placed themselves under instruction, and were professedly Christian.

At this stage of the mission's history an event took place which has been followed by results of vast importance, not only to the Friendly Islands but also to the great Fijian group, and other islands and regions far remote—the Tongan Mission passed into the hands of the Wesleyan Church. I cannot make out the exact date at which the first Wesleyan missionary arrived at Tonga. Mr. Ellis notices the event as if it had occurred during the year 1827. He says, 'When the Wesleyan missionary arrived at Tonga, the teachers most cordially united with the people in inviting him to settle among them, and carry forward the work which they had commenced.'

And now we have before us the origin and resumption of the Tongan Mission. Those who laid the foundation amid trials, privations, and sufferings, such as fall to the lot of few missionaries in modern times, have with their martyred brethren, and those by whom the mission was resumed, passed away, and of them little will ever be known in this world; but their work lives. They laboured, and others have entered into their labours; and in *their* success we unfeignedly rejoice, while we pay a deserved tribute, which they will not grudge, to the men who led the way in the great undertaking which has had so happy an issue.

In no part, perhaps, of the mission-field has Christianity won a more signal triumph than in the Tongan group. The reader has seen what the people were in the dark days of heathenism. Let me endeavour to convey an idea of what they are now. Over half a century has passed since the mission was resumed, and the work of evangelizing them began under favouring circumstances. For full half that time a complete Bible has been in the hands of the people. Heathenism has long been a thing

of the past, and the entire population has been professedly Christian; and, that Christianity has taken a deep hold, and a very general hold, the following facts and figures will conclusively show: The population, as already intimated, numbers from 24,000 to 25,000. The group is divided into three circuits, in which a complete system of pastoral and educational work is being carried on. There are 126 chapels, in which services are conducted by foreign missionaries, native ministers, teachers, and local preachers, with an average attendance of 19,299; church members number 7,993, and candidates 1,034. There are 126 Sabbath-schools, with an average attendance of 5,354 scholars, and 774 teachers; and the day-schools number 122, with an attendance of 5,204, and 106 teachers. Let it be specially noted that there are only four missionaries stationed in the group, so nearly is it to being independent of foreign aid; and, as regards financial matters, I think I am safe in saying that it is more than self-supporting.

Much attention is being given to the vitally important work of training a native ministry, and everything seems to promise well for the future of Tonga. One striking fact is mentioned in a late report, which deserves special notice: 'At the expense of the Tongan Home Mission Fund, and with the permission of the conference, Mr. Moulton will shortly proceed to England, in order to conduct through the press a new edition of the Tongan Scriptures.' We have been accustomed to think that when our people were ready to purchase the Scriptures at their full value when ready to their hand, they did well; but for a people to send home one of their missionaries at their expense, to conduct a new edition of the Bible through the press, is a new thing in as far as my knowledge of missions extends.*

It should be mentioned also that the Tongan Mission has furnished a large number of labourers for the foreign field—I have no means of ascertaining how many—but it is a deeply interesting fact, that at this moment there are evangelists from

* The above arrangement has been carried into effect. Mr. Moulton has been to England, and the object of his visit has been accomplished, and the Tongans have now in their hands a new and revised edition of the Tongan version of the Bible.

Tonga, Samoa, and 'Cannibal Fiji,' working together in the dark regions to the north of New Guinea, New Britain, etc. We would not put forth any extravagant claims on behalf of the Tongans. Among them, doubtless, as everywhere else, there are many merely nominal Christians, and the highest type of Christianity may not be found among many who are in the main genuine. Still we contend that the Tongan Mission is a success—a glorious success—and with slight qualification we endorse the following statement from a late report of the mission. 'It would not be difficult,' remarks the writer of the report, 'to prove that the success of the Gospel in these islands has been no mere superficial triumph, but a solid and sterling work, which has hardly ever been equalled in the mission-field.' Perhaps *surpassed* instead of 'equalled' would be sufficiently strong.

The Tongan Mission, then, furnishes a clear instance of missionary success—here it is before us—a fact which cannot be gainsaid. Here is a people who, in the course of half a century, have been raised from the lowest depths of savage barbarism to a respectable place among civilized and Christian nations, and to a state which will compare advantageously with that of the most favoured nations of Christendom. What, we ask, could have effected so mighty a transformation?—what but the grand old Gospel of the grace of God? Let the opponents of missions, let those who would have us believe that Christianity has ceased to be a power in the world, produce a case parallel to that of Tonga, or Fiji, or Samoa, and then we may give them a hearing; but, till they can show us something supported by well-authenticated facts, we will still cling to that which we and our fathers have put to the test, and which we believe will hold on its way, and advance from conquest to conquest, till the grand victory be achieved and the millennial age be ushered in.

NOTE.—For the materials from which this chapter has been prepared, I am indebted chiefly to Mr. Ellis's 'History of the London Missionary Society.' In that work, from page 70 onward, full information may be found relative to the early history of the Tongan Mission.

CHAPTER II.

THE MARTYRS OF THE TAHITIAN GROUP.

THE group of islands, of which Tahiti is the principal, has attracted a degree of attention and excited an interest quite disproportionate to its extent and population; and the same may be said of the missionary operations which have been conducted upon it. These owe their celebrity mainly to adventitious and collateral circumstances. Compared with the vast fields now under culture, and the work now in progress in these fields, they are insignificant; but as regards the relations they sustain to other missions, and the influence they have exerted upon them, it would not be easy to overrate their importance.

The interest felt in the islands themselves is largely owing, I suppose, to the glowing descriptions given by early and later visitors of the Queen of the Pacific, as Tahiti has been called, whose beauties have been represented as so enchanting,

> 'So lovely, so adorned
> With hill and dale, and lawn, and winding vale,
> Woodland and stream, and lake, and rolling seas,'

that they are scarcely surpassed in any part of the globe.* So the fair land was pictured by its discoverer, Captain Wallis, and similar descriptions were given by Captain Cook, and other early visitors, and have often been repeated in later times; nor has the thing been much overdone. Tahiti and the adjacent islands are gems of beauty. The descriptions given of the natives also, no doubt, contributed to heighten interest, and

* See Ellis's 'Polynesian Researches.'

probably had a good deal to do with the selection of the group as the first field of the London Missionary Society.

And as regards the interest that attaches to the Tahitian Mission, this arises from the fact that the grand missionary experiment of modern times was made on that island, and that under circumstances and with results which invest it with undying interest. After a long season, about twelve years,* of apparently fruitless suffering and toil, which sorely tried, almost overcame, the faith and patience of both the missionaries and their supporters, God was pleased to affix the seal of His approbation to their efforts. He made bare His arm in the sight of the heathen, and in the sight of an intensely interested few who looked on from afar. Events were brought to pass such as had not been witnessed since the primitive ages of Christianity. 'A nation was born in a day.' A system of idolatry and superstition, the growth of unnumbered ages, was swept away with a rapidity and completeness which confounded adversaries and assured friends. The pure and holy religion of Christianity became the religion of Tahiti, and that island was thenceforth a radiating point whence the light of life went forth to other islands and groups scattered far and wide over the bosom of the vast Pacific. No wonder, therefore, that the eyes of the thousands of God's people, who were longing and praying for the coming of His kingdom, and who were watching with eager interest the signs of the times, should have been drawn towards this intensely interesting spot, and that succeeding generations should feel towards it very much as their fathers felt.

But to proceed to the more immediate subject of this chapter —the martyrs of the Tahitian Mission.

It is remarkable that though the first missionaries to Tahiti were for many years entirely at the mercy of cruel and relentless savages, and were often in extreme peril, not only from the heathen, but also from white men living on the island, that in no case, with a single doubtful exception, did anyone belonging

* Fifteen years passed before the complete subversion of idolatry, and the general reception of Christianity throughout the island.

to the mission families fall by the hand of violence. Some of the early labourers, both men and women—noble men and women, who counted not their lives dear unto them—died in circumstances which almost entitle them to a place on the martyr-roll, but we find no clear case of literal martyrdom.

That honour was reserved for natives—men who had been born and who had spent their early years amid pollution, cruelty, and blood, but who had been washed and sanctified, aud made new creatures in Christ Jesus.

When the 'night of toil' was passed, and the blessed day of Gospel light had opened, then commenced in good earnest the struggle between the powers of light and the powers of darkness, which ended in the total subversion of the one and the triumph of the other; and during the struggle some of the adherents to Christianity fell victims to the rage and malice of their heathen adversaries.

'The state of things' at this time, Mr. Ellis remarks in his 'Polynesian Researches,' vol. ii., p. 125, 'resembled greatly that described by the Saviour when speaking of the results that should follow the promulgation of His Gospel. In many a family the husband was an idolater, and the wife a Christian, or the reverse; the parents addicted to the gods of their ancestors, and the child a disciple of Jesus Christ; and many a wife was beaten by her husband, and many a child driven from the parental roof, solely on account of their attachment to the new religion. In Tahiti the idolaters proceeded to the greatest acts of violence and horrid murder.

'More than once individuals were selected to be offered in sacrifice to the gods, only because they were Christians. Mr. Davies, in his journey round Tahiti in 1816, met the murderer of the young man who was offered in sacrifice by the people of Taiarabù to ensure success in their last attack upon the people of Atehuru and Papara, and whose tragical death, he justly considered, ought to be recorded, because it is hoped it was "the last human sacrifice offered in Tahiti," and because the victim was selected "on account of his attachment to Christianity."'

It would have been deeply interesting to have had some particular information relative to these early Polynesian martyrs. Of them, however, in common with innumerable multitudes who compose the 'noble army of martyrs,' there remains neither name nor memorial upon earth; but their record is on high, and no single name will be missing 'in that day when I make up My jewels, saith the Lord of hosts.'

The following are the only cases about which we have particulars, and in one of them, the more striking and interesting of the two, we are left in ignorance of the young man's name.

The first is that of a youth named Aberahama, who, according to Mr. Ellis, was an interesting and intelligent young man in the mission school at Eimeo. Eimeo is a small island eighteen miles distant from Tahiti. It has a history not less interesting than the larger island in connection with the early years of the mission.

The murderous attempt made upon the life of Aberahama by the idolaters was frustrated by the interposition of a watchful Providence; still he was virtually a martyr. It seems a marvel how he escaped the vigilance of the bloodthirsty savages who sought his life. The following is Mr. Ellis's account of the attempt made to put him to death: 'Aberahama, an interesting and intelligent young man, who was a pupil in our school at Eimeo, was marked out as a victim; and when the servants of the priests came to take him, being obliged to fly for his life, he was pursued by the murderers, shot at, wounded, and but narrowly escaped. When he received the ball, he fell, and, unable to save himself by flight, crawled among the bushes, and hid himself so completely as to elude the vigilant search of his enemies, although it was continued for some time, and they often passed near his retreat. Under cover of the darkness of night, he crept down to the dwelling of his friends, who dressed his wound, and conveyed him to a place of safety. But, although he recovered from the shot, and lives to enjoy the blessings of the Gospel in this world, and to be useful in imparting its benefits to others, he will, to adopt the language of Mr. Davies, "carry the honourable scar to his grave."'

In the other case to which we have referred, the enemies of the Gospel were permitted to accomplish their object. The following are the particulars as given by Mr. Ellis: 'An immolation equally affecting was related to me by Mr. Nott. A fine, intelligent young man, on becoming a disciple of Christ, and a public worshipper of Jehovah, was ridiculed by his family; this proving ineffectual, flattering promises were made of temporal advantages, if he would again unite with those who had been his former associates in idol worship; these he also declined. He was then threatened with all their weight of vengeance; and, still remaining firm to his determination, he was banished from his father's house, and forced to leave the neighbourhood. Not satisfied with this, that rage and malignant hatred of Christianity which is gendered by ignorance and idolatry, and cherished by Satanic infatuation, pursued him still. A heathen ceremony was at hand, for which a human victim was required, and this young man was selected by his persecutors because he professed to be a worshipper of the true God. A more acceptable sacrifice they thought they could not offer, as the revenge they should thereby wreak upon him would not only gratify their own insatiate malice, but be so acceptable to the gods, whom he had rejected, as certainly to render them propitious. It is probable they also expected, by this summary vengeance, to deter others from following his example. On the evening of the day preceding that on which the ceremony was to take place, the young man, as his custom was, had retired to the brow of a hill that overlooked the valley where he dwelt, and there, seated beneath the embowering shade of an elegant clump of trees, was absorbed in meditation previous to offering up his evening supplications to his God. While thus engaged his seclusion was invaded and his solitude disturbed, by the appearance of a band, similar in some respects to that which broke in upon the Saviour's retirement in Gethsemane. A number of the servants of the priests and chiefs approached the young man, and told him that the king had arrived, and, wishing to see him, had sent them to invite him down. He

knew of the approaching ceremony, that a human sacrifice was then to be offered; and he no sooner saw them advancing to his retreat, than a sudden thought, like a flash of lightning, darted through his mind, intimating that he was to be the victim. He received it as a premonition of his doom; and, in reply to the request, told them calmly that he did not think the king had arrived, and that therefore it was unnecessary for him to go down. They then told him that the priests or some of his friends wished to see him, and again invited him to descend. 'Why,' said he, 'do you thus seek to deceive me? The priest or friends may wish to see me, but it is under very different circumstances from what your message would imply. I know a ceremony approaches, that a human victim is to be offered; something within tells me *I am to be that victim*, and your appearance and your message confirm my conviction. Jesus Christ is my keeper; without His permission you cannot harm me. You may be permitted to kill my body, but *I am not afraid to die.* My soul you cannot hurt; that is safe in the hands of Jesus Christ, by Whom it will be kept beyond your power.' Perceiving there was but little prospect of inducing him by falsehood to accompany them towards the beach, and irritated probably by his heroic reply, they rushed upon him, wounded and murdered him, and then, in a long basket made with the leaves of the overshadowing cocoanut-tree, bore his body to the temple, where, with exultation, it was offered in sacrifice to the god.'*

Mr. Ellis pictures the savage idolaters as beholding with fiend-like joy their victim writhing in the agonies of death, and listening with delight to his expiring groans, and viewing the immolation as one by which they had achieved for idolatry a triumph over humanity and Christian principle; and then remarks: 'Before, however, these feelings could be exercised, and the earth had drunk up his blood, or his insulted corpse was deposited on their altar, his liberated and ransomed spirit

* Some of the parties who were concerned in the perpetration of the above diabolical deed must have communicated the affecting particulars to the missionaries, after their own conversion to Christianity.

had winged its way to the realms of blessedness, had joined the noble army of martyrs, and united in ascriptions of grateful homage unto Him Who had loved him, and not only made him faithful to the end, but triumphant over death. Those who heard the young man's dying words, and witnessed his calm unshaken firmness in the moment of trial, with many among whom the report circulated, were probably led to think differently of the religion he professed than they had done before. The blood of the martyrs has ever been the seed of the Church; and from an exhibition of principles so unequivocal in their nature, and so happy in their effects, it is not too much to presume that it proved so on the present occasion.'

So ends our brief account of the martyrs of Tahiti. It is surprising that the number is not greater than it appears to have been, in view of the murderous spirit which actuated the adherents of the cruel and bloody system of idolatry that was now tottering to its fall. It is intensely interesting to read such statements as the following: 'Some openly avowed their attachment to the new order of things, maintaining in the midst of the heathen around, daily worship in their families, and morning and evening devotion in private; others, for fear of giving offence to their chiefs or neighbours, maintained secretly their profession, and at the hour of midnight met together, as the persecuted Christians in England have often formerly done, in the depth of the woods or the retired glens of the valleys, for conference or social prayer.'

Meanwhile, as the Christian party continued to increase in numbers and influence, the heathen became more and more enraged, and it was only through the watchful providence of God that the adherents to Christianity were saved from falling in a body a sacrifice to their vengeance. A plot was formed, and well-nigh carried into effect, which reminds one of the horrid Bartholomew massacre. The following abridged account from Mr. Ellis, of the danger and deliverance of the worshippers of the true God at that memorable era in the history of the Tahitian Mission, will form an appropriate close to this chapter.

The idolaters, who were still the great bulk of the population, became alarmed on account of the numerous defections from their ranks that were steadily taking place. The 'Bure Atua,' as the Christian party were called, were becoming more and more formidable, both on account of the number and the rank of those who were declaring themselves on the side of the new religion. 'Bure' means to pray or to worship generally. 'Atua' is the name given to the true God. Hence 'Bure Atua' was employed to distinguish those who worshipped God from those who continued to worship idols.

On account of the increase of the Christian party, the ancient gods, their temples, their worship, and every thing pertaining to them, was in danger of being disregarded and falling into contempt, to the great grief and annoyance of the idolaters, especially, we may be sure, of the priests and others more immediately interested; and to avoid such a calamity, as they regarded it, they determined by one bold stroke to attempt the destruction of every one on Tahiti who was known to be a worshipper of Jehovah. In one night every individual of the 'Bure Atua' was to be slain. The time was fixed—at the hour of midnight they were to be attacked, their property plundered, their houses burned, and every one caught was to be slaughtered on the spot.

Parties among the idolaters who had before been inveterate enemies to each other, became friends for the occasion, and cordially united in the plan to destroy the Christians. The intended victims were ignorant of the plot till within a few hours of the time when the massacre was to have commenced. By some means intelligence reached them of the impending danger just in time to allow of their escape. Circumstances favoured, and soon after sunset they hurried away with so much of their property as they were able to take, launched their canoes, and fled to the island of Eimeo, where they landed in safety on the following morning, and found a refuge from the storm which had so nearly burst upon them.

When their enemies, who had been prevented by some

means from arriving punctually at their respective points of rendezvous, got together from their different districts towards midnight on the 7th of July, 1814, they were chagrined and enraged beyond measure to find that their victims had escaped, and the issue was that they quarrelled among themselves. The inhabitants of two districts, who had been invited by those of a third to join them in destroying the 'Bure Atua,' who were regarded as common enemies, united, and for some cause which does not appear, declared war against those they had come to help. A battle took place, the allied parties were conquered, and a series of calamities followed, which it would not comport with the plan of this work to enumerate.

Thus was the little flock watched over by the Good Shepherd. They were safe, while their enemies were taken in their own net. By the dissensions and quarrels that arose among them their power was greatly reduced, and the cause which they sought to destroy was confirmed and strengthened. The Christian party continued to increase in numbers and influence, and when, at length, another attempt was made by the remaining idolaters to cut them off, that attempt issued in their own complete defeat. The Christians gained a decisive victory, and this led to the overthrow of Paganism throughout the whole island. The heathen temples were destroyed, the idols committed to the flames; those who had taken up arms in their defence were overcome by the leniency with which they were treated by their Christian conquerors, and without a single dissentient they avowed themselves worshippers of the true God and His Son Jesus Christ.*

* See 'Polynesian Researches,' vol. ii., pp. 138-141.

CHAPTER III.

THE MARTYRS OF THE NEW HEBRIDES.

WILLIAMS AND HARRIS.

THE history of Christian missions in the South Sea Islands naturally divides itself into three periods—the first dating from the arrival of the *Duff* at Tahiti in 1797, and extending to the arrival of the first reinforcement of missionaries in 1817; the second extending from that date to the return of Mr. Williams from England in the *Camden* in 1838; and the third from that event to the present time.

Each of these periods has its own characteristics, more or less distinctly marked. The first was the time of conflict, 'the night of toil,' ending in the subversion of idolatry, and the planting of Christianity throughout the Tahitian group; the second was the period of consolidation and extension; the third has been marked by the same general characteristics as the second with some important additions, such as giving a larger measure of attention to the training of a native ministry than was practicable in the earlier stages of the work, and adopting more decisive measures towards rendering the missions self-supporting.

It is with the second of these periods that we shall have to deal in the present chapter, as it covers the whole space over which the labours of Mr. Williams extends. He was one of the first party who were sent to reinforce the mission in 1816. In that year no less than eight missionaries left England at different times, and all reached their destination during 1817.

Messrs. Ellis and Threlkeld left in January 1816; Messrs. Barff and Orsmond in July; and Messrs. Williams, Bourne, Platt, and Darling in November; and, though months intervened between the time of the departure of these brethren from England, they overtook each other by the way, and all arrived together towards the close of 1817. It was a matter of no small difficulty to get from England to the South Seas in those days, and generally the voyage occupied three or four times as long as it does now. Mr. Williams and his party were most favoured, yet they were twelve months on their way, while some of the others were over twenty.

The arrival of these brethren was followed, ere a great while, by the occupation of all the principal islands of the Tahitian group. A great impulse was given to the mission; rapid progress was made, and in a few years the Tahitian churches were in a position to enter upon the great work of sending the Gospel to the regions beyond. And now began what proved to be the most marked characteristic of that period; and among those who were privileged to take part in the work of extension, the man whose career we are about to sketch is by far the most conspicuous figure. In the work of extending the Gospel in early days, while others did well, he excelled them all. In other departments of work he had his equals, and in some his superiors. In one department especially, that of literature, one name, that of Mr. Ellis, stands pre-eminent. The importance of the service rendered by him to the missionary cause in this respect it would not be easy to overestimate. To him, I think, we might, without extravagance, assign the honour of being the father of modern missionary literature. The missionary works that have appeared since his day would, if collected, form a considerable library; but when his 'Polynesian Researches' appeared they were almost as a voice crying in the wilderness.

John Williams, the leading events of whose life we are about to narrate, was born at Tottenham High Cross, near London, on the 29th of June, the same year in which the *Duff* sailed

with the first band of missionaries for the South Seas. Mr. Williams, like perhaps we may say the majority of men who have risen to distinction, owed much to his mother. She was a woman of very decided piety, and of much firmness and force of character, and she strove with great diligence to train her children 'in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.' Every morning and evening they were taken to her chamber for instruction and prayer, and in the case of her son impressions were made which were never wholly effaced. There were many anxious years of waiting indeed, but the fruit at length appeared.

In the fourteenth year of his age, the lad was apprenticed to Mr. Enoch Tonkin, a furnishing ironmonger in the City Road, London, for a term of seven years, and during more than half of this time he was, according to his own account, totally destitute of true religion. He says: 'My course, though not outwardly immoral, was very wicked. I was regardless of the holy Sabbath, a lover of pleasure more than a lover of God.' Some time before the great change passed upon him, he seems to have been in a very perilous condition, 'rapidly sinking down into a state of settled hardness and impenitency of heart.'* He had become associated with a number of irreligious young men, and, as he himself intimates, he went the length of disregarding the Sabbath, and, as a consequence, he forsook the house of God. Even his mother, whom he never ceased to love and venerate, had so far lost her hold upon him, that her entreaties could not restrain him from the ungodly course he was pursuing. But, Monica-like, she continued to plead with God on his behalf, and in due time the answer came.

On Sabbath, January 30th, 1814, he had made an engagement to 'spend the evening with some of his associates at a tea-garden, near his master's residence, or perhaps more correctly at a tavern connected with one of those scenes of Sabbath desecration and sensual indulgence.'*

* See his 'Life,' by the Rev. Ebenezer Prout, p. 15 and onwards.

Happily, his companions did not keep to the time of their engagement, and this simple circumstance led to the conversion of John Williams. While he was sauntering near the place of meeting, waiting for his associates, a lady passed the spot, whom he must have been very much annoyed to see. The lady was Mrs. Tonkin, the wife of his master. She recognised him, and asked the reason of his remaining there. This he told her frankly, and expressed his chagrin and vexation at his disappointment.

Mrs. Tonkin was on her way to the Tabernacle, of which Matthew Wilks, a man famous in his day, was minister. She succeeded in persuading the young man to go with her. The Rev. Timothy East, of Birmingham, was the preacher that evening, and his text was—'What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?'

At the valedictory service held on the eve of his second departure for the South Seas, Mr. Williams, from the same pulpit, spoke as follows: 'It is now twenty-four years ago since, as a stripling youth, a kind female friend invited me to come to this place of worship. I have the door in my view at this moment at which I entered, and I have all the circumstances of that important era in my history vividly impressed upon my mind. I have also a distinct impression of the powerful sermon that was that evening preached by the excellent Mr. East, now of Birmingham, and God was pleased in His gracious providence to influence my mind at that time so powerfully, that I forsook all my worldly companions.' 'From that hour,' he wrote subsequently, 'my blind eyes were opened, and I beheld wondrous things out of God's law.'*

Mr. Williams's conversion was of a very decided type. He was not a man who did things by halves; and when, by the grace of God, he was brought out of darkness into light, his religious character took the stamp of the decision and thoroughness that were natural to him. 'Old things passed away; all

* See 'Life,' p. 19.

things became new.' He connected himself with the church assembling in the Tabernacle. The pastor, Mr. Wilks, was one of the founders of the London Missionary Society, and a more genuine and ardent friend I suppose that Society and the sacred cause of missions never had. The venerable man's attachment to the grand enterprise seems to have had the force of a passion, and the people of his charge appear to have been like minded. Thus the church was instinct with missionary life, and the ardent young convert came at once under those influences which were fitted to prepare him for what was to be the work of his life. He became a member of the church in September, 1814, and from that time forth he was an active and zealous worker in the vineyard of the Lord. In the Sabbath-school and other departments of service he found congenial employment; and he diligently availed himself of such opportunities for self-improvement as were within his reach.

Among other means adopted by Mr. Wilks for sustaining and deepening missionary zeal among his people, was a quarterly meeting conducted much after the same manner as ordinary missionary meetings; and it was by the fervent appeal of the pastor, at one of these meetings, that the fire of missionary zeal was kindled in the soul of the young disciple. He speaks of not taking much notice of it at the time, but says that afterwards the desire was occasionally very strong for months. 'My heart,' he says, 'was frequently with the poor heathen. Finding this to be the case, I made it a subject of serious prayer to God, that He would totally eradicate and banish the desire if it was not consistent with His holy mind and will; but if it was consistent, that He would increase my knowledge with the desire.'

After due deliberation, and conferring with his pastor, he offered himself to the Directors of the London Missionary Society. He passed successfully the customary examination, and was accepted by a unanimous vote of the Board; and his appointment to the sphere of his future labours followed in due course.

Applications for missionaries at the time from different parts of the world, especially from South Africa and the South Seas, were pressed upon the directors with great urgency; and to this pressure it is perhaps chiefly owing that men were sent forth, after a very short time spent in preparation for their great work.

In the South Seas additional labourers were especially needed. With reference to that field, Mr. Prout says, in his 'Life of Williams': 'They (the directors) had no alternative but that of leaving the few toil-worn labourers at Tahiti to faint under the burden and heat of the bright day that had dawned upon them, and in doing so, either to permit a people emerging from the darkness of ages to remain but half enlightened, if not to lapse into superstition, or else to send forth additional agents but partially furnished for their work. This, although acknowledged to be an evil, appeared to the directors the least of the two between which they were compelled to choose. At that period, moreover, they had not learned as fully as since, the vast importance of well-educated missionaries, even for those stations which, to a superficial observer, might appear to require men of but humble abilities and acquirements.'*

Mr. Williams endeavoured to make the most of the brief space allowed him for preparation for the work before him. He attended a class of young men who were studying with a view to the Christian ministry, to whom Mr. Wilks gave instruction in his own house; and to the course of reading and other mental exercises which his tutor prescribed, he devoted, with the utmost ardour, all the leisure he could command. He was evidently connected with this class before his application to the Society; how long before does not appear.

The interval allowed for preparation soon passed, and all too soon, as it appears to us, the time came when the young soldier must gird on his armour, and go forth to the scene of conflict. The designation service, which took place in Surrey Chapel, on the 30th of September, 1816, must have been an

* 'Life of Williams,' p. 29.

occasion of thrilling interest to the friends of missions. Nothing equal to it in importance had occurred since the designation and farewell services held in connection with the departures of the *Duff* on her first and second voyages about twenty years before. The interval had been a time of weary waiting at home, and of conflict and suffering, and often apparently hopeless toil, abroad. Now 'the night of toil,' the seed-time of tears, was past, and the time had come for gathering in the sheaves, and the joyous songs of the gladdened reapers had been heard from afar.

But the reapers were faint and worn. Some had been scattered, and others had gone to their rest before the reaping-time came; and those who remained were in urgent need of help to hold the ground already gained, and extend operations to regions yet untouched. Nine young brethren were to be commissioned and set apart for the great enterprise, and everything seemed to conspire to invest the occasion with the deepest interest; and what Christian heart can contemplate the scene, even at this distant day, without experiencing feelings somewhat akin to those of the vast congregation who assembled in Surrey Chapel on that memorable day?

Five of the missionaries, Messrs. Taylor, Kitchingman, Evans, Brownlee, and Robert Moffat were appointed to Africa; and Messrs. Bourne, Darling, Platt, and John Williams to the South Seas. An immense congregation assembled, and crowded the spacious sanctuary, and some of the most venerated names of the past generation of ministers took part in the proceedings. George Burder, Dr. Leifchild, John Angell James, Dr. Waugh, and others less known are named. Referring to the occasion many years afterwards, Mr. Williams writes as follows: 'I shall never forget the impression produced upon my mind by the solemn manner in which our beloved brother, Mr. James, of Birmingham, put the Bible into my hand. With all the affection for which he is distinguished, and with all the power and impressiveness of his manner, he said, "Go, my beloved brother, and with the ability which God has given you, be faithful in

season and out of season, in proclaiming the precious truths which this volume contains;" and then good Dr. Waugh, with heaven beaming on his benevolent countenance, and the big tear of affection glistening in his intelligent eye, speaking to me upon my youthful appearance, said, "Go, my dear young brother, and if your tongue cleave to the roof of your mouth, let it be with telling poor sinners of the love of Jesus Christ; and if your arms drop from your shoulders, let it be with knocking at men's hearts to gain admission for Him there."'

During a recent visit to England, it was my privilege to spend an afternoon with the then remaining representative of the above missionary band—the late venerable Dr. Moffat—and from him I learned a fact which is perhaps worth preserving. The lady in whose house we met is a granddaughter of Dr. Waugh, and on my mentioning this to the Doctor, he replied, 'Oh, I'll tell her something that will interest her. The directors wished to send me and John Williams to the South Seas, but Dr. Waugh objected. He said, "No, don't send these two young men together; send the one to the South Seas and the other to Africa."' The Doctor's suggestion was adopted, and the mighty results to the continent of Africa and the Isles of the Pacific, which are now matter of history, show conclusively whence the suggestion really came.

Shortly before his departure for the South Seas, Mr. Williams was united in marriage to Miss Mary Chauner, a young lady who was well fitted to be the companion of his life, and the sharer of his labours. The marriage took place on the 29th of October; the designation service was held on the 30th of September, and on the 17th of November, 1816, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, with their companions, embarked on board the *Harriet*, Captain Jones, bound for Sydney. The first place of call was Rio Janeiro, which, after a very fine passage, was reached on the 29th of December. Here they overtook their future fellow-labourers, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis and Mr. and Mrs. Threlkeld, who had been detained on account of the illness of Mrs. Threlkeld's baby. The cause of their detention being

now removed, the whole party, after three weeks' stay of the *Harriet* at Rio, proceeded together in her towards the next place of call, which was Hobart Town. Here they found Mr. and Mrs. Barff, who had been waiting some months for an opportunity of getting either direct to Tahiti, or a stage nearer. After five weeks' more delay the whole party sailed together for Sydney, and on the 12th of May, 1817, they reached this stage of their journey, where another and still more prolonged delay awaited them. Between three and four months passed before the longed-for opportunity of proceeding on their way offered. It was not till the 4th of September that the next move was made. On that day the *Active*, a vessel bound for Tahiti, but not going direct, sailed. She went first to New Zealand, and nineteen days were occupied in making the voyage to that place, and nineteen more passed before the vessel went on her way towards her ultimate destination.

At length the long, weary voyage came to a joyous termination. On the 16th of November the mountains of Tahiti were descried in the distance, and feelings were experienced such as must be felt to be understood. 'Our hearts leaped for joy,' Mr. Williams writes, 'at the sight of the long-wished-for land.' On the following day, exactly twelve months from the time of embarkation of Mr. Williams and party in England, they landed on the island of Eimeo. Why the missionary party landed on Eimeo instead of Tahiti does not appear.

Mr. Williams was greatly delighted with what he witnessed at this island. 'Here,' he says, 'my eyes beheld seven or eight hundred people, who, not five years ago, were worshipping idols, and wallowing in the most dreadful wickedness, praying to and praising our Lord and God. Surely, thought I, the work is done; there is no need of us. Though there are hundreds in these islands who do not know our Lord and Saviour, they are as eager to learn as the miser is to get money. I hope and pray that they may obtain, with an increase of knowledge, a change of heart.'

Again, he says: 'It rejoiced us to hear them sing the praises

of Jesus, and to see them bow the knee in prayer to Him. We could not help contrasting what they are with what they were when the *Duff* first visited their shores, and we ask ourselves the question, Can these be the people who murdered their own children, for whom they have now the greatest affection? Are these the people who once offered human sacrifices to appease the anger of their deities? Behold, they are now pleading the blood of Jesus for the pardon of their sin.' Yes, they are just the same, but now those of them to whom the glad tidings have come in demonstration of the Spirit, and in power, are 'washed, sanctified, and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the spirit of our God.' That has brought about the wonderful change, transforming these poor idolaters, who had sunk so low, and raising them to the dignity and blessedness of sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty.

After a few months spent on Eimeo, it was arranged that the newly arrived missionaries should proceed to what are called the Leeward or Society Islands—Huahine, Raiatea, Tahaa and Borabora. They are called the Leeward Islands because the prevailing trade-winds blow from the east, and they lie to the west of the large island. Hence it is a local designation. And they were named the Society Islands by Captain Cook, because of their proximity to each other. Captain Cook called Tahiti and Eimeo the Georgian Islands, in honour of his Majesty George III., but that name is seldom employed now, I think, either in writing or speaking.

Very little had as yet been done towards the evangelization of the Leeward Islands; but the time had now come for their full occupation. Our remarks must be confined to Raiatea, the largest island of the group, to which Mr. Williams and Mr. Threlkeld were appointed. Raiatea is about sixty miles in circumference. It is the most central and, in some respects, the most important of the Society Islands. Its population was small at the time the missionaries settled upon it—only about 1,300. War, infanticide, the offering of human sacrifices, and other heathen abominations, had reduced the inhabitants of the large and fertile island to the above remnant.

ERAMANGA.—VISIT OF CAPTAIN COOK.

But although the population of Raiatea was so small its political importance was great, and it exerted a powerful influence over the adjacent islands. Mr. Prout, in his 'Life of Williams,' writes as follows: 'From time immemorial this island had been the focus and source of the abominable idolatries which had darkened, demoralized, and destroyed the inhabitants of its own and the surrounding shores. Here were to be found the types of the manifold usages even the most debasing and cruel, which had become the customs of the race; here were the archives of their religious legends; the temple and altar of Aro, the Mars and Moloch of the South Seas; and this had been the theatre of more sanguinary deeds than were to be found in the dark records of all the other islands around it. Hither hecatombs of human victims had been brought from near and distant shores to be offered in the blood-stained marai of Opoa.'* What wonder that under such circumstances the population of the island dwindled down to the small number we have named!

Such was the field to which Mr. Williams and his fellow-labourer were appointed. The door was opened and the way prepared in a remarkable manner. The following abridged account from Mr. Williams's 'Life' will be read with interest, as a striking illustration of the manner in which God works:

About two years before the time of which we now write, a small vessel, having on board Mr. Wilson, one of the missionaries of Tahiti, Pomare, the king, and nineteen natives, was driven by a violent gale from its anchorage at Eimeo down to Raiatea, where the darkness of heathenism still remained unbroken. They were kindly received, and Mr. Wilson embraced the opportunity, so providentially afforded, of preaching the Gospel to the benighted Raiateans. The bulk of the people disregarded his message; but a few, among whom was Tamatoa, the principal chief of the island—the king, indeed—were impressed with what they heard, and so convinced were they of its truth that they determined to renounce heathenism and

* See 'Life of Williams,' p. 60.

embrace Christianity; and soon after they built a house in which to worship the true God, and began to observe the Sabbath, and meet together at stated times to converse about the truths they had learned, and render such worship to the true God as, with their little light, they were able. It is likely —indeed, I suppose, certain—that the testimony of Pomare and his followers as to the wonderful changes which had taken place on Tahiti and Eimeo contributed powerfully towards this movement on Raiatea.

The missionaries had intended to remain together for a time at Huahine, the most easterly of the Society Islands; but when Tamatoa appeared amongst them, earnestly begging that some of their number might go and settle on Raiatea, the call was such as men with a true missionary spirit could not resist. Not in 'a vision,' but in plain matter of fact, did a man from the dark shores of Raiatea stand before them and pray them, saying, 'Come over and help us.'

Messrs. Williams and Threlkeld eagerly responded to the call, which reached them on the 11th of September, 1818, and were soon at work in the sphere to the occupation of which God, in his providence, had so evidently called them. We need hardly remark that they received a most encouraging welcome. The people, following the example of their chief and the few who became nominal Christians at the same time that he did, had as a body renounced heathenism and become converts to the new religion. They were still heathen, however, in everything but the name, and their heathenism was of the darkest and most revolting type. Lower they could not well sink. Such was the raw material upon which the young brethren tried to work. The great obstacles with which they had to contend at the outset were the indolence and immorality of the natives, and the state of dispersion in which they were living. Instead of living together in villages, they were scattered over the island, having their little homesteads on their family lands, from which they derived their subsistence; and these were their homes, and had probably been the homes of their ances-

tors from time immemorial. Hence it was no easy matter to get them to leave them and live together in one place. This, however, the missionaries succeeded in inducing them to do. They abandoned their little hamlets, and formed one general settlement; and as this movement involved a great deal of labour, it exerted a powerful influence in arousing the people from their native indolence, and leading them to form habits of industry; and thus two of the chief difficulties were so far met. And now the missionaries were able to have them under regular instruction; and ten months having passed since they reached the islands, they had acquired a considerable knowledge of the language, and were soon fully engaged in their proper work. Mr. Williams was able at once to commence preaching, and this was considered a marvellous achievement at the time, though, with the increased facilities of modern times, it would excite no surprise now.

The missionaries threw themselves with great heartiness into their work, and they were rewarded by the attention and diligence of the natives, and by manifest indications that God was working with them. Mr. Williams, however, soon began to feel dissatisfied on account of the narrowness of his sphere of labour, and to long after a wider field. Looking at the wants of the heathen world, he very properly felt that it was a waste of strength and resources to have two missionaries together on so limited a sphere. So much did he feel on this point that he wrote to the directors, and earnestly begged to be removed to a wider field. It was soon made manifest, however, that he had yet an important work to do on Raiatea, a work important in itself, and still more so in its bearing on his own life-work, and on the interests, present and eternal, of thousands of the South Sea Islanders, who at that time were sitting in darkness and the shadow of death.

It must have been during the year 1820, *i.e.*, the second year of their residence on the island, that the missionaries saw their way clear to organize a church. The only reference I find to this important event, from which an inference can be drawn as

to the time of its occurrence, is in Mr. Ellis's history. He says: 'On the 5th of May, 1820, a Christian Church was formed at Huahine, and another shortly afterwards at Raiatea.'

While Mr. Williams was feeling dissatisfied with his sphere of labour, and longing after a larger field, a deeply interesting event occurred, which set his mind at rest, by showing him that it was not needful to change the sphere he then occupied, in order to spread the Gospel among the dark regions around and beyond. He seemed to have been thinking of his own individual efforts only; but he was now taught that God was preparing, by the instrumentality of himself and his fellow-labourers, an agency better adapted for pioneer missionary work than any that could be obtained from foreign lands.

The event referred to was one of those remarkable providential occurrences which have so often taken place in connection with our evangelistic work in the South Seas, and which have been to us as the moving of the cloud to the Israelitish host in the wilderness. And this derives special interest from the fact of its being the first thing of the kind in connection with Mr. Williams's labours, and from the influence it had in giving shape and definiteness to his subsequent course.

The following account of the occurrence to which we refer, we abridge from Mr. Williams's 'Missionary Enterprises:' An island named Rurutu, about 350 miles to the south-east of Raiatea, was visited by an epidemic which carried off many of the natives. The calamity was attributed to some angry deity, and two enterprising chiefs conceived the idea of fleeing from the spot where the said god was wreaking his vengeance upon those who had incurred his displeasure. They determined each to build a large canoe, and with as many of their people as they might be able to carry, to go in search of some other land, where they might be beyond the reach of the angry God. The name of the principal chief of the party was Auura. The preparations being completed, the party launched their frail vessels, and started on their adventurous enterprise. The first land they made was an island named Tubuai. Here they

remained some time, and after recruiting their health and spirits, they resolved to return to their native isle, thinking, I suppose, that they had had enough of the perils and privations of sea-voyaging, and hoping that the calamity from which they had fled might have ceased.

So they again put to sea and directed their course, as they supposed, towards Rurutu; but scarcely had they lost sight of the mountains of Tubuai, when a violent storm overtook them, carried them out of their course, and drove them they knew not whither. The greater part of the crew of one of the canoes perished at sea. The remnant, with Auura and his party, were carried hither and thither by the winds and waves and currents for three weeks, during which they suffered terribly from hunger and thirst. At length the God Whom they knew not, but Whose eye had doubtless been upon them throughout all their perils and sufferings, guided them to the Society Islands. They made a small island named Maurua, the most westerly of the group. Here they were kindly treated, and told about the missionaries, and the wonderful changes that were in progress on islands, the mountains of which were in sight. To these islands they determined to go, so leaving Maurua, they again set sail, not now fleeing from the dreaded wrath of their false gods, but in search of the wonderful strangers of whom they had heard, who could instruct them fully in the knowledge of the true God. The island of Borabora was nearest to Maurua, and to that they intended to go, but contrary winds prevented their entering the harbour of that island, so they went on and made Raiatea. This arrival, which involved consequences so momentous to the voyagers themselves, and to multitudes more beside, occurred in the month of March, 1821.

The strangers were beyond measure astonished at the marvellous things that met their gaze. 'The missionaries,' Mr. Williams remarks, 'their wives, their families, the natives in European dresses, with hats and bonnets; their neat white cottages, together with various useful arts which had been introduced among the people, filled the strangers with admiration and surprise.'

They looked with wonder on the multitudes who assembled on the Sabbath for public worship; listened to the praises of the true God which they sang, and heard with deepest interest the message of mercy through the Lord Jesus Christ. They were at once convinced of the truth of the Christian religion, and concluded that God had brought them to Raiatea that they might become acquainted with its truths and share in its blessings. They placed themselves under instruction, forthwith applied themselves with great diligence to learning, and before their short stay in Raiatea came to an end, the chief and several others were able to read and spell, and even write a little. They remained a little over three months. The rapidity with which they acquired knowledge is partly accounted for by the fact that the Tahitian language was their own native tongue.

Auura soon felt a desire to return to his own land, to carry to his countrymen, who might have escaped the ravages of the disease from which he and others had fled, the knowledge which he had obtained of the true God, and His Son Jesus Christ. In the course of Providence an opportunity occurred which was gladly and thankfully embraced. The *Hope*, a vessel bound to London, touched at Raiatea, and the captain kindly acceded to the wish of the missionaries to convey Auura and party to their home. The chief, however, though delighted with the prospect of returning, objected to going to their 'land of darkness without a light in his hand.' In all the islands the natives use figurative speech very largely. The chief, as the reader will scarcely need to be told, meant that he wished to be accompanied by some one to instruct himself and his people in the truths of Christianity.

The subject was laid before the Christians of Raiatea, and the inquiry made, 'Who are willing to go to teach the heathen of Rurutu?' 'Two of our deacons,' Mr. Williams writes, 'who were amongst our best men, came forward, and, we hope, with the spirit as well as in the language of the prophet, said, "Here are we—send us."' The offer was accepted; a designation

service was held; the members of the church contributed according to their ability towards their equipment; they were furnished with elementary books, and a few copies of the Gospel in the Tahitian language, and so they went forth—the first native pioneers from the island of Raiatea; and the first step was taken by Mr. Williams and his fellow-labourer in that department of service which from that time till the close of his life was kept steadily in view, and pursued with unflagging zeal. A boat with a native crew, which was taken in tow by the *Hope*, accompanied the expedition, to bring back intelligence as to the reception the teachers might meet with; and the probability or otherwise of their succeeding in their mission.

This little movement, begun in so remarkable a manner, led to wonderful results. In little more than a month the boat returned 'laden with the trophies of victory, the gods of the heathen, taken in this bloodless war, and won by the power of the Prince of Peace.' 'On reading the letters,' says Mr. Williams, 'and beholding with our own eyes the rejected idols, we felt a measure of that sacred joy which the angels of God will experience when they shout, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ."'

A memorable day on the island of Raiatea was that on which the boat returned from Rurutu. Missionaries and natives rejoiced with an enthusiasm which to some may seem extravagant and excessive; but which the occasion, when viewed in its bearing upon the interests, present and eternal, of that and succeeding generations, amply justified. Well might they rejoice as one who findeth great spoil when 'the door of faith,' to vast regions of heathendom, was so remarkably opened by God's own hand.

The event was celebrated with great rejoicings; and, by the way, what a mighty change must have been wrought, by the blessing of God, upon the labours of the missionaries, among the Raiateans themselves! Only about three years had passed since they were in the same state as the Rurutuans, and behold

them now! Well may we exclaim, 'What hath God wrought!' and well might the labourers on Raiatea thank God, and take courage.

But to return. On the evening of the day in which the boat arrived, Mr. Williams says: 'The chapel was lighted up with ten chandeliers made of wood neatly turned—cocoanut-shells were substituted for lamps. The middle chandelier held eighteen lights, twelve in the lower circle and six in the upper. The others held ten and twelve each. When lighted up they presented to the natives a most brilliant appearance, and called forth expressions of astonishment and delight. In the course of the evening the rejected idols were exhibited from the pulpit.' An extract or two from speeches delivered by natives on the occasion will be read with interest. Tuahine, one of the deacons, spoke as follows: 'Thus the gods made with hands shall perish. There they are tied with cords! Yes, their very names also are changed! Formerly they were called *Te mau atua* (the gods); now they are called *Te mau rarua ino* (evil spirits). Their glory—look! it is birds' feathers—soon rotten; but our God is the same for ever.'

The Raiateans had begun to contribute of their substance in aid of the funds of the London Missionary Society, and, referring to that, the chief, Tamatoa, spoke as follows: 'Let us continue to give our oil and arrowroot to God that the blind may see, and the deaf hear. Let us not be weary in this good work. We behold the great deep; it is full of sea; it is rough and rugged underneath; but the water makes a plain smooth surface, so that none of its ruggedness is seen. Our lands were rugged and rough with abominable and wicked practices; but the good Word of God has made them smooth. Many other countries are now rough and rugged with wickedness and wicked customs. The Word of God alone can make these places smooth. Let us all be diligent in this good work till the rugged world is made smooth by the Word of God, as the waters cover the ruggedness of the great deep. Let us above all be concerned to have our own hearts washed in Jesus'

blood; then God will become our friend, and Jesus our brother.'

And now Mr. Williams had entered upon that department of missionary work for which he possessed special qualifications. He had been longing to impart the blessings of the Gospel to the benighted tribes around, but could not see how the thing could be accomplished. Now God appears in His providence, and makes all plain. The instruments were already prepared, the fitting agency was provided. Those who had themselves been brought out of heathen darkness into the marvellous light of the Gospel must become the light-bearers to others, and thus a vein was struck which only required to be worked in order to yield golden returns.

This seems to have been to Mr. Williams something of the nature of a new discovery; the idea was fully grasped, and the remainder of his life was largely devoted to working it out.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MARTYRS OF THE NEW HEBRIDES.

THE LIFE OF MR. WILLIAMS (*continued*).

THE next effort in the way of extension was of a more adventurous character than the Rurutu affair, out of which, curiously enough, it seems to have sprung. From the chief of that island, during his stay at Raiatea, Mr. Williams heard of the island of Aitutaki, of which not much was known at the time, and a resolution was formed to make an attempt to introduce to it the Gospel.

Aitutaki, as all acquainted with the history of our South Sea Missions know, is one of the Hervey Islands group. It is between 600 and 700 miles to the west of the Society Islands. A concurrence of providential circumstances soon opened the way for carrying into effect the wish to place Christian teachers on the said island. Mr. Williams's health was in a precarious state, and on that account it was judged desirable that an opportunity which offered should be embraced to visit Sydney, to obtain medical advice, and supersede if possible the necessity of proceeding to England. An arrangement was made with the captain of the vessel, the *Westmoreland*, in which Mr. and Mrs. Williams sailed for Sydney, to call at Aitutaki on their way, and thus the desired opportunity was afforded of introducing to that island Christian teachers. With reference to this important movement Mr. Williams writes as follows: 'By the remarkable success that had attended the introduction of the Gospel to Rurutu, our own minds, as well as those of our people, were

powerfully awakened to the importance of extending the benefits and blessings of the Gospel, and, under the excited and delightful feelings thus produced, we, with our native teachers, took an affectionate leave of our people, and beloved colleagues, Mr. and Mrs. Threlkeld.'*

On reaching Aitutaki the vessel was soon surrounded by canoes, filled with crowds of savages, whose appearance was anything but inviting or assuring. They exhibited all the wild features of savage life to perfection. Some were tattooed from head to foot; some were painted with pipe-clay, and red and yellow ochre; others were all smeared over with charcoal. They shouted and danced, and exhibited the most frantic gestures.

The chief was invited on board, and a number of his people followed. Mr. Williams had a great advantage in dealing with the Aitutakeans in being able to understand their language. The language spoken on the Hervey Islands is so much akin to the Tahitian, that anyone having a knowledge of the one can, to a large extent, understand the other. So Mr. Williams and the natives from Raiatea, who were with him, were able at once to tell the wondering Aitutakeans of the marvellous changes that had taken place in the Tahitian group—how the people had renounced paganism, burned their idols, and em braced a new religion. The chief asked very significantly where great Tangaroa† was. 'He,' replied Mr. Williams, 'and all the other gods are burned.' 'Where is Koro,‡ of Raiatea?' asked the chief. 'He, too, is burned,' answered Mr. Williams; 'and,' he added, 'I have brought two teachers to instruct you and your people in the knowledge of the true God, that you, too, may abandon and destroy your idols as others have done.' The issue of the interview was that the teachers were received, and took up their abode among the fierce and savage Aitutakeans, while Mr. Williams went on his way towards New South Wales, revolving and pondering plans for the prosecution of the

* See 'Missionary Enterprises,' p. 57.

† The great Polynesian deity. ‡ The god of war.

great work, to which he felt himself now specially called. The names of the devoted men who were the pioneer missionaries to the Hervey Islands were Papeiha and Vahapata, names which, especially the former, deserve to be had in everlasting remembrance.

Mr. Williams returned to Raiatea after an absence of eight months, much recruited in health, and, on his return, he found that letters had been received from the teachers, left at Aitutaki, giving an account of their difficulties and dangers, and partial success, and requesting that two more teachers might be sent, and conveying a message from the people to the effect that if Mr. Williams would visit them again they would renounce idolatry, burn their idols, and become worshippers of the true God. The same vessel which brought the letters, brought also information of a very important character, which opened a new door of hope for the Hervey Islands. Several natives of an adjacent island, called Rarotonga, were reported as being on Aitutaki, and as having received Christianity, and being anxious to return to their own land with teachers to instruct their countrymen in the knowledge of the true God. Here was another providential call—another Macedonian cry.

Mr. Williams had heard of an island named Rarotonga from the legendary tales of the Raiateans, and on inquiry he was satisfied that such an island existed, and that it was populous and important. He consulted his fellow-labourers, Messrs. Threlkeld and Bourne (Mr. Bourne was now stationed on the island of Tahaa, close to Raiatea), and it was arranged that he and Mr. Bourne should visit Aitutaki, and go thence in search of Rarotonga, and if successful, endeavour to introduce to it Christian teachers.

Six teachers were selected to accompany them, and on the 4th of August, 1823, they sailed in the *Endeavour*, a small vessel about eighty or ninety tons burden, and went forth on their important embassy. Five days' sail brought them to Aitutaki. As on the first visit, on nearing the shore they were speedily surrounded with canoes. But what a change had

come over the Aitutakeans in the meanwhile! Instead of noisy boisterous savages they were now professing Christians, having destroyed or cast away their idols, and placed themselves under the instruction of the teachers!

The missionaries, having spent a short time most delightfully among the now Christian Aitutakeans, prepared to set out in search of Rarotonga. They went forth literally not knowing whither they went, but, as they hoped, in obedience to a call from the God of Abraham, and so under a safe conduct.

They found on Aitutaki two men and four women, natives of Rarotonga; and in addition to these they took with them Papeiha, that in the event of finding the island they might have the benefit of his experience in dealing with the natives. After an unsuccessful search for Rarotonga for six or eight days, they steered for Mangaia, another island of the Hervey group. This island, Aitutaki, Atiu, and Hervey Island, had all been visited by Captain Cook, and were laid down in his chart. Mitiaro and Mauke, small islands, and Rarotonga, were not found in any chart which the missionaries had seen. These islands are all within the tropics. Mangaia, the most southerly, is in lat. 21° 56′ S., and lon. 158° 3′. Aitutaki, the most northerly, is in 18° 58′ S. L., and 159° 48′ W. L. They are all comparatively small; the estimated population of the group, at the time of which we write, was between 13,000 and 14,000.

The island of Mangaia was found without difficulty, and an attempt made to place teachers upon it. The chief and people expressed their willingness to receive the teachers; but when they got them in their power they treated them with such savage barbarity that they were glad to escape for their lives to the ship. Leaving Mangaia for the present the party directed their course to Atiu. To this island two teachers had been sent by Mr. Orsmond from Borabora, about three months before the present visit. They were found in a deplorable plight. The natives had robbed them of every article of property they possessed; they had suffered much from hunger, and were greatly discouraged. But their extremity was met by

the present visit. The now Christian chief of Aitutaki was on board, and his testimony and advice induced the chief of Atiu to renounce heathenism and embrace Christianity. He was shown the rejected idols of Aitutaki, which had escaped the flames, and the folly and absurdity of idolatry were impressed upon his mind; and the result was that he and his people determined to follow the example of the Aitutakeans.

The missionaries found that Roma-tane, the chief of Atiu, was also chief of the small islands, Mitiaro and Mauke, and, having got him to agree to accompany them, they went in search of these islands, and having the chief as their pilot they found them without difficulty, and succeeded in introducing Christianity to both of them. A teacher was left on each, and the people at once renounced paganism and became nominally Christian, placing themselves under the instruction of the teachers. With reference to these three islands Mr. Williams remarks: 'Were ever three islands converted from idolatry in so short a time—islands almost unknown; and two of them never before visited by any European vessel?'

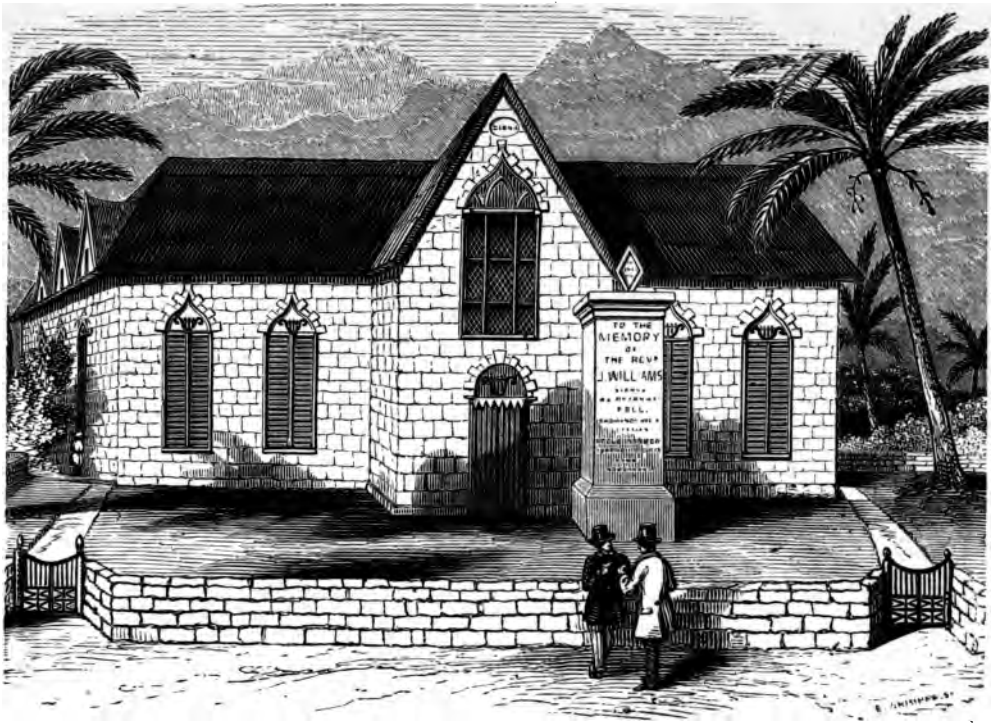
Considering the tenacity with which idolaters generally cling to their objects of worship, the dread of which is instilled into them from their childhood, it does seem marvellous that these islanders were so easily induced to renounce heathenism and embrace Christianity. The testimony and example of their countrymen had, no doubt, great weight; but the full explanation is to be found in the fact that He who, in the course of His providence, had sent them the Gospel at that particular time, had inclined their hearts to receive it.

Cheered and encouraged with their success, the missionaries resumed their search for Rarotonga. In this, however, their faith and patience were again sorely tried. After being 'baffled and perplexed for several days,' matters began to look serious, and it seemed as if the expedition would prove a failure, in as far as finding Rarotonga was concerned. Early on the morning of the day on which the discovery was made, the captain of the vessel said to Mr. Williams, 'We must give up the search,

or we shall be all starved.' Provisions were getting low. Mr. Williams replied that they would continue their course till eight o'clock that morning, and if no land was in sight at that time they would relinquish the search, and return to Raiatea. The hours which followed were to Mr. Williams a time of intense anxiety. Four times he had sent a native to the masthead, and nothing had been seen. It was within half an hour of the specified time when the native ascended a fifth time, and hope must have been well-nigh extinct. All the while, however, the object of their search was close at hand; and now the sun was clearing away the clouds, and, to the surprise and delight of all, the native who had gone to look out shouted, 'There is the land we have been seeking!' and sure enough it was the land. The clouds were speedily dispersed, and the lofty peaks of Rarotonga's beautiful mountains were revealed to the delighted gaze of the weary voyagers.

Mr. Williams speaks in glowing terms of the feelings experienced by himself and others on account of the successful termination of their search, while he devoutly acknowledges the guiding hand of Him who had led them by the right way. All were charmed with the beauty of the newly-discovered land, and they had reason, for Rarotonga is one of the loveliest spots to be seen among the many gems which stud the bosom of the great Pacific. But what of the inhabitants of this fair isle? Alas for them! A most revolting contrast did they present to the beautiful land on which they dwelt. They were savages of the most debased and ferocious type.

A boat was sent to the shore with Papeiha and the natives of the island brought from Aitutaki, to communicate with the people, and ascertain their disposition as to receiving teachers. The visitors were favourably received. A multitude of people assembled and listened, no doubt with astonishment, to the tale Papeiha had to tell of the renunciation of idolatry, and the wonderful changes that were in progress on the other islands of the group; and when he told them that they had brought teachers to remain among them, they seemed delighted, and



ARORANGI CHAPEL, AT RAROTONGA.

the chief, whose name was Makea, determined to go on board and bring the teachers on shore. He was especially pleased to see his own people, one of whom proved to be a near relative. Mr. Williams says, 'He was especially pleased to see her; they rubbed noses most cordially, and fell on each other s neck and wept.'

All appearing promising and satisfactory, arrangements were forthwith made for leaving teachers on the island; and they, with their wives and the natives who had been on Aitutaki, with Papeiha, accompanied the chief to the shore. So far all looked exceedingly promising, and it seemed as if the teachers would have an easy and encouraging entering in among the Rarotongans; but appearances among a savage people are little to be depended upon. One hour they may seem 'innocent children of nature,' and the next incarnate demons. And so the poor teachers found. The smiling and delighted crowds who welcomed them to their shores with so much apparent innocence, soon proved themselves capable of deeds which admit not of particular description. They passed a dreadful night, and on the following morning they returned to the ship, and gave a shocking account of the treatment they had received. Their wives had been saved from outrage only by the heroic conduct of one of the women, the relative of the chief, who had been on Aitutaki. It was perfectly clear that it would not do to leave teachers with their wives on the island in the state in which it then was; and the prospects altogether were so dark that the missionaries determined to leave it for a time. But Papeiha took another view, and with the zeal and heroism of a martyr, he offered to remain alone among the cannibal savages of Rarotonga, on condition that a fellow-labourer, whom he named, should be sent from Raiatea. The missionaries gladly accepted his offer, and this Christian hero, leaving his property on board, bade the missionaries and others an affectionate farewell, and returned *alone* to the dark savage shore, taking nothing with him but the clothes he wore, his New Testament, and a bundle of elementary books. What a bright

example of Christian devotedness and lofty heroism! And this same man a few years before was himself a savage, not much less debased than the Rarotongans. What a marvellous triumph of Divine power and grace!

The natives who had been on Aitutaki, remained steadfast, and clung to Papeiha, rendering him invaluable help, and after an interval of about four months, Tiperio, whom he had requested the missionaries to send from Raiatea, arrived; and in the meanwhile several other natives had joined him, and a considerable footing had been gained; and in little more than twelve months the whole population, estimated at 7,000, had renounced idolatry and become professed worshippers of the true God. And thus was this important and populous island, in a marvellously short time, won to Christianity; and this before a white missionary had set foot upon its shores.

The following fact given by Mr. Ellis in his history of the London Missionary Society is too remarkable to be omitted in this connection: 'The people (of Rarotonga) had been in some degree prepared for their arrival (Mr. Williams and party) by one of those events which are among the most astonishing facts connected with the population scattered over these isles of the sea. Remote as Rarotonga is from Tahiti, lying ten degrees to the westward, and unvisited as it had been for so many years by ships, a woman of Tahiti, who had left that island, probably only a short time before Christianity was embraced by its inhabitants, arrived at Rarotonga and gave such an account of the missionaries and their instruction as induced the natives to erect temples to God and Jesus Christ, and to pray that white men might be sent to their country.' This strange fact helps to account for the rapid manner in which Christianity spread and triumphed on the island of Rarotonga. God, in His providence, had gone before and prepared the way; and when His servants followed, and proclaimed His message of mercy, His Word had free course, and was glorified. The above fact does not appear to have been known to Mr. Williams at the time of his first visit; indeed, I don't find it

noticed by him at all. The object of the voyage being gained, the missionaries turned their faces homewards.

Their expectations had not only been realized; they had been greatly exceeded, so they returned home in something like triumph. When nearing Raiatea they hung the cast-off idols of Aitutaki to the yard-arm, and other parts of the vessel, and entered the harbour, and sailed down towards the settlement like warriors returning from a successful campaign, and dropped their anchor amid shouts of congratulation from the people assembled on the beach.

As on the return of the boat from Rurutu, so now there were great rejoicings among the Christians of Raiatea. A public service was held, which was commenced by singing a native translation of the jubilee hymn, 'Blow ye the trumpet, blow,' etc. An account of the voyage was given, and that was followed by thoroughly sympathetic addresses from warm-hearted native Christians, the general drift of which was thanksgiving and praise to God for the triumphs of the Gospel in the lands of which they had been hearing, and for what He had done for themselves; and counsels, encouragements and congratulations with reference to the future.

The first missionary visit to Rarotonga after its discovery was made by Mr. Bourne. The date of his visit is not given, but it must have been under two years from the time of the introduction of the Gospel to the island. Mr. Bourne was surprised and delighted with the progress that had been made. He writes as follows: 'Much has been said in Europe concerning the success of the Gospel in Tahiti and the Society Islands, but it is not to be compared with its progress on Rarotonga. In Tahiti, European missionaries laboured for fifteen long years before the least fruit appeared. . . . Two years ago, the Rarotongans did not know that there was such good news as the Gospel, and now I scruple not to say that their attention to the means of grace, and their regard to family and private prayer, equal whatever has been witnessed at Tahiti, and the neighbouring islands; and when we look at the means, it becomes

still more astonishing. Two native teachers, not particularly distinguished among their countrymen for intelligence, have been the instrument of this wonderful change, and that before a single missionary had set foot upon the island.'

Wonderful indeed was the revolution effected on Rarotonga by the instrumentality of these humble labourers. In contrasting it, however, with the results of the labours of foreign missionaries on the Tahitian group, it should be borne in mind that the success which so speedily crowned the labours of the native evangelists in the Hervey group had a close connection with what had been achieved on Tahiti and the Society Islands. That success was no doubt largely owing, under God, to the fact that the men who carried the glad tidings to the Hervey Islands were living witnesses of the excellence of the truths they taught. And they were their own countrymen—at least, they were men of their own colour, and speaking a language akin to their own, and they had just emerged from a misery and degradation similar to their own; how effective, therefore, must their testimony have been, and how must it have silenced doubters and objectors! They could say, 'Look at us; you know what we were, and you see what we are now.'

And then they had the wonderful tale to tell of the mighty and happy changes that had been effected throughout their own and other lands. How old things had passed away, and all things had become new. And they had the all-potent instrument in their hands—portions of God's truth, translated into a language which the Rarotongans could understand. Thus they had immense advantages over the early pioneers, and these they owed, under God, entirely to the labours of those devoted men, who bore the heat and burden of the day throughout all the weary years of toil to which Mr. Bourne refers. Indeed, we may say they were only building upon the foundation which the native pioneers to the Hervey Islands had laid. All honour to them, however; they were brave and devoted men. But it is well we should bear in mind the con-

nection between their labours and successes and those of the men who fought the fight and won the victory, of which all subsequent triumphs in the Pacific are, in a sense, the outcome.

Shortly after Mr. Bourne's visit, Mr. Williams received a letter from Papeiha and his fellow-labourer, brought by a vessel that had touched at the island, in which they expressed a wish that he would go and spend a few months with them, as the work was 'so heavy they could not carry it.' Mr. Williams was nothing loath to comply with the request of the teachers, and, as soon as opportunity offered, he with his family, and Mr. and Mrs. Pitman, left Raiatea for Rarotonga. Mr. and Mrs. Pitman had resided with Mr. and Mrs. Williams ever since their arrival in the islands in 1825, and were now proceeding to Rarotonga as their permanent sphere of labour.

They sailed on the 20th of April, 1827, and reached Rarotonga on the 6th of May. They were enthusiastically welcomed by the Rarotongans. 'They landed,' Mr. Williams says, 'amidst the greatest concourse of people he had seen since leaving England.'

Mr. Williams came to Rarotonga with the intention of remaining only about three or four months, but no opportunity being afforded of leaving the island, he had to remain a whole year. The reports as to the wonderful change that had been effected on the island were fully confirmed by actual observation. A mighty movement was in progress, and the missionaries found full scope for the exercise of all the wisdom they possessed. The old system of heathenism had been swept away, and the new order of things, which had been so remarkably inaugurated, had to be moulded and consolidated, and this, of course, made large demands upon the skill and resources of the missionaries.

We need hardly remark that they threw themselves with great heartiness into their work. Religious services and schools had the first place; next came literary work—the preparation of school-books, and the translation of portions of

MISSION SCHOOL HOUSE, NGATANGIIA, RAROTONGA.

Scripture, and manual labour followed. A dwelling-house for the missionary was built; and an immense place of worship was erected, 150 feet by 60; and the most wonderful of all the achievements of that memorable year was the building of a ship! This, without doubt, is the most notable of all Mr. Williams's achievements. As we have already remarked, he had his equals among his brethren as regards mission-work in general, and in some departments his superiors; but I do not think that among all his predecessors, contemporaries, or successors, a man could be found who, under the same circumstances, could have produced a vessel of from sixty to seventy tons burden. It was certainly a marvellous achievement, and the man who could accomplish it must have been no ordinary character.

According to Mr. Prout, the following is the only reference to be found in Mr. Williams's correspondence to this extraordinary feat. It occurs in a letter to Mr. Ellis, who was at that time in England. 'I have built a little vessel of between sixty and seventy tons for missionary purposes. She was not four months in hand from the time we cut the keel till she was in the water. I had everything to make—my bellows, forge, lathe, and all the iron-work, out of old axes, iron hoops, etc.; but I cannot enlarge on my numerous manœuvres to overcome difficulties, though they would be interesting to you, no doubt. Suffice it to say, she is finished. Of course the natives did all the heavier and rougher part of the work, such as felling the timber, dragging it from the bush, splitting, adzing,' etc., etc. 'Being without a saw,' says Mr. Williams, 'we split the trees in half with wedges, and then adzed them down with small hatchets, which they tied to a crooked piece of wood as a handle, and used as a substitute for an adze.' But we must not enter further into particulars. A full account may be found in the 'Missionary Enterprises,' p. 144. Never, perhaps, was the old adage, 'Necessity is the mother of invention,' more strikingly verified than it was in the various expedients to which Mr. Williams had recourse to meet the many difficulties which

beset him at every step of his undertaking. All, as we have seen, were resolutely grappled with and overcome; and, by the hearty co-operation of the natives, the thing was accomplished. Being without tools, *i.e.*, proper tools, and the various appliances which lighten labour in civilized lands, their part of the work must have been very heavy, and nothing but the influence of Christianity would have induced them to go through such an amount of labour. Hence the successful accomplishment of the undertaking was really a fruit of missionary work.

After a trial trip to Aitutaki in the wonderful ship, which bore the appropriate name *The Messenger of Peace*, Mr. and Mrs. Williams ventured to embark in her for their own station at Raiatea, distant from Rarotonga from seven to eight hundred miles. This was a very serious undertaking, since, in addition to distance, the Tahitian Islands lie to windward of the Hervey Islands. The weather, however, was exceptionally fine, the sea smooth, and, what is very unusual, they had favouring breezes which wafted them gently towards their destination, which they reached in safety on the 26th of April, 1828, exactly twelve months from the time of their departure.

Before Mr. and Mrs. Williams left Rarotonga, Mr. and Mrs. Buzacott had arrived, and entered upon their work, so they were no longer needed there. Rarotonga was amply supplied, and in the hands of men like Pitman and Buzacott, it was safe, in as far as its safety depended on human agency.

And now Mr. Williams was in a position to take definite steps towards carrying out on a more extended scale than had yet been attempted, his plans for extending missionary operations to the regions beyond. The Tongan Mission had been resumed of late years, but all beyond was in total darkness.

The occupation of the Hervey group was a step of great importance towards further extension. As in earthly warfare, nothing can be done without soldiers, so in the war which the followers of Christ are called to wage, nothing can be effected without men fitted for the enterprise, and willing to encounter the perils and hardships which must be met in its prosecution;

and, in the Hervey Islands, such men were found in large numbers. No group in the Pacific has furnished so many Christian soldiers in proportion to its population. This is partly owing to the fact that the islands are small, and the people live together in large villages, so that comparatively few teachers are required for home service; whereas, in a group like Samoa, the case is different, as many as two hundred are required to supply with pastors the churches at home.

Another grand difficulty was now met. Mr. Williams had a vessel, such as it was, at his command. *The Messenger of Peace*, indeed, was in every way a marvel, considering the circumstances under which she was built; still she was a poor craft in which to make such voyages as those Mr. Williams was now contemplating. Undaunted, however, he went forward, and a voyage of a most adventurous character was now planned. Mr. Williams was a man of large ideas, and an eminently enterprising spirit; and now, in the providence of God, the opportunity for which he had longed, and prayed, and waited, was afforded. It was arranged that Mr. Barff, of Huahine, should accompany him on his great enterprise. They started with only a general idea as to what islands or groups they should visit—indeed, under the circumstances, they could hardly do otherwise, so little was known at the time respecting the islands of Central and Western Polynesia. To Samoa, Fiji, or the New Hebrides, one or all, they intended to go, as the providence of God might seem to point their way. They sailed from Raiatea on the 25th of May, 1830, taking with them a number of native teachers. They visited on their way all the principal islands of the Hervey group; and were greatly cheered with the progress that was being everywhere made. The last island visited was Aitutaki, and from that, now Christian island, they stood away for the comparatively unknown regions to which they were bound. 'We now took our departure,' writes Mr. Williams, 'accompanied by the teachers, and their wives, and their children, altogether thirty persons. The kind people of Aitutaki loaded us with provisions, and after taking an affectionate leave

of them, and hoisting our beautiful flag,* whose dove and olive-branch were emblematic both of our name and object, we spread our sails, and pursued our course, watched by the interested multitudes we had left, till we appeared as a speck on the horizon, and were lost in the distance.'

The first place at which the expedition touched was Savage Island, now well known by the native name, Niuē. On this island they found savages of the wildest and most ferocious type. An attempt, however, was made to introduce teachers, but on landing they were so roughly treated that they were unwilling to remain. So Savage Island was left for the present, and for a number of years longer it remained in heathenism.

From Savage Island the party proceeded to Tonga, where they spent a fortnight pleasantly and profitably with the Wesleyan missionaries, who were labouring on that group. They were delighted to witness the progress that was being made; conferred with their brethren as to their own projected movements, and obtained information which was of great use in making their course plain. Mr. Williams says, 'Our original intention was to have gone to the Fijis and the New Hebrides previously to visiting the Navigators group, but from the painfully distressing account now received we determined to proceed at once to the latter.' And at Tonga they found an important chief from Samoa, named Fauea, who was glad of an opportunity of getting to his own country, and who having himself embraced Christianity, and being a man of some importance and ability, was able to render most important service in furthering the object of the expedition. Thus the way seemed quite clear to proceed to Samoa direct.

The passage to Samoa was rough and tedious. It occupied nearly seven days, though the distance between the groups is only from three to four hundred miles. They made Savaii, the largest island of the group, and, as they drew near the shore, the natives came off to them in canoes, and from them Fauea

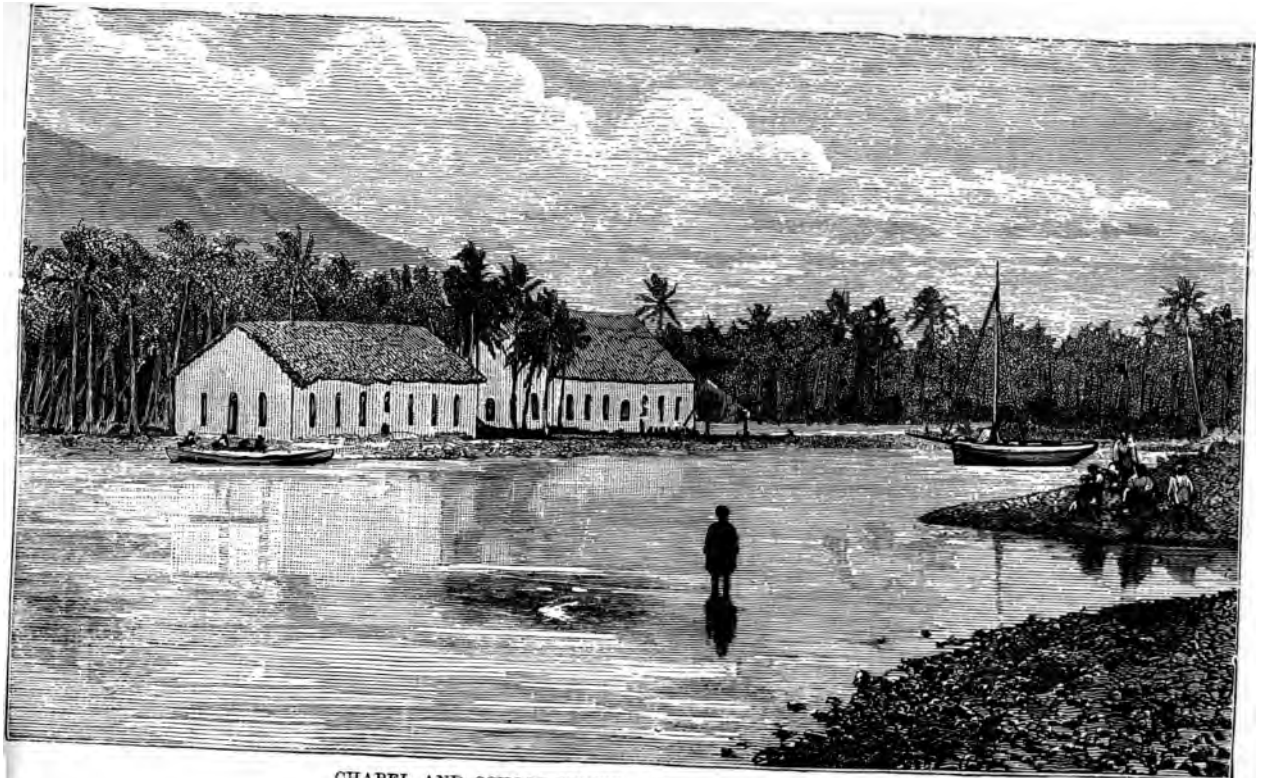
* The flag was made and sent to Mr. Williams by some ladies of Birmingham, England.

obtained information respecting the state of things, from which he was able to form an opinion as to the kind of reception likely to be accorded to the missionaries and teachers. While he was interrogating his countrymen the curious incident occurred which has amused all who have read or heard of it. At the time he left Samoa there was upon the group a certain celebrity—Tamafaingā by name—from whom he anticipated most formidable opposition; so among other inquiries, he asked, 'And where is Tamafaingā?' 'Oh!' replied the people, 'he is dead; he was killed only about ten or twelve days ago.' Delighted with this unexpected intelligence, the chief ran towards Mr. Williams, shouting, 'The devil is dead—the devil is dead! Our work is done, for the devil is dead.' Astonished at this singular exclamation, Mr. Williams inquired what he meant. He replied, 'The obstacle we dreaded is removed. Tamafaingā* is dead; they have killed him; the people will all receive the *lotu*† now.' The missionaries were much struck with what they regarded as a remarkably providential coincidence, and an additional indication that the time to favour Samoa had come.

There are few more interesting tales in the annals of modern missions than that of the introduction of the Gospel to Samoa. Our limits, however, forbid our entering into detail. The chief, Fauea, rendered invaluable service. He directed the missionaries to the part of the large island (Savaii) where Malietoa, the most powerful chief on the group, resided, introduced them to him, and bore his testimony to the excellence of Christianity, relating what wonderful changes had resulted

* Tamafaingā was a sort of sacred character. There were a succession who bore the name, and the one who had just been killed was an oppressive tyrant; and my impression is that the excesses in which he indulged led to his assassination. Had a successor been appointed before the arrival of the missionary party, he might have been of a milder character, but from his very position, he would almost certainly have opposed the introduction of Christianity; hence the event which so delighted Fauea was peculiarly opportune.

† The term *lotu* is of Tongan origin, and is employed to designate any religious system. In early days it was especially applied to Christianity.



CHAPEL AND SCHOOL-HOUSE, NGATANGIIA, RAROTONGA.

from its reception at Tonga, Tahiti, and the Hervey Islands; and the issue was that the teachers were received with great cordiality, and taken under the care of the only man on the larger islands who at that time was in a position to protect them.

A war was in progress at the time, occasioned by the murder of Tamafaingā, and when the question was put as to whether the chief would at once consent to be instructed in the Christian religion, he replied: 'I and my people must now go over to Upolu to the war, but immediately after my return I will become a worshipper of Jehovah, and place myself under the instructions of the teachers. . . . . All the people who remain at home can come to-morrow if they please, and begin to learn about Jehovah and Jesus Christ.'

It was in the month of August, 1830, that the introduction of Christianity to Samoa took place. On the 22nd of that month, Messrs. Williams and Barff, who, so far as we know, were the first white men who set foot on Savaii, landed among the Samoans, and two or three days later the teachers and their families—eight men, five women, and ten children—left *The Messenger of Peace* and took up their abode in their new home.

It is painful to think that while these interesting movements were in progress, others of a sadly different character were taking place on the adjacent island of Upolu. 'Thus,' remarks Mr. Williams, 'while we were landing the messengers of the Gospel of peace on the one shore, the flames of a devastating war were blazing on the opposite; and under these striking circumstances was this mission commenced.'

From this time forward Mr. Williams ceased to be a settled missionary. He still regarded Raiatea as his home, and was considered the missionary of that island: but he was very much a missionary at large—a sojourner having no abiding home.*

* Mr. Threlkeld left Raiatea in 1824, owing, I suppose, to the death of Mrs. Threlkeld, which took place in March of that year; hence when Mr. Williams went on his missionary voyages, Raiatea was without a resident missionary.

The early months of the following year, 1831, were spent on Raiatea, but in September of that year he was again on the move. On the 21st of that month he sailed for Rarotonga with Mrs. Williams, intending to leave her there, while he made a second visit to Samoa. Rarotonga was reached in safety, and everything was found progressing favourably. It does not appear how long Mr. Williams intended to remain at Rarotonga when he left Raiatea, but circumstances arose which detained him many months. A visit was made, in company with Mr. Buzacott, to the other islands of the Hervey group; and steps were being taken to make extensive repairs and alterations upon *The Messenger of Peace*, when 'a most furious and desolating hurricane' burst upon the island; and in addition to the terrific wind, the sea rose to such a height that it seemed as if it would lay the whole island desolate. An immense amount of damage was done to the mission premises; and the native houses and plantations suffered severely. Here is a glimpse of the storm when it had reached its height. 'The rain,' writes Mr. Williams, 'was still descending in deluging torrents; the angry lightning was darting its fiery streams among the dense black clouds, which shrouded us in their gloom; the thunder, deep and loud, rolled and pealed through the heavens, and the whole island trembled to its very centre, as the infuriated billows burst upon its shores.' Again 'The poor women were running about with their children, wildly looking for a place of safety; and the men were dragging their little property from beneath the ruins of their prostrate houses. The screams of the former, and the shouts of the latter, together with the roaring of the sea, the pelting rain, the howling wind, the falling trees, and the infuriated appearance of the atmosphere, presented a spectacle the most sublime and terrible, which made us stand and tremble and adore.'

When the storm had subsided, which it seems to have done suddenly, Mr. Williams says: 'We now ventured to creep out of our hiding-places, and were appalled at beholding the fearful desolation that was spread around us. . . . . I should

think very few short of a thousand houses were destroyed in this terrific hurricane.'

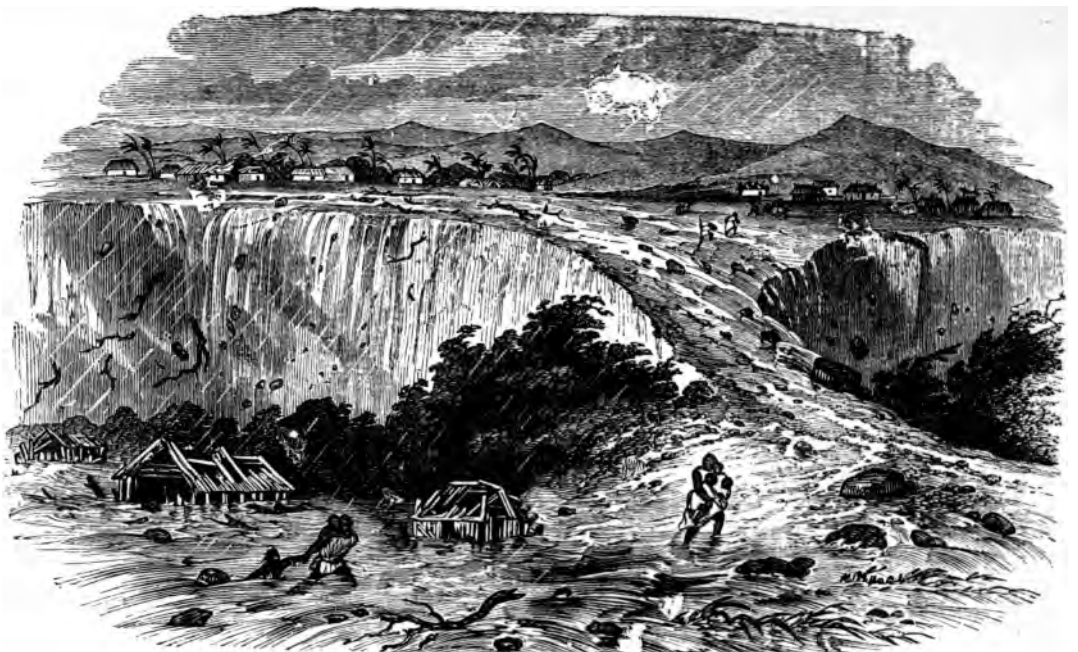
It does not appear that any lives were lost. Mrs. Williams had a very narrow escape from being buried under the ruins of a falling house. 'A violent gust of wind burst in the end of the dwelling, which fell with a crash upon the very spot where she was lying in bed two minutes before.'

I suppose nothing excited livelier feelings of gratitude in Mr. Williams's mind (except, of course, that there was no loss of life), than the fact that his 'poor ship,' as he calls her, escaped destruction. The storm left her, indeed, in a sorry plight, still she was repairable. She was carried several hundred yards inland, over a swamp, and lay in a hole about four feet deep, into which she had worked herself. Her stores, masts, rigging, blocks, pitch, and copper were strewed about over the low land. 'The trees,' Mr. Williams writes, 'had stopped her wild progress, otherwise she would have been driven several hundred yards farther, and have sunk in a bog.' By dint of great exertion and skill, she was extricated from her awkward predicament, and got into tolerable repair, and in a short time she was again afloat in her natural element.

'Having been detained so much longer than I had anticipated,' Mr. Williams remarks, 'we were not able, from want of provisions, to proceed at once to the Navigators Islands; and as our friends at Rarotonga were in necessitous circumstances, we were compelled, in the first place, to visit Tahiti.'*

The visit to Tahiti was made; an ample supply of provisions was obtained, and, on returning to Rarotonga, preparations were at once made for the long-projected voyage to Samoa. On his way from Tahiti, Mr. Williams spent a month at Raiatea. Difficulties had arisen there, owing, I suppose, to the absence of a settled missionary. Mr. Williams succeeded during his stay in getting things pretty well adjusted, and left the station in a much more satisfactory state than that in which he found it.

* See 'Missionary Enterprises,' pp. 385-396.



RAIN-STORM AT MANGAIA.

On the 11th of October, 1832, Mr. Williams, with Makea, the principal chief of Rarotonga, and Teava, a native teacher, sailed for Samoa. A run of five days brought them to the most easterly islands of the Samoan group, distant from Rarotonga about 800 miles. All the principal islands were visited, and it was found that large numbers, especially on Upolu and Savaii, had received the *lotu*, and were clamorous for teachers and missionaries.

Of the people of Tutuila, the third largest island of the group, Mr. Williams says: 'They appeared so excessively wild that we did not suffer many of them to come on board. At another part of the island, however, a very interesting state of things was found, though no teacher had as yet visited the island; nor, indeed, was it visited at all by a teacher till between three and four years later. Nearly three weeks must have been spent in visiting the different islands of the group. A full account of the visit may be found in Mr. Williams's 'Missionary Enterprises,' p. 410, etc. We must not attempt even an outline.

Mr. Williams sailed from Samoa early in November, and stood for the Tongan group, where he spent nearly a fortnight in pleasant intercourse with the Wesleyan missionaries, with the success of whose labours he was much cheered. He concludes his notice of his visit to them as follows: 'May His blessing rest upon the devoted labourers of Tongatabu! I shall always feel a lively interest in the work of the Lord here, and reflect with pleasure upon the intercourse I have had with my devoted brethren.'

CHAPTER V.

THE MARTYRS OF THE NEW HEBRIDES.

THE LIFE OF MR. WILLIAMS (*continued*).

ON the 5th December, 1832, Mr. Williams sailed from Tonga, and early in January he reached Rarotonga, after an absence of fifteen weeks. Here he remained till the month of July following, assisting the brethren, Pitman and Buzacott, in their various labours, especially in the translation of the New Testament into the dialect of the Hervey Islands. Mr. Williams had now made up his mind to visit England, and the time of his departure was not far distant; and it was arranged that during his stay at home he should get an edition of the New Testament printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society. Hence the most urgent work at the present time was the completion of the translation.

After leaving Rarotonga, Mr. and Mrs. Williams spent a short time on Raiatea; and early in the year 1834, they bade adieu to the loved scenes of their labours, with feelings such as those only who have been in similar circumstances can fully understand, and embarked on board the *Sir Andrew Hamilton*, a homebound whaler, and were soon on the way towards the land of their fathers. The date of their departure is not given in the life of Mr. Williams, but we are informed that 'on the 12th of June, 1834, after nearly eighteen years' absence, the white cliffs of their beloved native land once more greeted and gladdened their eyes.'

Mr. and Mrs. Williams both required a change to a tem-

perate climate on the score of health, after their long residence in the tropics. Whether, however, the question of health alone would have induced him to visit England at this time, is, I think, doubtful. Mr. Williams was revolving great projects with reference to the accomplishment of the objects on which his heart was set, and these, I think, had the chief weight in deciding him to leave for a season his work in the islands.

A principal thing—perhaps the principal thing—was to endeavour to procure a ship to be employed in mission-work. This had become an indispensable requirement, if the missions already established were to be maintained in their efficiency, and the blessings of the Gospel conveyed to the many lands that remained in heathen darkness.

All Mr. Williams's earnestness and enthusiasm were required to accomplish this object. However, by the help and blessing of God, he succeeded. The *Camden*, a brig, about 200 tons burden, was purchased, and fitted out expressly for mission work, and thus one desire of the good man's heart was granted him.

Another leading object was to obtain missionaries to occupy the Samoan group, where the state of things was such that to leave it long in the hands of native teachers only, would be attended with much hazard. In that object, too, he was successful. Six missionaries, five of whom were married, sailed for that group on the 7th November, 1835, the year following Mr. Williams's arrival in England.

The Rarotongan Testament also was carried through the press, and a great deal was done in the way of diffusing missionary information, and stimulating missionary zeal, by travelling extensively, and relating to wondering crowds the marvellous things he had witnessed among the distant isles of the Pacific. And towards the close of his stay in England the substance of his addresses was gathered together, and, with observations upon the origin, structure, productions, etc., of the South Sea Islands, formed a volume, which, as all who are acquainted with the history of missionary operations know, was

published with the title of 'Missionary Enterprises.' The volume had an extensive circulation, and exerted an important influence in deepening and extending the impression that had been produced by the sermons and addresses which Mr. Williams had delivered throughout the country.

The objects of the visit to the fatherland being secured, Mr. and Mrs. Williams again turned their faces towards their chosen work, and on the 11th of April, 1838, they bade what proved, in the case of Mr. Williams, a final adieu to their native land, and embarked on board the *Camden* for the distant isles of the Southern Seas. The *Camden* carried a full complement of passengers. There were, including Mr. Williams, eight missionaries, seven of whom were married. Mr. Williams's eldest son and his wife were also passengers on board, and these, with Captain and Mrs. Morgan, made up a large party for so small a craft.

The first place of call was Cape Town, where they received an addition to the number of their passengers. Mr. Buchanan, an infant-school teacher, with his wife, joined the mission party, and came on to Samoa, to labour in connection with the mission on that group in his own special department.

From Cape Town the *Camden* proceeded to Sydney, and thence to Samoa, where she arrived on the 22nd of November, 1838. Early in the morning of that memorable day, the long-looked-for and much-longed-for mission-ship anchored in Pangopango Harbour, Island of Tutuila, so it fell to the lot of the writer to be the first to welcome her to the South Sea Islands. More than eight months had passed since the party left England, yet we had heard nothing of them; we did not so much as know that a vessel had been obtained. Hence their arrival was a surprise—a most delightful surprise! How vividly is that fair morning remembered, with all its heart-stirring incidents, after the lapse of over forty years! The arrival of the *Camden*, with such a band of workers, was the most important event that had occurred in the history of our South Sea Missions since their commencement in 1797. It inaugurated

a new era, and led to results, the importance of which it would be impossible to over-estimate. At the date of her arrival, with the exception of a small beginning on the Fiji group, all beyond Samoa and Tonga was in darkness. Now we were in a position to extend our operations as far and as fast as men and means would allow; and after a few months the first exploratory voyage to Western Polynesia was made, and the work of evangelizing that great division of the 'island world' was initiated.

Mr. Williams left England without having made up his mind as to where he would make his home during the intervals of his voyages. But on reaching Samoa he was led to fix upon that group as his headquarters. He settled at Fasitootai, a village in the district of Aana on Upolu, and that was regarded as his home during the remainder of his life.

After nearly two months spent in Samoa, he sailed on the 17th of January, 1839, for the Hervey Islands and the Tahitian group, accompanied by the missionaries appointed to these groups. The voyage, which occupied several months, was successfully accomplished. The arrival of Mr. Williams with the new mission-ship was everywhere hailed with joy and gratitude among the older missions, and everything seemed to conspire to encourage hope with reference to the future. Perhaps the most interesting thing connected with the voyage was an incident which occurred at Rarotonga, and as it has an intimate connection with events which followed, it is deserving of particular notice. Four natives offered themselves to go as missionary pioneers to the dark regions of heathenism, to which Mr. Williams was about to proceed as soon as practicable after his return to Samoa. The offer was accepted. A very affecting farewell service was held in the evening of the day before they bade adieu to their native isle, and with calm deliberation they determined to embark upon an enterprise, the dangers and self-denial connected with which they well knew. One of the teachers and his wife were from Mr. Buzacott's station; the others were from Mr. Pitman's, and concerning them all Mr. Pitman writes as follows: 'Both by myself and Mr. Buza-

cott they were told what might be the probable result of landing among savages, viz., the loss of life. 'Content,' replied the worthy men; 'it is the cause of God! He will shield us from harm; if not, we cannot die in a work more glorious.' One of them added, "Teacher, look at these scars! These I got in heathen wars. I was marked out, and sought for as a sacrifice; but eluded my pursuers by secreting myself in the mountains. Often have I wondered how I escaped, but now all is plain—the love of God through Jesus Christ my Saviour. Cheerfully, therefore, will I devote that life to Him Who has redeemed me with His blood. Had I died when I was sought for, my soul had perished.'"

Thus these good men enter upon their perilous undertaking with a clear intelligent appreciation of the dangers they might have to encounter, sustained no doubt by hope, but prepared for the worst, furnishing a beautiful illustration of the power of the Gospel, and leaving an example full of instruction and encouragement to successive generations.

A few months were spent by Mr. Williams in Samoa after this voyage, during which the *Camden* made a second voyage to the Hervey and Tahitian Islands, and, in the meanwhile, he occupied himself with missionary work, chiefly in the district in which he had settled, and in making arrangements for what he called his 'great voyage.' In anticipation of that voyage, a large meeting of teachers was convened, and the question asked, Who is willing to go forth to the dark regions of heathenism, to make known to their benighted tribes the Gospel of the grace of God? 'No less than thirty,' Mr. Williams writes, 'of the best instructed and approved among them offered themselves for this service.' Of these, twelve were chosen, and they, with the four from Rarotonga, formed the band that went with Mr. Williams on his 'great voyage.'

As the time of his departure drew near, his mind seemed to be much occupied with thoughts and forebodings, strangely out of harmony with his naturally buoyant and sanguine spirit. It was just as if coming events were casting their shadows

before them, and as if he were being prepared for the sad event which was so soon to put a period to his life and labours.

Everything appeared as much in keeping with what was coming as if the veil had been drawn aside and the future disclosed to view. On the last Sabbath which he spent in Samoa, and which was the last day spent with his family, he preached from Acts xx. 36-38, and both himself and the natives were so affected that both wept together, and for a time the place was a Bochim. The whole service seemed strangely anticipative, and it was entirely in harmony with what went before, and with what followed during the remainder of his life.

It was remarked by his family, that when parting with them on former occasions, to go on similar errands, no sadness was upon his countenance, and no feelings but those of hope and expectancy filled his heart; but now all was changed, and the naturally sanguine and cheerful man took leave of those dear to him with sadness and tears. At midnight of that sorrowful night he bade all his loved ones a long and last farewell, and went to Apia, where he spent the following day, Monday, and on Tuesday, the 5th November, 1839, a little under twelve months from the time of his return from England, he sailed on his long anticipated voyage. It is remarkable that it was among the last and most earnest entreaties of Mrs. Williams that he would not land on Eramanga.*

* A curious fact came to our knowledge after the death of Mr. Williams, which has not, so far as I know, been made public. Before he and Mrs. Williams left the islands to visit England, Mrs. Williams dreamt that Mr. Williams and Mr. Barff had gone on a missionary voyage, and when the time for their return arrived Mr. Barff came back alone; and when Mrs. Williams saw him, she asked how it was that he was alone. 'Is all well?' 'Yes,' Mr. Barff replied, 'all *is* well,' conveying to her mind that all was well in a sense different to what she meant. She dreamt the same thing more than once the same night, and a very deep impression was made upon her mind, so much so, that the dream haunted her ever after, and led to her leaving England to return to the islands with great reluctance. She seemed to feel as if the dream would one day be verified. Whether the

Mr. Williams was accompanied by a young Christian brother, of whom Mr. Ellis, in his history, speaks as follows: 'Mr. Harris, a gentleman of piety, education, and respectable connections in England (Scotland) who, in search of health, had undertaken a voyage to New South Wales, and subsequently to the South Sea Islands, where he remained some time, and became so deeply interested in the progress of the Gospel, that he determined to proceed to England, offer his services to the Society, and, if accepted, devote his life to its propagation among the islands of the Pacific.' There was also another gentleman, a passenger on board, Mr. Cunningham. He had spent some time on Rarotonga, and being desirous of enlarging his acquaintance with the islands, had arranged with Mr. Williams to accompany him on the present expedition.

After touching at two places on the island of Savaii the *Camden* bore away for the island of Rotuma, distant from Samoa about 600 miles. This island was made on the 12th of November. Two teachers were placed on the island under very encouraging circumstances, and, on the evening of the 13th, the party went on their way towards the New Hebrides. On the evening of the 16th of November they were drawing near that important group, and, in anticipation of reaching it on the following day, Mr. Williams wrote: 'This evening we are to have a special prayer meeting. Oh, how much depends upon the efforts of to-morrow! Will the savages receive us or

dream had a distinct reference to Eramanga or not, I am not aware. If it had, of course it would account for Mrs. Williams being so particular in charging Mr. Williams not to land on that island. When the news of Mr. Williams's death reached Fasitootai, his son hurried off to Apia to get all particulars, and left his wife to communicate the sad tidings to his mother, and when she entered Mrs. Williams's room, Mrs. Williams asked, 'Is all well?' and received for answer the very words which she had heard in her dream years before. 'Yes, all is well.' She needed no more; these ominous words told in substance the whole tale; her husband had finished his course, and was safe in heaven. It does not appear that she had told the dream to any of her family. We were visiting Fasitootai shortly after the news arrived of Mr. Williams's death, and Mrs. Williams told it to Mrs. Murray as it is given above.

not? . . . . I am all anxiety, but desire prudence and faithfulness in the management of the attempt to impart the Gospel to these benighted people, and leave the event with God. . . . The approaching week is to me the most important of my life.'

So indeed it proved. He was privileged to open the door of faith, not only to one of the largest and most populous groups of the Pacific, but really to the whole of Western Polynesia, for down to this time darkness unbroken reigned throughout the whole of that extensive region. And as regards himself personally, I suppose the day or week that closes a man's connection with the present life, and introduces him to that which lies beyond, is, in some at least of its aspects, the most important of his life.

Early on the morning of Sabbath, the 17th of November, Fotuna, the most easterly island of the New Hebrides, was reached. No attempt was made to introduce teachers to this island, but the intercourse which Mr. Williams had with the natives was of the most encouraging character. He tried his utmost, but without success, to induce a native to accompany him to the neighbouring islands. Probably he was not aware what a hazardous thing it was in those dark days for natives of one island of the New Hebrides to go to another.

On the following day, Monday, the 18th of November, the important island of Tanna was made, and, during the course of that day Mr. Williams had friendly intercourse with the natives at Port Resolution, and the first decisive step was taken towards the evangelization of the New Hebrides. Three Samoan teachers—Lalolangi, Salamea, and Mose—were the pioneers in this great undertaking. They met with an encouraging reception when they were landed; and, after spending a night on shore, they were willing to be left among the fierce cannibal savages of Tanna. And, with the introduction of these teachers, Mr. Williams's work closes. It was the last act —the crowning act as regards active service—of his eventful life.

Towards the evening of Tuesday, the 19th, the party got close to Eramanga, and ran along the coast till darkness came

on; they lay-to during the night, and waited for the eventful 20th. Mr. Williams was encouraged by the reception he had had at Fotuna and Tanna, still he was anxious and depressed; and on the morning of that day he told Mr. Cunningham that he had passed a sleepless night on account of the magnitude and importance of the work before him; that he was much oppressed by its weight, and feared that he might have undertaken more than he would be able to accomplish.

Shortly after the above conversation he entered the boat, and proceeded to that dark shore, where the dark forebodings which had haunted him during the weeks immediately preceding were to have so sad a verification. It seems strange that these, in connection with Mrs. Williams's entreaties, did not deter him from putting himself in the power of the Eramangans. The reception at Fotuna and Tanna had doubtless had an assuring influence upon his mind; and one sad fact was unknown, viz., that a murderous affray had recently taken place between the Eramangans and a party of white men at the very spot where he and his companions landed—Dillon's Bay.

The following account of the tragic occurences of that sad day is from the *Missionary Chronicle* for June, 1840, as given by Mr. Ellis in his 'History of the London Missionary Society,' p. 381, etc.:

'Mr. Williams proceeded to the shore for the purpose of opening friendly communication with the people. Mr. Harris landed, followed by Mr. Williams and Mr. Cunningham. The frankness of the visitors and the distribution of a few presents seemed to have won their confidence, and the Europeans, leaving the spot on which they had landed, walked along the beach for some distance, and then turning by the bank of a stream, proceeded towards the interior, accompanied by a number of natives. Mr. Cunningham was picking up some new kind of shells on the banks of the streams, and Mr. Williams was reciting the Samoan numerals to a crowd of boys, one of whom was repeating them after him, when a terrific yell was heard, and Mr. Harris was seen to rush

from among the bushes and fall in the water under the clubs of the natives. Mr. Cunningham called to Mr. Williams, and ran as for life towards the boat, which, closely pursued by a native, he reached in safety at the same moment with Captain Morgan. Mr. Williams ran towards the sea, and fell forward into the water, followed by a native, who struck him several times with his club; other natives followed, with clubs and arrows, and though the boat was not above eighty yards from the spot where he fell, and every nerve was strained to effect his deliverance, his life was destroyed before his friends had pushed half the distance. A number of natives immediately dragged the body to the beach, striking it with their clubs in the most furious manner, and a crowd of boys gathered round and beat the lifeless corpse with stones till the waves dashed red with the blood of their victim.

'His friends in the boat, frantic with agony and horror, proceeded towards the spot in hopes of securing the body, but the stones and arrows of the natives, one of which passed through the boards lining the boat, obliged them to relinquish the attempt, and proceed to the ship, in which they hastened towards the shore; when within about a mile of the beach, on which the body was still lying, a crowd of natives rushing to the spot and bearing away the body destroyed all hopes of obtaining it, and left them, under feelings of indescribable despondency and anguish, to pursue their melancholy voyage to New South Wales.'

Thus terminated the life and labours of John Williams, a melancholy termination on its human side, and on its God-ward side shrouded in mystery. The good man was just in his prime. By great exertion he had succeeded in accomplishing an object on which his heart had long been fondly set. A suitable vessel had been obtained to be employed exclusively in sustaining and extending missionary operations in the South Seas;* he had the experience of nearly a quarter of a century,

* The following little reminiscence is perhaps worth preserving. On a beautiful moonlight night Mr. Williams, Mr. Pritchard, and myself, were

and there was no individual among all his fellow-labourers who possessed advantages at all comparable to his for carrying forward the great object for which the *Camden* had been mainly purchased. Yet God saw fit to take him away, and so to send us, in the most impressive manner, a never-to-be-forgotten lesson to cease from man, and beware of leaning upon an arm of flesh. When the blow lighted we felt as if stunned and paralyzed. That feeling, however, soon passed away, and the work to which he seemed in a manner indispensable, went forward with scarcely any interruption, teaching another important, though humiliating lesson--viz., that instruments who bulk most largely in our eyes, and seem as though they could not be dispensed with, are but little missed, and their places are soon filled when God sees fit to take them away.

When the *Camden* reached Sydney, a request was made to Sir George Gipps, at that time Governor of the colony, to allow a man-of-war to proceed to Eramanga, to recover, if possible, the remains of the martyred missionaries. The request was kindly complied with, and H.M.S. *Favourite*, Captain Croker, was despatched to Eramanga, accompanied by Mr. Cunningham. Two skulls and a few bones were all that could be obtained, and with these the captain proceeded to Samoa, bearing the mournful intelligence of what had befallen us. The remains were interred near the native chapel at Apia, and a

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sitting in our veranda at Pangopango, and before us was a scene which for beauty and loveliness can be witnessed only in tropical regions. Our house stood on a considerable elevation, and full in view, at a short distance from us, lay the beautiful harbour, girt about with mountains and hills, calm as a summer lake, and spreading out beneath a cloudless sky and a tropical moon like molten gold, and there was the *Camden* full in view, almost like a thing of life. An interval of nearly forty years has effaced from my memory the topics of our conversation, but one exclamation made by Mr. Williams remains indelibly fixed. 'Oh,' said he, gazing at his loved *Camden*, 'isn't she beautiful!' There was nothing specially remarkable for beauty in the *Camden* herself, but in his eyes she was beautiful. She was the messenger of peace and love that was to convey to benighted regions the glad tidings of great joy, and that invested her with a glory and a beauty to which in herself she had no claim.

humble monument was erected bearing the following inscription: 'Sacred to the memory of the Rev. John Williams, father of the Samoan and other missions, aged 43 years and 5 months, who was killed by the cruel natives of Eramanga, on the 20th of November, 1839, while endeavouring to plant the Gospel of Peace on its shores.'

The death of Mr. Harris is in some of its aspects still more mysterious than that of Mr. Williams. He was not even permitted to put his hand to the work to which he had resolved to devote his life. Then, as now, labourers were urgently needed, yet this young man's desire to spend his life in missionary labour was denied, and he was allowed to identify himself with the missionary cause, as it would seem, only to die. His case bears a slight resemblance to that of the first Christian martyr, that fair and beautiful character, that burning and shining light! How much, as it seems to us, was he needed, and what grand results might he have achieved with his seraphic zeal, and eloquent tongue, and Christ-like life! yet God permitted him to fall a victim to the savage fury of his deluded countrymen. 'Verily, clouds and darkness are round about Him,' but we rest in the consoling assurance that 'justice and judgment are the habitation of His throne.' On all that is saddening and perplexing now we shall have light by-and-by. The reign of mystery shall have an end, and in that city which the glory of God doth lighten, and the Lamb is the light thereof, we shall see all clearly. Mr. Harris's desire was to labour in the Marquesas group, at that time one of the darkest and most repellent spots throughout the whole Pacific. It was well that it was in his heart, but for him God had provided some better thing, and instead of returning to live and labour among the poor debased savages of the Marquesas, he was taken to the pure and holy society of the world of purity and light.

With a few remarks as to the causes that led to the murder of the first martyrs of Eramanga, we close these chapters. The fact that a quarrel had occurred between a party of foreign visitors and the natives, has already been incidentally referred

to. Mr. Williams and party were ignorant of what had occurred, hence they went all unsuspicious of danger. I am unable to give particulars as to the affray between the party of foreigners and the Eramangans, but its connection with the murder of the missionaries is, I think, established beyond reasonable doubt. During a visit made to the island a number of years afterwards in company with the Rev. J. P. Sunderland, we found the man who was foremost in the murder of Mr. Williams. He was a chief of some importance; his name was Kauiaui. He acknowledged having participated in the deed, and appeared very sorry. By way of explanation and extenuation, he said he did not know that Mr. Williams was a missionary, and that his son had been shot by foreigners, who had visited the island some time before. Is it to be wondered at that the benighted savage took vengeance, when opportunity offered, upon men belonging to the race by whom his son had been murdered? He gave up to us the club with which the deed was done, which is now in the museum of the London Missionary Society. I don't know that there is any reason to doubt that the said club is really the weapon that was used on the occasion. It was obtained from the man himself, and at the same time other things were obtained about which there could be no mistake, viz., a New Testament with Mr. Harris's name in it, and a handkerchief with his initials, which had been in possession of Kauiaui's wife.

Some additional light has lately been shed upon the causes which led to the massacre. From the Rev. H. A. Robertson, who for a number of years has been labouring with encouraging success among the Eramangans, I have learned that in addition to *the* cause of the attack upon Mr. Williams and party, there was another thing that influenced the natives. A feast was about to come off, and a quantity of food had been collected and was lying exposed some little way in land. Mr. Harris unhappily took the very path that led to the spot where the food lay, and the natives fearing that if it were discovered the foreigners would rob them of it, fell upon Mr. Harris, and the attack upon him was the signal for a general rush upon all.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MARTYRS OF THE NEW HEBRIDES.

THE REV. G. N. GORDON AND MRS. GORDON.

IN the introductory chapter it was stated that we should find a distant British colony represented among the martyrs of Polynesia; and now we have to narrate the story of the life and martyrdom of a missionary from British North America.

About twenty-two years from the time when the first martyrs of Eramanga fell, the Rev. G. N. Gordon and his wife took up their abode among the Eramangans, and, after a few years of suffering and toil, they too were called to seal their testimony with their blood. The story of their brief course with its tragic close is a very melancholy one. The case of Williams was sad enough, but that of the Gordons was more sad than that of Williams. He, though by no means an old man, had behind him a long term of effective service, but Mr. and Mrs. Gordon had but recently entered upon their labours, and had seen very little in the shape of results, when their lives were cut short, and their work on earth was done.

Before entering upon the narrative of their brief career, let us glance at the leading events which connect the earlier and later martyrdoms which have occurred in Eramanga. A few months after the death of Mr. Williams, the senior member of the Samoan Mission, the Rev. Thomas Heath, visited the island in the missionary brig *Camden*, and succeeded in introducing two Samoan teachers. This important step took place in the month of May, 1840.

In the following year another visit was made, the writer being the deputation on that occasion, and a memorable occasion it was to him and others on board our mission-ship. Of course we approached with very peculiar feelings the land which had so recently been the scene of the mournful tragedy, the particulars of which were fresh in the recollection of all. And there was one thing which contributed much to increase the painful interest connected with our visit to Eramanga on this occasion. We had on board Mrs. Williams, the widow of John Williams. She was a passenger with us, having bidden a final adieu to all the endeared scenes of former happy days, and being now on her way to New South Wales to proceed thence to the land of her fathers. The reader will understand how her presence added not a little to the feeling of sadness and gloom with which we looked upon Eramanga. She was a woman of a meek and quiet spirit, and, though bowed down under a load of grief, her deportment was calm and resigned—eminently Christian—glorifying to God and encouraging to those of us whose life-work was yet in the future.

It was evening when we drew near the land, and as we moved slowly along the coast the shade of night settled down upon the mountains and hills, and seemed to invest them with deepening gloom, and it was anything but relieving to our feelings when our breeze died away and the current carried us in so near the shore that we could distinctly hear the shouts and yells of the natives upon the heights, which the light of the moon enabled us distinctly to see. After a while a gentle breeze sprang up, and enabled us to keep at a safe distance from the land and move gently on towards the part of the island to which we were bound.

On the following morning we found ourselves abreast of the place at which the teachers had been left by Mr. Heath, and with anxious minds we sought to communicate with the natives. Canoes put off from the shore and came out some distance towards us, but all our efforts to induce them to come near failed; so, after long waiting, we took to our boat and pulled in

towards the land, and as we drew near we were gladdened by the sight of a canoe with one of the teachers coming to meet us. It was an immense relief to learn from him that his fellow-labourer was also alive. He had a mournful tale of suffering and danger to tell. The natives had been unfaithful to their engagement, and had abandoned the strangers and left them to starve; and but for the kindness of a party from the neighbouring island of Niua, who were on a visit to their relations on Eramanga, it seems as if they must have perished. They remained several months, and after they left a single native of Eramanga was moved to pity them and bring them a supply of food daily till the time of our arrival. This is a singular fact, and can only be accounted for on the supposition that God inclined the heart of the poor, dark-minded Eramangan to pity the strangers and supply their necessities. Vorevore, their native friend, used to steal down day by day for about five months, and, lifting up the thatch of their humble cot, hand in to them their daily supply. We would fain have seen their benefactor and made him some reward, but he did not appear, and we feared to inquire after him lest we should bring upon him the wrath of his savage countrymen. Surely he has had his reward from a higher Hand.

We had very great difficulty in getting the other teacher out of the hands of the natives. Why they made so much difficulty about giving him up we could only conjecture; but the treatment the teachers had received and the appearance of things now clearly enough indicated that the time had not yet come for the evangelization of Eramanga. We were four hours away from the ship, and our friends on board were in no small alarm, and great was the joy of all when we were seen returning in safety with the teachers. Sadness, however, was largely mingled with our joy. It was grievous, indeed, to see the door of hope that had been opened for Eramanga again shut, and the little light that had begun to glimmer upon its gloomy shore extinguished and the dark night of heathenism again close in upon it.

NATIVES OF MANGAIA—HEATHEN AND CHRISTIAN.

A long interval followed, during which all our efforts to regain our hold upon the island were unsuccessful. These efforts were renewed every successive voyage of the mission-ship, and at length they were crowned with success. In the month of May, 1852, two Rarotongan teachers were located in Dillon's Bay, and mission-work was resumed under circumstances of much interest and promise.

The island was again visited in 1854, and the mission, which was found in an encouraging state, was reinforced and extended: arrangements being made for opening two new stations. Another visit was made towards the close of the same year, and the visitors, the Rev. Chas. Hardie and the Rev. J. P. Sunderland, reported very favourably as to the state and prospect of the mission.

The next notable event in the history of the mission was the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, whose brief career, with its tragic close, is to form the principal subject of this chapter.

The Rev. George Nichol Gordon was born on Prince Edward Island, British North America, on the 21st of April, 1822. From the time of his leaving school, till he was about twenty-seven years of age, he was engaged in agricultural pursuits. He cultivated a small farm, his own property, which had been given him by his father. Sometime before he gave up farming he had undergone the great change which opens up new views of life and its responsibilities. The particulars of the change are not given in the memoirs of his life by his younger brother, but, judging from its results, it was clearly of a very marked character.

It is interesting to note a link of connection between his conversion and the Rev. Dr. Geddie, who, before he engaged in foreign mission-work, was pastor of a church on Prince Edward Island. He informed a friend that his attention had been arrested by reading a treatise left by Mr. Geddie at his father's house. Afterwards, however, he stated that he could clearly trace his first decided religious impressions to the preaching of a minister on his native island, whom he styles an eminent

servant of God—the Rev. William McGregor, towards whom he seems to have cherished an ardent affection. 'Could I again visit Prince Edward Island,' he remarks, 'I would plant flowers upon his grave, and water them with my tears.' Shortly after his conversion an earnest desire to be engaged in pursuits having a direct bearing on the spiritual interests of his fellow-men seems to have taken possession of him. 'I must become a missionary to the heathen,' we find him exclaiming. But the obstacles in the way of his becoming a missionary to the heathen were of a very formidable character. His early education had been defective: he was about twenty-eight years of age, and though he was the owner of a small farm, his means were very limited; but he was a man of resolute will, and not to be turned aside from his purpose by the difficulties that beset his path, formidable though they were.

During the year 1850 he entered upon a course of regular study, which extended to about four years. His student-life must have been a very laborious one. During the early part of it he was engaged in colportage in the city of Halifax, and subsequently in city missionary work. While engaged in the service of the Bible Society, the destitute condition of large numbers in the city of Halifax affected him so much that he made strenuous efforts to get a society formed to provide for their need. His efforts were successful, and he became the first missionary of the Society. The salary he received first as a colporteur, and afterwards as a city missionary, enabled him to meet the expense of his education. In these departments of work he appears to have laboured with great zeal, and to have met with encouraging success. It seems a marvel that he was able to overtake such an amount of work as must have devolved upon him during these years. As he had been used to an active life, however, it was perhaps well that active and sedentary work was now combined.

The idea of foreign service seems never to have left him, and as his course of study drew towards its close he wrote the following letter to the Foreign Mission Board. It is dated May 10th,

1853, and is as follows: 'In looking over the *Register* for the last two years my soul has often been stirred in me by reading the following words, "Missionary Wanted;" and were I possessed of the qualifications of the missionary wanted, long before this I would have said, "Here am I, send me." But I contented myself with the hope that at some future time God would remove difficulties out of my path, and open up my way to the field of labour in which my soul desires to be engaged. . . . . I am at present City Missionary, with a comfortable salary, and God has rejoiced my heart much of late by deigning to countenance my labours with His blessing. But my heart is not in the domestic mission field as it is in the foreign. I therefore, now, in the name of the Lord Jesus, offer myself to your Board as a missionary to the South Seas.' This letter was written a year before he had completed his college course. After his acceptance by the Mission Board, in addition to his regular studies, he spent some time daily in the study of medicine, and learned the art of printing; and sought by every means in his power to acquire fitness for that to which he now looked forward as the work of his life. He was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of Halifax on the 10th of May, 1855, and his ordination took place on the 12th of September of the same year. In the interval 'he visited nearly all the congregations of the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia, addressing large and attentive audiences with much fervour and eloquence.'

The exact date of his departure from his native land does not appear in his Memoir. It was probably on the 10th or 11th of October, 1855, that he severed the ties that bound him to his native land, and bade a final farewell to all dear to him there, and went forth to seek another home, and form other friendships where the providence of God might direct His way.

On the way to the distant sphere of his labours Mr. Gordon visited England, Scotland, and France. In London he spent a considerable time, availing himself of opportunities for increasing his medical knowledge; and there he found a young

lady, Miss Catherine Powell, who, like himself, was full of missionary zeal, and was willing to cast in her lot with his.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon sailed from Gravesend in the missionary barque *John Williams*, on the 23rd of July, 1856. The first place at which the vessel called was Cape Town; thence she proceeded to Tasmania, and thence to Sydney. After leaving Sydney the *John Williams* directed her course to the isles of the Pacific lying in the far east, and visited all the mission stations of the London Missionary Society on her way westward, so Mr. and Mrs. Gordon had a very long round before they reached their destination.

At the time of their arrival, and for many years afterwards, the missionaries of the London Missionary Society in the Samoan and Hervey groups carried on missionary operations in the New Hebrides, and periodical visits were made by deputations from the missions in these groups. On the occasion when Mr. and Mrs. Gordon were conveyed to their destination, the deputation consisted of the Rev. George Drummond and the Rev. W. Harbutt, both of the Samoan Mission.

On reaching the New Hebrides the question was discussed by the Presbyterian missionaries on the spot, the Rev. John Geddie, the Rev. John Inglis, and the Samoan deputation, as to the most eligible sphere for Mr. and Mrs. Gordon. The choice lay between Fotuna and Eramanga, and the decision was unanimous that Eramanga was the preferable place; and, on the 17th of June, 1857, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon left the *John Williams* and took up their abode among the savage Eramangans. They were accompanied by two Rarotongan teachers, and a native Eramangan who had been some years in Samoa, and had afforded satisfactory evidence of having become a genuine disciple of Christ.

The friends of poor benighted Eramanga rejoiced with great joy when at length a foreign missionary was settled upon it. The Samoan deputation in their report wrote as follows: 'On the evening of the 17th, at six o'clock, we left Eramanga, indulging the hope that the darkness of that terrible night in

which her degraded sons have wandered so long and sunk so low in the scale of civilization, would ere long be scattered by the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, and their dark abodes lighted up by the 'day-spring from on high.'

A little over twelve months from the date of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon's settlement on the island, it was again visited by a deputation from the eastward missions, the Rev. G. Stallworthy of the Samoan Mission, and the Rev. G. Gill from the Hervey Islands, being the deputation on that occasion. The visit was made in July, 1858. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon were found zealously prosecuting their self-denying labours. Mrs. Gordon had suffered much from ill health, and many sharp trials from other causes had fallen to the lot of both her and her husband. We hear of no complaints, however. The patient workers seem to have borne all their hardships and trials in a truly Christian spirit. A few extracts from the report of the deputation will interest the reader: 'On the morning of the 20th of July we entered Dillon's Bay. We were glad to find Mr. Gordon doing well. Mrs. Gordon had been very unwell at times; she was better, but still far from being in a good state of health. A teacher from Aneiteum and two Rarotongan teachers were aiding the work on the island.

'Mana'—the native of Eramanga, mentioned above—'continues steadfast and useful; and others who have visited Samoa, though not manifesting the Christian decision by which he is distinguished, nevertheless exert an influence in favour of the mission.

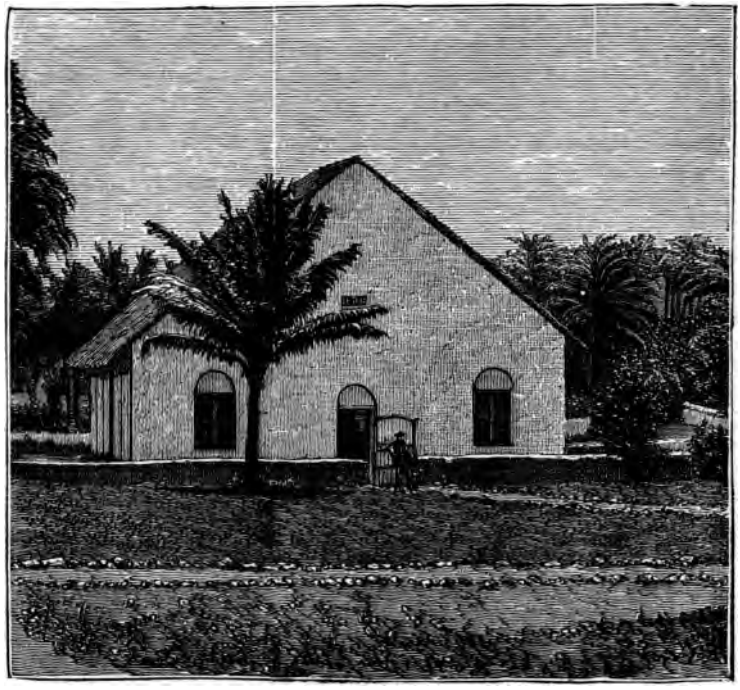
'Mr. Gordon itinerates on the Sabbath in the neighbourhood of Dillon's Bay, and the people he falls in with, together with those of his little home congregation, number about a hundred individuals. He has a school on week-days, and a few have learned to read. He has prepared and printed one or two small books. He has made a tour of the island, and was generally well received.'

The next visit was in October, 1859, and from the report of the deputation, the Rev. Dr. Turner of Samoa, we get some

pleasant glimpses of the state of the mission, which indicate that steady though slow progress was being made. Dr. Turner wrote as follows: 'Anchored in Dillon's Bay on Saturday, October 15th. Mr. Gordon was soon on board, and, accompanied by him, some of us went ashore and up the hill to his residence, about a thousand feet above the level of the sea, and there we found Mrs. Gordon well. Owing to the unhealthy swamps on the low grounds, Mr. Gordon has built his cottage on the high land. Close by the house he has erected a small chapel, and he has a fine bell at one end, which echoes from hill to hill, and calls the tribes to their little Zion. We had the pleasure of spending a Sabbath at Eramanga, and met with about 150 of the people in their little chapel. All were quiet and orderly. It thrilled our inmost soul to hear them, as led by Mrs. Gordon, strike up the tune of New Lydia, and also the translation and tune of "There is a Happy Land." . . . Mr. Gordon was glad to see so many at the service, and considered our visit providential and opportune. There had been a reaction. Reports were raised that the Aneiteum people were all dying, and that it was occasioned by the new religion. The chiefs forbade the people attending the Sabbath services, and the consequence was that the chapel the Sabbath before our visit was quite deserted. Only some five people ventured to attend. We hope that the good effect will not soon pass away; but Mr. Gordon finds it uphill work. The population is not only widely scattered, but constantly occupied in inter-tribal wars. He thinks the entire population may be set down at 5,000. There is one dialect known all over the island, and in this Mr. Gordon has printed some four-page elementary pieces, catechisms, hymns, etc. The Eramangan teacher, Mana, is stationed at the other side of the island, and he has collected a number around him. There is also an Aneiteum teacher assisting Mr. Gordon at Dillon's Bay, and he has six young men under instruction, who he hopes may yet make useful helpers.'

In December of the same year, a little over two months

from the time of the above visit, Mr. Gordon wrote to the Rev. G. Stallworthy, giving a discouraging view of the state of the mission. The hopeful appearances connected with the visit of the *John Williams* passed away like a morning cloud; and troubles arose which proved the precursors of darker days than any that had gone before since the settlement of Mr. and Mrs.



ONEROA CHAPEL, MANGAIA.

Gordon on the island. Mr. Gordon gives a view of idol-worship, as practised by the Eramangans, which is curious and interesting. He writes as follows: 'The *John Williams* had not left us a week, when the flames of war were spreading destruction on the south side of Dillon's Bay. The results are the total ruin of some villages and large plantations, some

natives wounded and others killed, and prospective sickness from want of food. Marked good resulted from the last visit of the *John Williams*, which the enemy stirred up himself to oppose. Idolatry has still a strong hold upon the natives, even those who come to worship on the Sabbath, especially a species of idolatry connected with the worship of the moon, the image of which they exhibit at their idolatrous feasts, which are regulated by the moon, and are great abominations.'

The darkness continued to deepen. There had been a few faint gleams of light, as the reader has seen, and in a letter written by Mr. Gordon, not a great while before his labours closed, he mentions one case of hopeful conversion. 'We had a catechuman,' he writes, 'who died five months ago, we believe in the Lord. He was the first and only one who we have reason to believe was a Christian. Being delirious for a few days, he could not recognise his friends; but when asked, "Do you know, then, who Jesus is?" he would answer, "Oh yes; He is our dear Saviour." That Name that is above every name is a divine charm for the soul whose ears are unstopped.'

Towards the close of 1860 a series of grievous calamities swept over the southern islands of the New Hebrides, the chief of which were a desolating hurricane and the measles, the first producing great destruction among the plantations, and leading to scarcity of food, and the other, with its after-effects, cutting off a great many of the natives; and while they were suffering from these scourges, the lives of the missionaries on the islands of Tanna and Eramanga were often in imminent peril. 'Mana,' Mr. Gordon writes, 'has taken refuge with us during the last three months. We are obliged to keep watch at night, not constantly, but while the natives are assembled for the purpose of taking our lives. Six lads keep by us in time of imminent danger. Two months ago I just escaped being shot at one place, and consequently was obliged to discontinue my visits.' The special danger to which Mr. and Mrs. Gordon were exposed arose from the fact that the disease was brought to the

islands by foreigners. 'The disease,' Mr. Gordon wrote, 'is cutting off hundreds inland, and the people are for killing us, and burning all that belongs to us, because they say that we are foreigners, and foreigners brought the disease which is killing them all.'

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon strove to the utmost of their ability to alleviate suffering and save life, and doubtless they would have succeeded to a considerable extent if the natives would have trusted themselves in their hands. As it was, however, as regards the people generally, they could only look helplessly on. 'It is exceedingly painful,' Mr. Gordon remarked, 'to see a people upon whom you have set your heart to bring them to a knowledge of the truth, fading away in unbelief. When we lie down at night, and rise up in the morning, we hear the loud and bitter cry of those who mourn without hope. None died of the measles on our premises, and but two of all those who came properly under our treatment.' The reader will now be prepared for the sad tale we have to tell.

Mr. Gordon continued to cherish a degree of confidence as to his own safety, and that of Mrs. Gordon, which seems strange, considering the circumstances. Whether or not Mrs. Gordon shared his confidence does not appear; but certainly his domestics—native Eramangans—did not. They were thoroughly distrustful; and they, of course, understood their own countrymen as no foreigner could, and their opinion was, therefore, entitled to great weight. By the way, it is a very interesting fact that there were a few Eramangans so much attached to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon as to cleave to them through all their dangers at the risk of their own lives, and conclusively shows that upon them at least some impression had been made. Joe and Mana, two of the young men in Mr. Gordon's family, had been about three years in our native teachers' institution in Samoa. They had acquired a considerable knowledge of the Samoan language, so I was able to get from them the particulars of the mournful tragedy which was now at hand. Two days before the massacre—that is, on Saturday, May the 18th—Joe was told by his

relatives, who live in Dillon's Bay, that the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon were in danger, and advised to try and induce Mr. Gordon to remove with his family from the place where he was residing, and take up his abode among the friendly natives in the bay. The place where he now lived was on a neighbouring height about a thousand feet above the sea-level, and far away from his friends. Mr. Gordon did not seem to credit the report, and declined to comply with the advice of the natives. On the afternoon of the following day, Joe and Mana went to Mrs. Gordon, and talked to her about their danger. They told her that they had heard from a party of friendly natives that the murder of herself and Mr. Gordon had been talked of publicly at a feast, which had taken place some time before at a distant village, as a thing determined upon. Mrs. Gordon went, as Joe and Mana supposed, to consult with Mr. Gordon, and there the thing ended for that day. On the following morning, Monday, the 20th, the day of the massacre, at the close of the morning school, Mr. Gordon told eight of the young men of his family, among whom were Joe and Mana, to go down to the bay and cut thatch for a house which Mr. Gordon was engaged in building, about half-way from the place where he was now living towards the bay. Two lads remained, one of whom Mr. Gordon directed to remain with Mrs. Gordon, and the other to go with him to work at the house. The lads objected to Mr. Gordon's proposal, and suggested that half their number should go with him to work at the house, and half should stay with Mrs. Gordon in case an attack should be made upon one or both of the parties. To this suggestion Mr. Gordon would not agree, so the two lads did as directed, one remaining with Mrs. Gordon, the other going with Mr. Gordon, and the eight going down to the bay to cut thatch. There was a girl also with Mrs. Gordon. Mr. Gordon, who was strangely unsuspicious of danger, told the lads who went to get thatch not to return home early, but to cut a great quantity of thatch, and return when the sun was low. But for this charge they would in all probability have

returned before the attack was made, as they had great fears that something would take place that day, though they had no certain information that such would be the case. While at work they expressed their fears to each other, and some proposed that they should go home early notwithstanding Mr. Gordon's instructions to the contrary. This proposal was overruled by others, so they continued at their work as directed. About noon, a party of natives, consisting of nine adults and a boy, came to the house where Mrs. Gordon was. One of the party, named Nahobili, the chief actor in what followed, asked Mrs. Gordon where Mr. Gordon and the young men of the family were. She told them that the young men had gone to cut thatch, and that Mr. Gordon was at work at the new house. She offered them food, which they refused, but accepted a cocoanut each and a few fish-hooks. Mrs. Gordon asked them what their errand was, probably suspecting that they had evil intentions. They replied that they wanted cloth to cover themselves, as they wished to come to the service on the following Sabbath. She told them they had better go to Mr. Gordon for that. Upon this they rose and left the house. When they had gone a little way, Mrs. Gordon called after them, asking whether they had come to kill her and Mr. Gordon. The adults made no reply, but the boy called out, as if in jest, that such was the case. The lad who was with Mrs. Gordon heard the whole conversation. He thought Mrs. Gordon did not hear the boy's reply to her question, as it was windy, and the party were on the move down the hill. They went as if they intended to go directly to the place where Mr. Gordon was at work; but they all concealed themselves in the bush by the way, except Nahobili. He was closely followed by the lad from Mrs. Gordon's family, who was sent by Mrs. Gordon with Mr. Gordon's dinner. Thus he and the lad who had been assisting Mr. Gordon were witnesses of all that took place between Mr. Gordon and Nahobili, till they left to go to the house, which Mr. Gordon consented to do at the urgent request of Nahobili. He carried a hatchet in his hand. One

of Mr. Gordon's lads remarked that Nahobili was a bad man, and that he had killed a great many people. Mr. Gordon took the hatchet out of his hand, and asked him why he killed people, remarking that it was very bad to kill people. He hung his head and made no reply. Mr. Gordon returned the hatchet. Nahobili then said that he wished cloth for himself and his companions, that they might come to worship on the following Sabbath. Mr. Gordon took a chip of wood and wrote on it a request to Mrs. Gordon to give them a little bit of cloth each, and offered it to the native to take to her. He refused the chip, and begged Mr. Gordon to go with him to the house to give medicine to a sick man. The story about the sick man induced Mr. Gordon to comply with the request of the native. So, tying up his dinner again, to eat which he had sat down, he arose to accompany Nahobili; and, as if to facilitate to the utmost the designs of the murderer, he had sent his own two lads away to cut some wood, of which he was in want; and further, he consented at the request of the native to walk before, so the savage with his hatchet was behind. They had not proceeded far when a man, who had been concealed in the bush, sprang out and aimed a blow at Mr. Gordon with a hatchet. He raised his arm to ward off the blow, and received a slight wound. He then ran, pursued by Nahobili. A steep place in the narrow path covered with loose stones impeded Mr. Gordon's progress; the savage, more fleet and firm of foot, overtook him, and struck him a deadly blow on the back near the loins. He fell, and a second blow in the neck from the man who first struck him, put an end to his life. His death must have been instantaneous, as the spine was severed, and also the principal arteries of the neck.

Another of the savages, named Ubel, rushed on towards the house to complete the dreadful tragedy. Mrs. Gordon had heard a noise, and she and the girl had gone outside the house in consequence. She asked the girl what the noise was, whether it was the lads who had gone to cut thatch returning? Ubel then passed round behind some outbuildings that were in the

rear of the dwelling-house, and came stealthily behind Mrs. Gordon, and struck her a blow in the side with a hatchet; he struck her a second blow in the neck, and all was over as regards this mortal life. Her liberated spirit was with that of her martyred husband before the Throne. Happily she knew not what had befallen him till she reached that world where they grieve no more. The servant-girl witnessed the murder of Mrs. Gordon. Terror-stricken, she fled down to the bay, where the young men were at work, with the fearful intelligence. They felt as if paralyzed. They made all possible haste homewards, lest the bodies should be carried off to the oven. They found Mr. Gordon's body at the steep place in the road where he fell. Four of them returned with that to the bay, and the other four went and brought the body of Mrs. Gordon.

An extract from the following letter, which was addressed to the Rev. Dr. Geddie by a gentleman who was residing in Dillon's Bay at the time of the occurrence, and who acted a very kind part, will appropriately conclude our account of the melancholy affair:

'I chose a spot of ground near the bank of the river for their graves, and made, in the best manner I could, two coffins, in which the bodies were enclosed, and about two o'clock on the following day, amid the tears and lamentations of all around, the bodies of the missionary and his wife were consigned to the earth. At my request one of the natives, Mana, who had been for some time in Samoa, conducted services suitable to the occasion, consisting of a hymn, which deceased had composed, an address which, to judge from the effects produced, was most powerfully felt, and a prayer to Almighty God. I also exhorted them to show, in their subsequent conduct, the depth of their sorrow at the loss they had sustained; and to endeavour to show by their conduct that the teachings they had listened to had not been in vain. . . . I am truly glad to say that the peal of the church-bell is regularly heard on the Sabbath, and I can hear the hymn and the prayer morning and evening amongst those I have about me as before.'

Bishop Patteson, who was himself soon after added to the 'noble army of martyrs,' visited the island shortly after the sad event. 'He felt the bereavement keenly, for he loved the Gordons, and every year called upon them as he sailed past. He climbed the steep rocks to their house, and spent a few hours in pleasant intercourse. On this occasion he landed and read the Burial Service over the graves of the martyrs.'*

In company with the late Dr. Geddie I visited Eramanga a few months later. Varied and conflicting were our feelings as we sailed along the coast towards the scene of the recent and earlier martyrdoms. Everything that met the eye looked beautiful and lovely as of old, but the recollection of the sad events that had lately transpired cast a gloom over all. The sight of the unfinished house on the side of the hill, at which Mr. Gordon was working on the day of his death, and which was full in view, brought these events before our minds with painful vividness. We landed in the bay, and after examining the various objects of interest about the mission premises and elsewhere, we visited the spot where the martyrs sleep. Close to the stream, and not far from the spot where Williams and Harris fell, they rest in one grave, waiting the resurrection of the just. It was a sad, sad sight in some of its aspects. For the sleepers within the peaceful enclosure that surrounds the grave, it was useless to mourn—

> 'For the dead, the holy dead,
> Lost are the tears we shed;'

but for Eramanga, poor Eramanga! how could we feel otherwise than sad? Since then, however, a brighter day has dawned on Eramanga; and, before taking our final leave of that land of melancholy interest, we shall have a tale to tell that will show that it has come to pass on Eramanga, as in other lands in which martyr blood has been shed, 'the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.'

Referring to the island of Eramanga, the late Dr. Geddie, in

* 'The New Hebrides and Christian Missions,' by the Rev. Dr. Steel, p. 198.

his report of a cruise in the *Dayspring*, in 1868, wrote as follows: 'No island in these seas possesses a darker and more eventful history. The martyr-blood shed on it will make it a spot of tender and imperishable interest to the followers of Christ. The Eramangans have a strong claim on our Christian sympathy. They have suffered unparalleled injustice, outrage, and cruelty from lawless traders.' Dr. Geddie refers to the injuries inflicted upon the Eramangans by parties who resorted to the island in search of sandal-wood in early days, and to the equal, if not greater, cruelties and outrages perpetrated upon them by masters and crews of the labour vessels (so-called) in later times. We shall give the reader a glimpse of these as we proceed. Our main business now is to record another case of martyrdom—the last, I hope, that will ever occur on Eramanga. James Douglas Gordon, the tale of whose brief career, with its tragic close, we have to narrate, was a younger brother of George Nichol Gordon. On hearing of his brother's death, he nobly resolved to devote himself to the service in which he had fallen; and, in the true spirit of Christian heroism, he carried his resolution into effect, and, alas! he too, after a few years of self-denying toil, died the death of a martyr.

I know nothing of the early life of Mr. J. D. Gordon, nor can I furnish more than a very general view of his missionary career. He laboured alone, and he does not seem to have left any record of his work among the Eramangans. At the time of his brother's death he was pursuing a course of study for the Christian ministry. His studies must have been well-nigh completed when the tidings of that event reached him, and he must have left his home in Nova Scotia soon after, as he took his brother's place on Eramanga during the course of the year 1864.

The following particulars have been kindly furnished by Mr. Gordon's successor on Eramanga, the Rev. H. A. Robertson. Mr. Robertson writes: 'He occupied my present station (Dillon's Bay) for four years, after which he gave it up (so I understand) to Mr. M'Nair, and opened a new station at

Portinia Bay. He also spent four months on Santo (Espiritu Santo), where he resided in a tent; and he was on his way to that island (returning, I presume, intending to make it his permanent station) with his house-frame on board the *Dayspring*, when the chiefs of Portinia Bay pressed him to stop with them as their missionary. He consulted the missionaries on board at the time, who believed it to be his duty to remain. Accordingly his house was landed and built, and the intention of returning to Santo was abandoned.

In October, 1868, the Rev. Dr. Geddie visited the lonely man, and in the report of his visit we get an interesting glimpse of him and his work. 'On the morning of the 9th,' wrote Dr. Geddie, 'we were off Portinia Bay, the station of the Rev. J. D. Gordon. The captain did not think it prudent to anchor, as the wind seemed inclined to blow on the land, so the vessel stood off and on. The most of the day was spent in landing Mr. Gordon's things, which we had brought from his former station. Mr. Gordon has recently built a neat and comfortable house, which he now occupies. Some natives who were under instruction at his former station are now living with him, and these form the germ of a Christian community, which will no doubt increase. . . . . I was much struck with the place in which meetings are held at present, being a natural cave, capable of holding thirty or forty persons.'

Dr. Geddie goes on to mention two cases of kidnapping, which we may transcribe to give the reader a definite idea as to the way in which the lawless men who engage in the labour-traffic carry on their nefarious trade in human beings: 'A serious case of man-stealing occurred the day before our arrival, at a place called Norass, ten or twelve miles from Dillon's Bay. An Australian slaver hove-to off this place, sent a boat ashore, and nine natives were induced to go off to the ship under pretence of giving them pigs. They were no sooner on board than they were forcibly detained and carried away. The friends of the kidnapped natives followed the vessel to Dillon's Bay, and reported the case to Mr. M'Nair, who made strenuous

efforts to procure their release, but without success. A case of man-stealing occurred at this place also. A boat from the same vessel which had taken the natives from the other side of the island called, and those on board enticed a native to go into it. In this case a promise of tobacco was the bait held out. As soon as the man knew his danger, he struggled to jump overboard and swim on shore, but was forcibly carried away. The natives were much excited, and threatened to fire into the first boat that might visit their shores. This slaver made the circuit of the island, and could we follow her track, I have no doubt but similar tales of violence and outrage would meet us everywhere.'

What a humiliating revelation have we in these sad tales! Who can wonder that tidings of murderous attacks by natives upon white men reach us every now and again? And then to think that the men who engage in the horrid work are men of our own colour, and speaking our own language, and going forth from our own midst! Oh, how humiliating is all this! And the cases we have given are by no means of the worst type, though it is clear that the actors in these would not have shrunk from much more revolting deeds under other circumstances.

In the report of a subsequent visit made by Dr. Geddie, probably during the course of 1871, he writes as follows: 'We did not see Mr. Gordon, who had left Dillon's Bay before our arrival. We heard, however, of his welfare, and good tidings of his work. We sympathize deeply with our brother in his isolated position, and pray that he may have much of His presence Whose promise is, "Lo, I am with you alway."'

The above must have been written within a few months of Mr. Gordon's death, as that took place in March, 1872. From an address delivered by the Rev. Dr. Steel, of Sydney, in connection with the Martyr Memorial Church, we take the following account of the sad event which terminated the life and labours of this devoted man: 'In March, 1872, at Portinia Bay, where he resided, he was busy revising the translation of the Acts of the Apostles, and had just finished the

story of St. Stephen's death, the proto-martyr for Christ in the Christian Church, recorded in the seventh chapter, when he sent away his assistant to prepare some food. A native, Nerimpou, called and asked for an empty bottle. Mr. Gordon went for it, and as he gave it into the native's hand, the savage struck him with a tomahawk a deadly blow between the ear and eye. He staggered into the room from the veranda, and fell on the floor. The savage followed, and took out the axe which had stuck in the skull, and fled. One of the man's children had died, and he blamed Mr. Gordon as the cause of the death. Thus fell the second brother as a martyr for Christ in Eramanga. He was a man of great faith and zeal, and had unusual power of attaching natives. He had somewhat eccentric views, and lived and laboured *alone;* but he did not labour in vain. His converts remain, and have been distinguished for their Christian intelligence and zeal. He had arranged where he should be buried if he fell, and his faithful followers bore him to his grave and made great lamentation over him. His aged and venerable mother was a widow, and blind, when tidings reached her in Prince Edward Isle that a second son had sealed his testimony with his blood in the service of Christ at Eramanga. She did not long survive, and both joined in the kingdom of the just.'

It is a high gratification to be able to add to our sorrowful tales of martyrdom on Eramanga the cheering intelligence that the work of the mission has been continuously and vigorously prosecuted down to the present time. The Rev. H. A. Robertson from Nova Scotia, and his devoted wife, have toiled on year after year, aided by Aneiteum teachers, and converts of their own, native Eramangans, and that their labours have been largely blessed is fully borne out by the following extract from the Rev. Dr. Steel's work entitled 'The New Hebrides and Christian Missions.'* Dr. Steel, who is agent for the mission in Sydney, New South Wales, visited the islands in 1878, and so is a competent witness. He writes as follows: 'There are

* Published by Nisbet and Co., London.

now on Eramanga twenty-one native teachers, all Christian natives of the island, employed in instructing the people. They form by their stations a network over the island. There is a church built of stone at Portinia Bay, and a grass church at Cook's Bay. . . . The Lord's Supper was administered at Cook's Bay in September, 1878. Previous to its celebration Mr. Robertson baptized thirteen adults and three children. There were four hundred natives present in addition to communicants. There were on the island in 1878 forty-three communicants, and ten candidates. Six hundred of the people attend Christian ordinances, more or less regularly, at the different stations. The chief of Dillon's Bay, a true friend of the mission, visited Sydney in December, 1878, but died suddenly in the infirmary there. His cousin, Atnelo, a Christian teacher, was with him, and returned to his native island in April, 1879. "My land," said he, "is dark. I go to teach them." Thus the complete conquest of Eramanga for Christ may be regarded as fully assured. It is only a question of a few more years' labour, and Eramanga will be numbered among the conquests of the Cross.'

Chiefly through the exertions of Dr. Steel, a Martyrs' Memorial Church has been erected in Dillon's Bay. It is a building of modest pretensions, but it is in keeping with the present state of the island. The following is the inscription in English:

Sacred to the Memory of
Christian Missionaries who died on this Island:
JOHN WILLIAMS,
JAMES HARRIS,
Killed at Dillon's Bay by the natives, 30th of November, 1839;
GEORGE N. GORDON,
ELLEN C. GORDON,
Killed on the 20th of May, 1861;
JAMES M'NAIR,
Who died at Dillon's Bay, 16th July, 1870; and
JAMES D. GORDON,
Killed at Portinia Bay, 7th of March, 1872.

'They hazarded their lives for the Name of the Lord Jesus.'—ACTS xv. 26.

'It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.'—1 TIM. i. 15.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MARTYRS OF ANEITEUM.

FEW of the many islands which have been brought under Christian culture in the South Pacific have a more eventful and interesting history than Aneiteum. Of late years the Presbyterian missionaries who now occupy the New Hebrides group have adopted a different mode of spelling the name—Aneityum; but as the other mode had been fixed upon by the missionaries of the London Missionary Society and the first Presbyterian missionaries who were associated with them, and had been in use for many years, being employed in all our correspondence and publications, it was very awkward for us to adopt the new mode, so we have continued the old; and I just notice the thing that the reader may be in no uncertainty as to the identity of the island.

Aneiteum sustains a relation to Western Polynesia somewhat similar to that which Tahiti bears to the eastern division of the 'Island World.' As regards extent and population the islands are widely different, but in a missionary point of view they have much in common. The island is the most southerly of the New Hebrides group. It was discovered by Captain Cook, and by him named Anatam, the name by which it continued to be known till Christian teachers were placed upon it in 1841. It lies in south latitude 20°, and in east longitude 170°. It is about 40 miles in circumference, and at the time of our first visit it had a population estimated at 3,600. It is lofty, some of its mountains rising to the height of 3,000 feet. It is

pleasingly diversified by lofty mountains of various shapes and sizes, hills and valleys, deep ravines, barren tracts, and cultivated spots; and, on the whole, it presents a striking and picturesque aspect.

It was on the 30th of March, 1841, that the writer first looked upon the island of Aneiteum; and on that, to him, most memorable day events transpired which were fraught with momentous consequences, not to that island only but to the entire group to which it belongs. Christian teachers were introduced among its deeply degraded people, and thus the first step was taken in the train of events which led to the subversion of idolatry and the establishment of Christianity throughout the island. A glance at the state in which we found the Aneiteumese will prepare the reader to form a just estimate of the mighty change which must have been effected amongst them before they could be in a state to furnish Christian martyrs—for the martyrs of Aneiteum were not missionaries and teachers from other lands, but natives.

The natives of Aneiteum are rather an inferior race; the vast majority of them are Papuans, but we found individuals who were evidently allied to the Malay races in Eastern Polynesia; and this is in harmony with a tradition found among themselves to the effect that, at a very remote period, a canoe came to their island from Savaihi (Savaii, the largest island of the Samoan group), and that the people that were in the canoe remained and made Aneiteum their future home; and this tradition is further confirmed by the fact that in the language are several Samoan words so slightly altered as to be easily recognised as belonging to that dialect. The moral and social state of the people was very low—war, murder, cannibalism, the strangling of widows, infanticide, polygamy, and the consequent degradation and oppression of the female sex—these, and kindred abominations, were the characteristics of the Aneiteumese when 'the day-spring from on high' opened upon their dark and cheerless shores. And, when we add that they lived under the most abject bondage to their natmases—a sort of

demons or inferior deities of whom they were in constant dread —it will be seen that their condition must have been deplorable in the extreme. Their principle deity was *Nugerain*, a personage held in the highest veneration, so much so that his name must be pronounced only by official characters of the highest degree of sacredness. To Nugerain was ascribed the origin of the island and of its inhabitant—man: he raised the island from the sea with a fish-hook; how he formed man the native traditions give no account. In addition to Nugerain, the great father and originator of all, there was a host of inferior deities. These were designated according to the places or things in which they were supposed to dwell, and over which they exercised control. They were called gods of the sea and gods of the land, gods of the mountains and gods of the valleys, gods of war and gods of peace, disease-making gods, storm-producing gods, etc. Among the objects worshipped on Aneiteum the sun and moon, especially the latter, held a distinguished place; they were regarded as husband and wife. They dwelt originally on the earth, somewhere away in the east; but in process of time the sun went up to the heavens, and told the moon to follow, and she obeyed. They have a daughter named Sina, a very curious coincidence with the Samoan tradition about their woman in the moon, whom they also name Sina, which in the Samoan language means white. To the moon distinguished honours were paid. The natives were accustomed, on certain occasions, to assemble and dance before her, singing songs in her praise, and presenting offerings. First-fruits were offered to the gods, and on festal occasions no one tasted the food until a part had been presented to the gods by a priest. In these and other observances, which we must not stop to particularize, we are reminded of the new moons, first-fruits, etc., among the Jews.

Sacred stones, sacred places, and sacred objects were without number, and the poor Aneiteumese were in constant danger of offending the patrons or proprietors of these; and what between the fear of incurring the wrath of some among the

multitude of spiritual beings who, as they thought, 'walked the earth both when they waked and when they slept,' or of being surprised by the spear or club of the assassin, they led a most unenviable life. They were accustomed to sleep with their spears and clubs by their pillows, and, most emphatically, they were all their lifetime subject to bondage through fear of death. They had an idea of a future state in which the good would be rewarded and the bad punished. Their notions on that and other subjects were very curious, but want of space forbids our entering further into particulars. It may, however, be mentioned that a full account is to be found in a work published by the writer twenty years ago, entitled 'Missions in Western Polynesia.'

For seven years the mission was in the hands of Samoan teachers, occasional visits being made by missionaries from Samoa and the Hervey Islands. The trials which the teachers had to endure were many and great; their lives were often in danger. On two occasions especially they very narrowly escaped being murdered: armed men came upon them, headed by a savage chief who thought very little of human life; but, though the strangers were entirely defenceless, the natives were not suffered to carry their diabolical purpose into execution. Amid all their privations and perils they were enabled to hold on, and in due time labourers were found better able to cope with the difficulties than were our Samoan teachers, who themselves had known Christianity but a few years. During all the time they were alone only one case of hopeful conversion occurred.

And now the time had come when, if progress was to be made, a more efficient agency must be found. The teachers had been instrumental in opening the door, and to some extent in preparing the way, and little more was to be expected from their unaided efforts. But how was the more effective agency to be obtained? We had done all in our power and had failed, and we felt as if nothing remained but to wait, leaving the matter in the hands of the Lord of the harvest—

and happily we had not long to wait. The case was met from a quarter to which it had never occurred to us to look. Far away in a very distant region of the earth a train of remarkable movements had for a length of time been in progress, fraught with consequences of incalculable importance, not only to our South Sea Missions, but to the country itself where they took their rise. In that country the future missionary of Aneiteum was being prepared, and was being led to take the necessary steps for accomplishing the work to which God had called him. The Rev. John Geddie was a minister of the United Presbyterian Church, in Nova Scotia. He was settled on Prince Edward Island, and for about eight years had laboured among a united and loving people. He had a wife and four children, and few things seemed more unlikely than that he should embark in a foreign mission. For that service, however, the Master had designed him, and irrepressible yearning towards the foreign field took possession of his heart, and impelled him to sever all the strong and tender ties that bound him to home and friends and native land, and force his way through the many and formidable obstacles that lay between him and the object of his desire. His views and feelings were fully shared by his noble, large-hearted wife, and they determined, God helping them, to spend their lives in making known the Gospel to the benighted heathen. They left their home without any definite prospect as to what particular field they might be called to cultivate. They were sent with instructions to come to Samoa, and be guided by the advice of the missionaries there as to a sphere of labour.

They reached Samoa in the month of October, 1847, and, in the month of May of the following year, 1848, Mr. and Mrs. Geddie and Mr. and Mrs. Powell, of the Samoan Mission, were conveyed to Aneiteum in the *John Williams.** On the 29th of

* It is perhaps worthy of mention that Mr. Geddie told the writer that, while his mind was exercised on the question of devoting his life to foreign mission service, an account of the introduction of Christian teachers to Aneiteum, which appeared at the time in the *Missionary Chronicle* of the

that month they took up their abode on that dark land, being just tolerated by the natives. After the introduction of Christian teachers to the island foreigners had resorted to it, chiefly in search of sandal-wood, and the experience of the natives in their dealings with them had not been such as to lead them to expect much good from the presence of white men among them.

One vessel had visited the island in search of sandal-wood long before our first visit, but the result was not such as to encourage others to follow. About the year 1830 a brig named the *Alpha* visited the island. A number of Tahitians and natives of Rotuma were on board. These were sent on shore to cut sandal-wood, and for a time all went smoothly, the natives appearing friendly and assisting in cutting the wood; but one morning the Tahitians and Rotumans were surprised by an attack from the natives: a shower of spears was hurled amongst them; several were wounded, and two afterwards died; five of the natives were killed. The disturbance seems to have arisen from an act of theft committed by one of the Rotuma men. After this bad beginning trading vessels appear to have shunned the island, and the next ship that visited it was the Mission brig, *Camden*, in 1841.

The people of the district of Anelecauhat, where the missionaries settled, wished their chief Nohoat to oppose their landing; this he refused to do, adding the significant remark that if the missionaries should take their land they must just retire to the bush. In after days, when Nohoat had become a convert to Christianity, he acknowledged that he told the people that they might steal from the missionaries and annoy them in any way they pleased, so as to wear out their patience and induce them to leave. 'Only,' said he, 'don't kill them, for if you do that you will get me into trouble.'

As soon as their tongues were loosed the missionaries began

London Missionary Society, fell into his hands, and that on reading that account, the thought occurred to him that if his way should be opened to the foreign field, that was the island to which he should like to go. Thus was the good man's mind being moved in the same direction as the guiding Hand which, after the lapse of years, led him to the desired spot.

to unfold to the wondering natives in their uncouth language the 'old, old story,' and sometimes a question would be asked which they found it no easy matter to meet. 'How is it,' said the natives one day, after listening to an address, 'how is it, if these things you tell us are true, that we have never heard of them before?'

The island was found to be divided into five districts, each of which was under the authority of a principal chief. In each of these the missionaries were able to place a teacher, so the island was well supplied with labourers, and for some time everything went on pretty smoothly. After a while a change took place in the conduct and bearing of the people. Hitherto, notwithstanding the license given by Nohoat, they had not stolen much; now they commenced stealing in right earnest; the services were almost deserted, and those who attended looked sullen and angry. The missionaries were totally at a loss to account for the altered conduct of the natives. At length the mystery was explained: a man named Nathaua, who claimed dominion over the sea, went to one of the Samoan teachers and told him that the people were very much enraged with the missionaries, and that they were talking of burning their houses and driving them from the island. This opened rather a gloomy prospect for the defenceless strangers, who of course were quite in the power of the dark-minded savages among whom they dwelt. They lost no time in inquiring into the cause of the people's displeasure, and the following grave misdemeanours were laid to their charge: First, they had taken cocoa-nuts from trees on their own land, whereas the cocoa-nuts were all under *tabu* for a great feast which was to come off shortly. The missionaries pleaded ignorance of the tabu, but agreed to respect it for the future, though it seemed rather hard that it should be extended to trees growing upon land which they had purchased and paid for. Missionaries, however, must not stand stiffly upon their rights in such circumstances: let them just have patience and work quietly on, and all will come right after awhile.

Secondly, the missionaries had taken coral from the reef to make lime for their buildings. The natmases, who were supposed to have their abode somewhere near the mission premises, had smelt the burning coral and were very angry at the natives for allowing it to be taken, and, to punish them for their undutiful conduct, they had made the fish scarce. The missionaries told the natives *Who* rules over the sea and the dry land and is the sole proprietor of all; they agreed, however, not to take any more coral, only begging to be allowed to burn a kiln, which was already prepared, and without which they could not complete the work they had in hand. To this the natives agreed, and so the second charge was disposed of.

A third charge was that, whereas a small hill behind the mission premises was the residence of some important natmases, and the path by which they were accustomed to pass from the mountain to the sea lay through a piece of ground on which a chapel was being built, and the missionaries were about to put a fence round the chapel, the path would be obstructed and the natmases would be angry and punish the natives with sickness and death. The missionaries again pleaded ignorance. The man from whom they purchased the land had not told them anything about the path of the natmases; this the man admitted, and the matter was amicably arranged by the missionaries agreeing to leave the path open. Thus, all the charges were satisfactorily disposed of, and a good understanding was again established between the missionaries and the natives.

Other things occurred during these early years, some of them ludicrously absurd, and others of a more grave character; but we must pass them by, and come to the time when the truths of the Gospel began to take hold upon the hearts of the people, and the struggle commenced in earnest, which ended in the subversion of paganism and the triumph of Christianity.

Towards the close of 1849, Mr. and Mrs. Powell returned to Samoa, and Mr. and Mrs. Geddie were left with the Samoan teachers only, to share their labours and trials. A long and

fierce conflict was yet before them, but in the meanwhile their hearts were cheered by some slight indications that success would ere a great while crown their labours. The night had been very dark—and indeed it was dark still—but the day was not far distant now. In December, 1849, Mr. Geddie wrote as follows: 'Perhaps I am sanguine, but I do think God has given some measure of countenance to our labours. I think I can discern some faint rays of light beginning to arise over the horizon of darkness in which these poor islanders have from time immemorial been enveloped. . . . I do hope that the Spirit of God has begun to breathe upon the dry bones, and that symptoms of animation will at no distant day appear.' The good man was right; the 'faint rays of light' proved the harbingers of day; the Spirit of God had begun to breathe upon the dry bones, and symptoms of life speedily appeared. During the year 1850, there were a few cases of decided conversion, and among these were three individuals who went out occasionally on the Sabbaths to itinerate among their heathen countrymen and tell them of the Saviour in whom they had learned to trust.

Still deeds of darkness and cruelty continued to be practised by the great bulk of the people, and as light spread, and the truth continued to take hold of one and another, the opposition of the heathen became more and more decided, and it continued to increase in intensity till the Gospel triumphed, and Aneiteum was rescued from darkness. It was a hard struggle: the powers of darkness seemed to dispute every inch of ground. More than once Mr. Geddie very narrowly escaped being murdered, and a large new church, on which a great amount of labour had been expended, was set fire to and burned to the ground, and the infatuated people went so far as to attempt the destruction of the whole mission family. This was gone about in truly diabolical fashion. The family retired to rest one night as usual, all unconscious of danger; a little after midnight Mrs. Geddie was aroused by the sound of something burning and the smell of fire, and on looking up she saw the

roof of the house all in a blaze. She gave the alarm. Mr. Geddie ran to arouse the natives belonging to the family, who were sleeping in two houses close by, and Mrs. Geddie, with the two children, escaped from the burning house. Mr. Geddie, with the help of the domestics and the girls of Mrs. Geddie's school, succeeded in getting the fire extinguished. The sea was near and the night was calm. Had it been otherwise, the probability is that the whole of the mission premises would have been destroyed. It was at once ascertained that the setting fire to the house had been the work of an incendiary. The brand with which it had been done was found, and a quantity of combustible material which had been brought in order to ensure the business being effectually done. Mr. Geddie sent for Nohoat, who was now a true friend. When he saw what had been done he burst into tears; the tidings spread rapidly, and though it was the dead of night, the house was speedily filled with men, women, and children, and all was excitement and commotion. On the following day Nohoat set himself without delay to collect information as to the origination and perpetration of the diabolical deed. He ascertained that five persons had been engaged in it, and learned the names of three of them. He found, also, that two heathen villages were parties to it, the one having undertaken to burn Mr. Geddie's house, the other the chapel.

Nohoat behaved nobly throughout the crisis. For two months he slept every night in Mr. Geddie's house; he seemed determined to share whatever danger there might be, and to do his utmost to protect those whom he now regarded as his best friends. He was full of wrath against the enemies of the missionary, and it was with great difficulty that the immediate actors in the base and cowardly attempt upon the lives of him and his family were saved from being very roughly handled.

With much difficulty the matter was got over without war and bloodshed. The friendly natives were greatly shocked at the barbarity of the affair; for it was contrary to their ideas of honourable dealing, even with an enemy, and they were not in

the habit of injuring women and children in their wars. Hence they regarded the affair as barbarous and dastardly in the highest degree. After all was settled, Nohoat said to Mr. Geddie: 'If Lucy and Elizabeth' (Mr. and Mrs. Geddie's children) 'and my coat' (a military coat which was kept in Mr. Geddie's house) 'had been burnt, we would not have listened to your word for peace; there would have been many people killed.'

So far, though both missionary and native converts had had hairbreadth escapes, no one had actually fallen by the hand of violence. On the 9th of October, 1851, before the attempt to burn the house, Mr. Geddie mentions a case where a party of Christians came very near falling a sacrifice to the rage of the heathen. They went to visit a heathen village and were attacked with stones and spears, and were obliged to flee for their lives. They brought home six or seven spears which had been thrown at them.

Some time after the above, in December, 1851, the first case of actual martyrdom occurred. The following are the painfully interesting particulars: The people of a place named Anauunse, who were bitterly opposed to Christianity, sent a message to the Christian party at a place called Aneito, to the effect that they wished to cultivate friendly relations, and proposing, according to native fashion, an exchange of presents. Their sincerity was not doubted, and the people of Aneito sent four young men with the desired present. When the young men reached the place they saw some movements which seemed to them to indicate that something was wrong, but an Anauunse man who was with them, probably the same who had conveyed to them the message, told them not to be afraid, but just to go and sit down in the chief's yard, and no one would molest them. Nalakiang the chief was not to be seen; perhaps it was part of the scheme that he should keep out of the way. The Anauunse man left them, telling them he would soon be back. Before he left they observed him enter a house (the chief's, I suppose) and take out a spear and a club. In a short time a

number of armed men appeared and surrounded the enclosure where the young men were. It was now evident that evil was determined against them, and that their only chance of escape was by flight. They made a rush; two of them reached the bush and escaped, the other two ran to the seaside and along the shore, pursued by the treacherous savages.

Waiwai, the lad who was killed, was first overtaken and struck. His companion looking round and seeing his danger ran back, and, throwing his arms round him, endeavoured to shield him from the blows of his murderers, and in so doing received some blows himself. Waiwai was killed in his arms. The brave young man who had jeopardized his own life to save his friend, now said, 'You have killed him; kill me also.' This they would not do, as he had relations in the place whom they did not wish to offend. He asked them to let him have a canoe in which to convey the body of his murdered friend to their home. This request was treated with ridicule. The young man now tried to carry away the body on his back; the savages, however, took it from him and bore it off in triumph to the oven.

In the month of June, 1852, another Christian native was murdered by the natives of Aneiteum; the victim on this occasion was a young man; he belonged to Aneito, the native place of Waiwai.

He had been for some time at a place named Anawunai, teaching the Christian party there to read, and, at the request of the chief, he, with three other young men, set out to go to the mission station to beg that a teacher might be sent to reside there permanently, and that some native books (catechisms) might also be sent. The party had to pass through a place, part of whose inhabitants were still heathen, and by these the young men were attacked, and one of their number barbarously murdered. Mr. Geddie was of opinion that this young man was killed, not because he was a Christian, but to avenge the death of some parties who had fallen in former wars with Aneito, his native place. The poor lad, however, had been

identified with the cause of Christianity in the village where he had been endeavouring to spread a little light, and he met his death while proceeding on an errand distinctively Christian, so he seems to have a pretty good claim to a place among the Martyrs of Aneiteum.

An adjacent village made an unsuccessful effort to get the body of the young man for burial. It was disposed of, however, in the same way as that of Waiwai. It is worthy of remark that those who made the attempt to preserve the body from being devoured by the natives, were themselves politically connected with the murderers, and little more than a year before, they would have joined in avenging the common quarrel and in the cannibal feast which followed the murder. Well might Mr. Geddie exclaim with reference to this case, 'What a change the Gospel makes! Among the Christian party all former grievances and animosities appear to be forgotten, and an injury done to one is regarded as an injury done to the whole body.'

We have yet another case to record which, though it did not take place on Aneiteum, the victim was a native of that island. It occurred on the small island of Niua. This island lies close to Tanna, and on it missionary operations were commenced as early as 1840 by teachers from Samoa; these were continued for a number of years till circumstances arose which led to the suspension of the mission. After a considerable interval it was resumed by two teachers from Aneiteum — Navallah and Nemeian. The Aneiteum teachers were most cordially received, and for some months they pursued their work with encouraging prospects; and so in all probability they would have continued to do but for circumstances unknown to those by whom they were sent, and most likely to themselves. Some thirty years before the time of their being placed on Niua, when the darkness of heathenism was yet unbroken, a party from that island left their home to visit their friends at Aneiteum. Rough weather prevented their making that part of the island where their friends lived, and they were compelled to

land at a part where they were unknown, and, in accordance with a barbarous custom which prevailed on the New Hebrides and in many other parts of Polynesia, they, with the exception of two who concealed themselves among the rocks, were killed and their bodies devoured. The two who escaped watched their opportunity and ascended a neighbouring height, from which they espied a canoe lying upon the beach. They took their bearings, and when night came on they stole quietly out from their hiding-place, took possession of the canoe, and with a cocoa-nut branch for a sail, they fled from the inhospitable shores of Aneiteum, and reached in safety their own land. They told their sad tale to their countrymen, and from that day the Niua people determined to be revenged on the first Aneiteumese belonging to the guilty district who might fall into their hands; and, to perpetuate the remembrance of the tragic deed, and ensure its punishment, they set up memorial sticks, probably according to the number of the victims of Aneiteumese barbarity, and as one set rotted they were replaced by others, and so the spirit of revenge was kept alive year after year. Of course it would be asked from time to time, what was the meaning of these sticks? and, as often as the question was asked, would come the recital of the old tale of blood, with all its treachery and horrors.

Unhappily, Nemeian, one of the teachers, was from the very spot where the Niua people were massacred. This was found out by some of the old people, and the sad result was that he was waylaid and murdered. The deed was done by two natives of Tanna who were on Niua at the time; the people of Niua not liking to be themselves the murderers of their teachers. It was done on the Sabbath. The teachers had gone from home to preach, and were returning when they were attacked. Nemeian was struck on the head with a club and fell dead; Navallah was also struck, but his wound was not mortal. The people were satisfied; the ominous sticks were plucked up and thrown away, and the remaining teacher was entreated to continue among them, which he consented to do, and so the

affair ended. Another teacher from Aneiteum took the place of Nemeian, and the mission suffered no interruption. One of the murderers of Nemeian did not long survive his victim, being shot in a battle in his own land, to which he had returned.

Missionary operations have not again been interrupted on Niua. The Rev. J. G. Paton settled upon it about the year 1866, and the labours of himself and his devoted wife, aided by Aneiteum teachers, have been crowned with a large measure of success. The whole population, which is under 300, has long been nominally Christian, and a fair proportion of them, we trust, are such indeed. The people of Niua are a mixed race, partly Papuan and partly Malayan. Hence the name Niua, which is pure Eastern Polynesian. The Papuan name is Immer.

And now we must take our leave of Aneiteum. With the close of 1854 the more eventful period of the mission's history terminated. The storms in which the mission had been cradled had spent themselves, and the stream of events flowed on with comparative smoothness. Now and again there was an outburst of heathen rage, but such outbursts became more and more infrequent, and soon ceased altogether, and externally the victory was complete. Aneiteum became as a light shining in a dark place, and far and wide its beams spread amid the surrounding darkness. To Fotuna, and Tanna, and Niua, and Eramanga, and Vate, it sent teachers, and till within a few years every new missionary that has settled in the New Hebrides has had servants from Aneiteum. The *John Knox* had her crew from the same quarter, and I suppose neither the first nor second *Dayspring* has ever made a voyage without being partly manned by Aneiteumese. And with the single exception of Niua, it is still far in advance of any other island in the New Hebrides.

The seed-time of toil and tears has been followed by a harvest of joy and gladness. The early labourers went forth weeping and bearing precious seed, and in due time they returned with

joy, bringing their sheaves with them. Doubtless not a few of the once deeply degraded Aneiteumese have been gathered into the heavenly garner. And it is affecting to think that the man who loved them so much, and who toiled and prayed and suffered till he sank exhausted, has also passed away from the scene of his earthly labours. Mr. Geddie was stricken with paralysis in 1872, and on the 18th of December of that year he finished his earthly course. He was not an old man, being under, rather than over, sixty; but he was prematurely old, worn out with cares, labours, and sufferings.

A few years since the mission sustained a heavy loss in the retirement from active service of Mr. and Mrs. Inglis. They joined the mission in 1852, while it was passing through one of the most critical stages of its history. They laboured with a zeal and fidelity seldom exceeded, till advancing years led them to withdrew from the field.

Since their retirement, Mr. Inglis has rendered very valuable sevice to the mission. He has carried through the press an edition of the Old Testament Scriptures, and several other useful works, among which is a dictionary of the Aneiteumese language. The New Testament and Psalms had long been in the hands of the natives. And now they have the complete Bible. The Aneiteumese translation of the Sacred Scriptures is the eighth complete version in the languages of Polynesia, all made within about fifty years; and in other languages and dialects the work is progressing, and in some it is far advanced.

Recent accounts give, on the whole, a favourable view of the state of things on the island, but owing to causes which we must not stop to examine, there seems to be a steady decrease in the population. The decrease commenced in 1860. In the course of that year a vessel belonging to the sandal-wood establishments on the island, brought the measles from the neighbouring island of Tanna. The disease spread over the island and wrought fearful havoc. In the short space of three months about 1,100, or nearly one third of the entire popula-

tion, were swept into the grave, and many of those who recovered never seemed to regain their former vigour. The effects seemed to have extended more or less to the whole population, and a steady decrease has been in progress to the present time.

The following brief extract from the report of the New Hebrides Mission for the year 1878 will appropriately close this chapter:

'Aneiteum is a beautiful island, and may well be considered spiritually, if not also physically, the gem not only of the New Hebrides, but of Papuan Polynesia. It is instinct with the fragrant memory of a man long since gone to his reward, who, by the offering up upon it of his life to God through Christ, was the principal means of turning it from a heathen grove into a temple of Jehovah, to Whom from all its valleys praises now ascend, commingling with the harmonies of its encircling ocean.'

CHAPTER VIII.

TANNA AND FOTUNA.

THE island of Tanna lies to the north-west of Aneiteum, and is distant from that island about thirty miles. The last public act in the eventful life of John Williams, the martyr of Eramanga, was the introduction of Christian teachers to Tanna. This important event took place on the 18th of November, 1839, and during all the intervening years, with a few brief interruptions, missionary operations have been carried on on the island. A struggle has been maintained with determined pertinacity between the respective adherents of light and darkness—Paganism and Christianity. The great body of the population have clung to heathenism with a resolution and constancy worthy of a better cause. I know of no island throughout the Pacific Ocean—east, west, north, or south—on which the Gospel has met with so determined a resistance as on Tanna. Twice, after foreign missionaries had settled upon the island, was the mission broken up, and the missionaries obliged to flee for their lives. Privations and dangers, such as fall to the lot of few missionaries in modern times, have been borne and courageously encountered by the missionaries—European and Polynesian—who have successively laboured on Tanna. The first party escaped falling a sacrifice to the deluded pagans who sought their lives by one of the most remarkable providential interpositions on record. Of their successors two finished their course before their work was well begun, and the wife of one of these, a character of singular beauty and

devotedness, preceded her husband to the land of rest; and the wife of another labourer, who endured much and hazarded much, and who is still spared to serve the cause he loves, also entered into her rest after a few months of suffering and endurance. A particular account of the dangers and trials which these devoted labourers encountered would fill a volume, and could only be given by themselves.

The task that now devolves upon the writer has exclusive reference to the early years of the mission and the native pioneers, who, with a short interval, occupied the island alone for many years: three of these, Lalolangi, Salamea, and Mose, all from Samoa, as mentioned in an earlier chapter, were placed on the island by Mr. Williams. After a few months the mission was visited by the Rev. Thomas Heath, in the mission brig *Camden*, and reinforced by the addition of two more teachers from Samoa—Pomare and Vaiofanga. This visit, with the addition made to the number of the teachers, appeared to exert a favourable influence, and the prospects were decidedly encouraging, when, in the inscrutable providence of God, the teachers were all taken ill; no one was able to help another, and, but for the kindness of a few of the natives who had attached themselves to the teachers before their illness commenced, it seems as if all must have died of starvation. The natives were unaccountably kind throughout their whole illness, and when, after they had suffered for about six weeks, Pomare and Salamea died, they performed for them the last offices of friendship, which their own brethren were unable to do. After awhile the remaining three teachers recovered, and were able to resume work. Alas! however, there was no missionary work for them to do. The natives pitied them during their illness, but they were wholly indisposed to receive their instructions or embrace the religion they had come to teach them. They attributed their illness and the death of those who had died to the anger of Alema, their principal god, and thence inferred that he must be more powerful than the god of the teachers. The consequence was that they were entirely deserted, and

were often in great straits; they managed, however, to struggle on till succour came. They were visited in April, 1841, and a little over twelve months from that date two missionaries from England—the Rev. George Turner and the Rev. Henry Nisbet and their wives, settled among them. Missionary work was now commenced in thorough earnest, and for a few months all went on hopefully, but troubles again arose, and the devoted labourers were compelled to abandon the island. An epidemic broke out among the tribes who had not attached themselves to the missionaries; it proved intensely fatal, and it was remarkable that the district in which the missionaries resided was wholly exempt from the visitation. This gave plausibility to the notion which the poor dark-minded heathen were so ready to entertain, that the calamity was to be ascribed to the missionaries and the new religion, and it was determined that they should either be killed or driven from the island; those who had received the missionaries were ready to defend them to the utmost of their power, but they were only a handful compared with their enraged enemies. Hence they were in most imminent peril.

The story of the danger and deliverance of the mission party is one of the most intensely interesting tales in the history of modern missions; our limits, however, forbid our entering into particulars.* After a few significant acts, which had well-nigh proved fatal to individuals belonging to the mission, war was formally declared and actually commenced against the little party of strangers and their native adherents. Deeply anxious days and nights followed; the danger became more and more imminent; the enraged savages, like ravening wolves thirsting for blood, were drawing nearer and nearer. An unsuccessful attempt was made by the missionaries, under circumstances intensely interesting and affecting, to escape from the island; but He, Who in the course of His providence, mercifully we have no doubt, rendered their escape impossible in the way which they planned and attempted, sent them deliverance in

* For a full account, see Dr. Turner's 'Nineteen Years in Polynesia.'

His own way. They attempted to leave the island in an open boat, during a dark stormy night; rough weather drove them back, as it seemed to them to certain destruction, but really to safety. Had they succeeded in getting out to sea in their open boat, heavily laden as it was, one can hardly see how they could have escaped. Another day and night of intense excitement passed, and God appeared. Light arose in the darkness —deliverance came! On the morning of the second day after the unsuccessful attempt to get away from the island, a ship appeared off the bay in which the mission premises stood, and the mission party was safe. It was a very rare thing in those dark days for a ship to go near Tanna, but now a ship was needed and a ship was sent. The ship proved to be a whaler, from Hobart Town, named the *Highlander*. An arrangement was soon made with her commander, Captain Lucas, and the whole party were conveyed safely to Samoa, which they reached during the month of February, 1843. So ended the first attempt to occupy the island by foreign missionaries. Captain Lucas told the missionaries that there had been a very heavy sea outside for several days, and that if they had succeeded in getting out to the open sea when they tried to do so their boat could not have lived an hour.

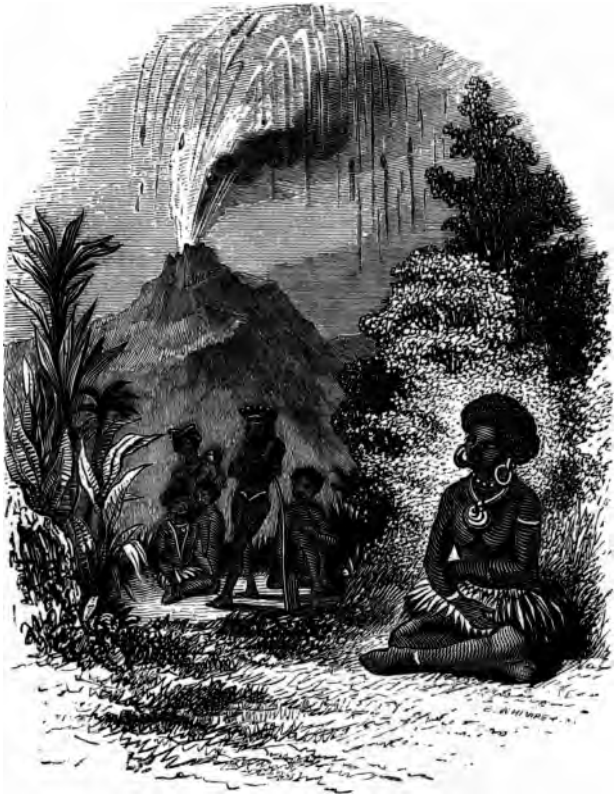
After an interval of about two years the mission was resumed. Three Samoan teachers were placed on the island in April, 1845. These teachers were landed under circumstances of high promise, but appearances among a heathen people often prove signally deceptive. The teachers had been but a few months on the island when another epidemic broke out. Many deaths occurred, and the deluded people again accused the teachers of being the cause of the calamity; they were so enraged that they determined to put the whole party to death, and they were only prevented from carrying this resolution into effect by the interposition of a powerful chief named Viavia, who deserves honourable mention as having been the staunch and faithful friend of the mission through all the vicissitudes of its early history.

When this danger was past, the teachers were allowed again to pursue their work without molestation; this, however, did not continue long; another visitation of sickness gave rise to the old suspicions, and aroused the old indignation against the supposed originators of all their calamities, and a murderous attack was made upon one of the teachers named Ioane. He was repeatedly struck with a club, and left probably for dead. He was severely wounded; his under jawbone was broken, and other serious injuries were inflicted, the marks of some of which he carried to his grave. He was a virtual martyr. Disease continued to commit ravages, and the poor people became more and more enraged. The teachers were entirely in their power, and it seems a marvel that any of them escaped. The next attempt made upon their lives was by setting fire to the dwelling-house at the principal station. The inmates were mercifully preserved, but two days after an attack was made upon one of the teachers, which resulted in his death. Vasa, the only literal martyr of the Tanna Mission, was waylaid and murdered.

About Vasa we have not very much to record. He was a native of Tutuila. He was a plain man, with no very marked individuality or strength of character, but he was, we trust, a sincere disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ; for His sake he forsook his earthly all, and went forth to spend his life among cannibal savages, and, as it proved, to part with life itself in the work to which he gave himself. His wife seemed a stronger character than himself, and her death, which must have occurred before they had been very long in the mission-field, must have been deeply felt by him. They were both admitted to the church at Pangopango during the year 1840, and they went as evangelists to the heathen in 1845. They were first settled on the island of Niua. After a while troubles arose on that island which led to the breaking-up of the mission, and Vasa and two fellow-labourers left and joined their brethren on Tanna.

It was two days after the attempt to burn the house that Vasa met his death; we have no particulars as to the manner in which

it occurred. No friend was near to witness and report as to how the tragic deed was done. All we know is that in the evening of the day on which it occurred, at the hour when he had retired to the bush for secret prayer, either in going or returning from the



NATIVES OF TANNA.

spot where communion with God was sought, he was waylaid and murdered. It is very touching and deeply interesting to think of the lone man falling as he did under the club of the savage, cut off from all human succour, but not forsaken doubt-

less by Him in Whose sight the death of His saints is precious. He had withdrawn from the haunts of men to seek communion with Him at the Throne of Grace, but something better, as we trust, even than the Throne of Grace awaited him—the poor body fell under the assassin's club—the ransomed spirit passed to the realms of the blessed.

It was now unmistakably evident that evil was determined against the whole mission party, and that the natives were only waiting their opportunity. Hence they determined to leave the island as soon as an opportunity might offer, and fortunately the very next day after the murder of Vasa a vessel anchored in Port Resolution, the captain of which kindly received the teachers and their families on board, and took them to Aneiteum, where they found a safe retreat. It is interesting to know that while the people as a body were entirely alienated from the teachers and ready to shed their blood, there was one exceptional spot where the teacher had been well treated through all the troubles and changes which had occurred. There was little reason, however, to hope that he would have continued to be safe after all the others had left, so he decided to join his brethren in their flight, and the mission was again suspended, and the dark night of heathenism once more closed in upon Tanna; and as we are not writing a history of the mission, and happily have no other case of martyrdom to record, we must not further enlarge.

It will be a relief to those of our readers who are unacquainted with the subsequent history of the mission to learn that it is not a failure. For twelve or fourteen years two faithful missionaries and their equally faithful wives have toiled and suffered on Tanna. The Rev. T. Neilson has been stationed at Resolution Bay for about fourteen years, and the Rev. W. Watt has occupied a station on another part of the island for about twelve years.*

* Since the above was written, Mr. Neilson has retired from foreign mission service. Mr. and Mrs. Watt still labour on with some success, and a young missionary, the Rev. W. Gray, and his wife have recently settled on the island, and commenced work with a measure of encouragement.

FOTUNA.

The island of Fotuna is the most easterly of the New Hebrides group. It is small, and the population, at the time of which we write, was about 900. It is a singular-looking spot, especially as seen from a distance. It consists of one high bluff mountain, which seems to rise abruptly out of the ocean, and looks like a great barren rock. It is from 1,800 to 2,000 feet in height. Captain Erskine, of H.B.M. ship *Havannah*, describes it as 'a massive block of land, with narrow valleys and ravines in which are found the habitable and fertile spots.' Captain Cook estimated the circumference of the island at fifteen miles. It is situated in 19° 30′ South latitude, and 170° 13′ east longitude.

The inhabitants are a mongrel race. They speak a language having considerable affinity to that of Eastern Polynesia, while their general appearance, as also their habits and customs, seem to identify them with the Western tribes. The probability is that, at a remote period, there were two distinct races on the island, the one Melanesian or Papuan, the other Malayan. In process of time an amalgamation took place, and the result is the present nondescript race, with the strange peculiarity of speaking a language having little or no affinity to that found on any of the neighbouring islands, with a single exception, that of the small island of Niua.

Fotuna is the native name of Horne Island, the most westerly island of Eastern Polynesia, and quite in the track of the prevailing easterly trade-winds; so that a party losing their way at sea would be quite likely to make the island of which we are speaking. By the way, it has a second name—Eranan—which connects it with the islands to the west; and the name it now bears, if our supposition be correct, must have been given to it by the party from Horne Island in the east, by whom that name would be loved and cherished on account of its association with their early home, for even savages have strong attachments to the places and scenes where, and amidst which, they have spent the morning of life.

The first missionary visit to the island was made by John Williams, in November, 1839. He says: 'Early on Sabbath morning we were close in with the island. It appeared to be one large, high, rugged mountain, with, in many places, perpendicular cliffs, reaching down to the sea.' After waiting some time two canoes came off to the ship, and, of the natives, Mr. Williams speaks as follows: 'They were tolerably well made and good looking; their complexion is not black like that of the negro, neither brown like that of the South Sea Islanders (Eastern Islanders), but of a sooty colour. Their faces were thickly smeared with a red pigment, and a long white feather was stuck in the back of the head.'

Mr. Williams's intercourse with the natives was of the most friendly character, and no doubt tended to prepare the way for the introduction among them of Christian teachers. This was effected between two and three years after his visit, under circumstances of much interest and promise. The writer was the deputation from the Samoan Mission on that occasion. We made the island in the missionary ship *Camden*, on the 29th of March, 1841, and on that day we succeeded in landing two Samoan teachers. Their names were Apela and Samuela, the former from the island of Tutuila, the latter from Upolu. Apela was unmarried, and Samuela had left his family at home, till it might be ascertained how far it would be advisable for females to be placed on such islands in the state in which they then were. They were well received, and on the following day, after visiting the neighbouring island of Aneiteum, we returned and found all going on well, and the prospects encouraging. Such was the commencement of our connection with this island, encouraging and promising, as the reader has seen. And for a length of time, probably about two years, nothing untoward seems to have occurred.

About the month of June, 1842, the island was visited by the Rev. A. Buzacott of Rarotonga, and the Rev. T. Slatyer of Samoa. All was found going on prosperously. Samuela's wife and daughter were taken to him, and there was everything

to encourage hope with reference to the future, and so it continued for many months; and when the island was next visited in 1845, no great anxiety was felt as to the safety of the teachers. Dr. Turner, of the Samoan Mission, and the writer were the deputation on that occasion. Some anxiety was indeed felt, as the island had not been visited for nearly two years, in consequence of the *Camden* having returned to England, and of its having been judged advisable to dispose of her and get a new vessel. The new ship was the first *John Williams*, and the first work she did, after reaching Samoa, was to visit our outstations in the New Hebrides and elsewhere.

We reached Fotuna on the 15th of April, 1845. We were close to the island about nine o'clock in the morning, and were all eagerness to ascertain whether all was right on the shore. The sea was rough and the wind blowing fresh, and we were off a bold shore, so we could not stand in very close with the ship. Canoes were soon seen in the water making their way towards us, and a boat was lowered and went to meet them; a young man from Samoa being in the boat who was able to understand the natives and speak intelligibly to them. The boat returned without the teachers and without any satisfactory information respecting them. The canoes did not come out to the ship. We spent a deeply anxious day, keeping as close to the land as we could with safety, and having recourse to every expedient we could devise to ascertain the real state of the case, but all was unavailing. Towards evening the bearing of the natives became such that we felt sure something was wrong. We pulled in close to the shore in a boat, and saw enough to confirm our worst fears. The canoes were all hauled up on the beach; the natives were armed and skulking about, hiding themselves behind trees and rocks, and no women or children were to be seen. Everything looked suspicious; the natives were moving about and changing their positions, and we were within reach of their weapons, so we backed out some distance, but still held on near the shore till it seemed evident that we could obtain no satisfaction. Night was coming on, and the wind

was high and the sea rough, so, with very heavy hearts, we returned to the ship, and stood away for the neighbouring island, Aneiteum, which we reached on the following morning. On this island we had the satisfaction of finding the teachers alive and well, but we were deeply grieved to learn that on Fotuna the whole mission party had been murdered. At the time the sad event occurred, an epidemic was raging among the people, and they, entertaining the notions common in Western Polynesia, that disease and death are caused by men, blamed the teachers for the calamity from which they were suffering, and determined to put the whole party to death. The following are the melancholy particulars, obtained from the Aneiteum teachers. On the morning of the massacre, the teachers had gone into the bush to work at their plantation. Samuela's daughter accompanied them; his wife remained at home. Apela and the girl appear to have left the plantation first to return home, as they were met by the savages and murdered as they were on their way. That done, the murderers pressed on to the place where they had been at work, and there they found Samuela all unsuspicious of danger. He started up and stood with the hatchet in his hand with which he had been working, but offered no resistance. Spears flew in upon him on all sides, and he fell mortally wounded: and now the murderers made their way to the mission premises, and surrounded the house in which was the remaining member of the little party. Poor woman! what a terrible situation was hers! But is there no hope for her? Will not even savage hearts relent and spare the life of a helpless woman? a stranger, too, from a strange land, and entirely in their power. No, they will not spare her for pity's sake; yet she may save her life, but she prefers death to dishonour. Nasaua, the leader of the murderous gang, proposed that she should become his wife, but, recoiling from such a proposal, she endeavoured to appease him by offering him an axe and some other property; and some were disposed to spare her life, but the multitude clamoured for her death, and the savage chief murdered her with his own hands.

And so she fell, having deliberately preferred death to dishonour, and acted in a manner worthy of the sacred cause with which she was identified, and of the pure and holy religion which she had left her native land to make known to the benighted heathen.

The savages wound up the dreadful tragedy by dividing among themselves the property which had belonged to the teachers, burning the house, and apportioning two of the bodies among the different districts of the island. For some reason which does not appear, the bodies of Apela and the girl were not cooked, but thrown into the sea.

Deeply do we deplore deeds of savage cruelty such as those of which the poor benighted Fotunese were guilty, and greatly do we mourn when our native teachers or our own countrymen thus fall by the hand of violence; yet as regards the misguided people who shed the blood of their best friends, we would not forget that though their guilt is no doubt great, yet to a great extent it is true that 'they know not what they do,' and towards them we would indulge no other feelings than those expressed in the sacred words, 'Father, forgive them.' Imitating our Divine Exemplar, we cannot surely be wrong, while the adoption of any other course than that which by precept and example He enjoined and enforced must be fraught with peril.

With this reference to the manner in which these humble witnesses for Christ died, Dr. Turner remarks in his work, 'Nineteen Years in Polynesia,' as follows: 'It cheered us to hear that they had died as they lived, inoffensive and peaceful, like Stephen of old, and did not lift a hand to injure their deluded murderers.' Yes, we bless God on this behalf. We can think of our martyred teachers as having in life and in death been faithful to their Lord, and as being identified with the noble army of martyrs, and sharing, as we trust, in their reward.

'A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed:

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.'

HEBER.

After the murder of the teachers, the dark night of heathenism again closed in upon Fotuna, and long years passed before the darkness was again broken. Not till 1853 did the 'dayspring from on high' again visit the blood-stained shore. At that date such a change had come over Aneiteum that evangelists, natives of that island, were ready to carry the Gospel to their benighted neighbours; and on the arrival there of the *John Williams*, in October of that year, there were providential indications which seemed clearly to intimate that the time had come to re-occupy Fotuna.

An important chief, with a number of people, had been on Aneiteum for several months; there they had learned something of Christianity, and had witnessed its effects upon a people similar to themselves. They had renounced heathenism and avowed themselves Christians, and were waiting in the hope that the missionary ship would take them to their home accompanied by teachers. Messrs. Geddie and Inglis, the missionaries then on Aneiteum, had selected two men, Waihit and Iosefa, to go on the important errand, and these, with the Fotuna chief and his people, were taken in the *John Williams*, and on the 26th of October they were landed at their destination; and missionary operations were resumed on Fotuna, and from that time to the present these have not been again interrupted. It is an interesting fact that Waihit and Iosefa were the first Christian converts who went out as evangelists in Western Polynesia. It seemed to open a new door of hope for these extensive regions, and was especially cheering to us, who for fourteen years had been struggling to diffuse among them the light of life without seeing very much fruit of our labours.

In 1859, the mission was reinforced by the addition of a third teacher from Aneiteum, and one from the Hervey Islands;

and these continued to labour on year after year, without much impression being produced, till 1866, when the Rev. Joseph Copeland and Mrs. Copeland settled on the island.

In October of that year they commenced their labours, and, with the exception of brief periods of absence, chiefly on the score of health, these were continued till 1876. In January of that year the estimable woman, who with exemplary self-denial had toiled and suffered in circumstances often deeply trying, sank under the burden, and was removed to her rest; and her husband, after a brief interval, was compelled by the utter failure of his health to quit the field and try the effect of rest and change in the more genial climate of Australia.

Mr. Copeland's health was so far restored in 1879 as to allow of his spending a number of months during the course of that year in missionary work on Fotuna and Aneiteum; and at the present time he is usefully employed in Sydney, in serving the interests of the cause of Christ in the important position of editor of a newspaper which is rendering good service to the cause of missions to the heathen as well as to the cause of religion in general.

And on Fotuna the labours of himself and his devoted wife have not been in vain. The four Gospels which he translated, and other books which he prepared, are in the hands of the natives, and there is reason to conclude that some have been savingly converted to God. For a number of years a few have been acting as Christian teachers among their own countrymen, and hopeful progress continues to be made. The mission at present is under the care of the Rev. William Gunn, M.D., and Mrs. Gunn, and their labours, we trust, will be much owned of God. The field, though small, has been a hard one to cultivate. On it, however, as on so many islands of the Southern Seas, the Gospel will surely win its way, and ultimately triumph over every obstacle.

CHAPTER IX.

*VATÉ.**

CAPTAIN COOK, the discoverer of this island, gave it the name it now bears—Sandwich Island—in honour of the Earl of Sandwich, who at the time of its discovery was First Lord of the Admiralty. It is rather awkward that he should have given it the same name as that which he gave to the Hawaiian group in the North Pacific. However, it is chiefly known now by its native name, Vāté. The Presbyterian missionaries, by whom it is now occupied, call it Efāté; but it is awkward for us to change, since for so many years Vāté has been in use in all the publications of the London Missionary Society, by whose agents it was occupied for many years—nor is it a matter of much moment. It is not improbable that the 'E' is a mere prefix, like O before proper names in Eastern Polynesia, as O Tahiti; and the sound of the initial letter, in our mode of spelling, is something between F and V, and V struck us as the more euphonic, and on that account we gave it the preference. Cook did not minutely examine the island, but, like subsequent visitors, he was struck with its appearance. 'The surface,' he remarks, 'appeared very delightful, being agreeably diversified with woods and lawns.' Captain Erskine, who visited the island in H.M.S. *Havannah*, in 1849, writes as follows: 'The weather being somewhat cleared, before sunset we were enabled to see a little more of the features of the island. The usual belt of vegetation extended on all sides for a few hundred feet

* The *a* is pronounced like *a* in father, and the *e* like *a* in fate.

above the level of the sea, a white sandy beach running along the shore. Above the first range, especially on the mainland which forms the south side of the harbour, the surrounding hills are of varied and most picturesque forms, being in general bare of trees, but covered with apparently rich pasture, in some places brown as if burnt for purposes of cultivation. The rainbow tints, caused by the rays of the setting sun, gave a peculiar beauty to the landscape, and many of the officers considered that none of the islands we had yet visited offered so beautiful a scene as that which lay before us.' This is high praise, considering that these gentlemen had visited the finest islands of Eastern and Central Polynesia, the beauty of some of which is generally admitted to be equal to anything to be found on the face of the globe.

Vate, according to Captain Cook, is fifty-four miles to the north of Eramanga, and, according to the same authority, it is seventy-five miles in circumference. We have seen the west side only—a large tract of low land, in most parts extending many miles inland, stretches along the coast. The interior is occupied by lofty mountain ranges and hills of various shapes and sizes; the mountains are of moderate height, the highest probably not exceeding, if they reach, 2,000 feet. The island has great advantages over all the islands of the New Hebrides to the south, in its fine bays and harbours. Havannah Harbour, which was so named by Captain Erskine, will compare favourably, so far as my knowledge extends, with any harbour in the Pacific Ocean. Of the resources of the island we must not speak: they do not materially differ from those of other islands in the South Seas whose productions and capabilities are doubtless pretty well known to most of our readers. The commencement of missionary work on the island was brought about in a very remarkable manner: Dr. Turner, of Samoa, and the writer were on a missionary voyage in the *John Williams* in 1845. 'We left Samoa, knowing little about the island, except the name by which it was known at that time to foreigners, Sandwich Island, and it did not even enter into the

plan of our voyage to visit it on that occasion. We were led to depart from our plan, however, by what appeared to us plain indications of Providence.

'In the course of our voyage we had reached Eramanga, and were at anchor in Dillon's Bay, the memorable spot where Williams and Harris were murdered about five years before. We had reserved four teachers, in the hope of being able to re-occupy that island; the door, however, seemed closed, and though our brave teachers volunteered to remain, notwithstanding unpromising appearances, we could not take the responsibility of leaving them. It would have been very grievous, both to them and to us, to take them back to Samoa; but what were we to do? We were at our wits' end, and were anxiously pondering as to what course we should adopt, and looking to God for guidance, when light arose in the darkness from about the last quarter to which we should have thought of looking. A small vessel engaged in the sandal-wood trade lay at anchor alongside of us, and from that most unlikely quarter a call came to us which we could not but regard as the voice of Providence. The captain of the said vessel came on board the *John Williams*, and informed us that he had just been to Vate, and that he found there the remnant of a large party of Tongans (Friendly Islanders) and Samoans, who many years before (probably about twenty) had lost their way at sea, and had made Tonga, an island of the New Hebrides group. There they landed, fought with the natives, and took possession of two settlements, and remained about two years, when they left to try again to find their way back to Tonga. They were unsuccessful in their search, and instead of finding Tonga they made Vate, which lies about forty miles to the south of Tonga, and landed and took up their abode at that part of the island where we found them. Out of a party of about fifty only a few individuals remained at the time of our visit, but among these was a man named Sualo, a Samoan, who had acquired great influence. He was a daring, energetic fellow; he had as one of his wives the daughter of the chief of the district in

which he lived, and he had made himself famous and formidable by the part he had taken in native wars. He had heard of the introduction of Christianity to Samoa and Tonga, and he had earnestly begged Captain L—— to do what he could to get teachers sent to Vate; and, to make our course still more clear, Captain L—— had a young man on board his vessel, a native of New Zealand, who had lived for some time on Vate, with the Samoans and Tongans, and this young man he offered to pass over to us. The lad was willing to make the exchange, so we were furnished with a guide who could lead us to the very spot to which we wished to go. All was soon arranged, and we were off to Vate. We found all there as had been represented by our friend, Captain L——, and succeeded, under circumstances of deep interest, in accomplishing the object of our visit. The four teachers whom we had designed for Eramanga—Mose, Sipi, Taavili, and Setefano—were placed, two and two, at Pango, a village near the place where we anchored, and at Erakor, where Sualo and his friends lived.' There were many interesting incidents connected with our first intercourse with the Vatese, which, however, we must not stop to enumerate. In Dr. Turner's 'Nineteen Years in Polynesia' and in 'Western Polynesia' full particulars may be found.

The first visit to the island after the commencement of the mission was in 1846; the visitors were the Rev. W. Gill, of Rarotonga, and the Rev. H. Nisbet, of Samoa. Their report was highly encouraging; the people of the districts where the teachers were located, and many others, had abandoned heathenism and embraced Christianity; objects of idolatrous worship had been burned or otherwise destroyed, and the cruel and revolting practices of heathenism to which the natives had been addicted, such as burying alive infants and old people, cannibalism, and such like, had been abandoned. Two new stations were opened in Havannah Harbour, and a third at another part of the island, and the number of teachers was increased to nine. We were greatly encouraged, and were

high in hopes that the missionaries would win an easy triumph on Vate. Alas for our sanguine hopes! Our first impressions of the natives were favourable: we fancied we had found a milder type of heathenism than that of the more southerly islands of the group; soon, however, we were painfully undeceived.

The next deputation who visited the island, Messrs. Turner and Nisbet, had a very sad report to give. They found three of the five stations abandoned, two teachers dead, and connected with the death of one of these there was a very mournful tale. His widow wished to go and reside with the teachers at another station till the mission ship should arrive and afford her an opportunity of leaving the island; but the chief of the district would not allow her to leave, as he wished her to become his wife. The idea of this was revolting to her mind, and before the teachers could combine for her rescue she rushed into the sea and was drowned, preferring death to a life of degradation and dishonour. Poor woman! one cannot but mourn over her sad end.

Sipi,* one of the first party by whom the island was occupied, was one of the two who had finished their course, and his death took place under very painful circumstances. He was a young man of much promise, and as he died the death of a martyr a few particulars respecting him and his brief course may properly be given. He was a native of Pangopango, Tutuila, and one of the earliest fruits of my missionary work; hence his case to me possesses a peculiar interest, an interest in which others cannot be expected fully to sympathize. Still I think his little history is worth recording. Soon after entering upon our work in our earliest sphere of labour Sipi became an inmate in our family. He was a quiet, steady, thoughtful lad from the first. He applied himself diligently to learn to read and write, and during one of my earliest attempts at preaching in the Samoan language the truth took hold of his heart. No Jew ever more truly went about to establish a

* Pronounced Seepee.

righteousness of his own than did poor Sipi, and of course all his efforts ended in failure, and he went about 'weary and

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heavy laden.' At length, however, deliverance came; I do not remember how or when, but the fact itself was indelibly

impressed upon my mind by the way in which it came to my knowledge. Sipi was a modest lad, inclined to be reserved; hence I was surprised, almost startled, when, early one morning, on opening my study door in answer to a knock, Sipi stood before me with an expression of countenance almost wild, but so joyous. He had been enabled to understand God's way of justification, and, in his great delight, had come to tell me the good news. Ah! what an announcement of hallowed interest was that to me. There was joy in our humble home on that memorable morning; and now, after the lapse of more than forty years, it is still vividly remembered as one of the most precious memories of a long life.

From this time Sipi went steadily on his way, evincing the genuineness of his conversion by a consistent walk. I do not remember that we ever again had occasion for grief or anxiety on his account. He was admitted to the Church in December, 1839, and in 1845, as already stated, he went forth as an evangelist to heathen lands. The first visitors to Vate, after the commencement of the Mission, found him and his fellow labourers doing well, and all looking promising—the next, as already intimated, found both gone, and the station they had occupied abandoned. Shortly after the death of his fellow-labourer Sipi was taken ill, and his situation must have been cheerless indeed in as far as human succour was concerned, as he was unmarried, his fellow-labourer gone, and the natives rendering little or no help. The teachers from another district visited him shortly before his death; they left him on a Saturday in charge of a native boy, and went to their own homes for the Sabbath services; and, during their absence, the cruel natives seized the opportunity to lay violent hands on poor Sipi. In the course of the afternoon of the Sabbath a party went to his house; it looks as if there must have been something in their appearance to arouse suspicion, as he rose from his couch and went towards the door, and attempted to prevent their entering, asking them why they had come. Upon this one of them struck him on the breast with a piece of wood—a

native pillow, according to the report. He was probably much weakened by disease, but the blow must have been severe, as he fell mortally wounded and soon after expired, and he was buried the same day. The natives did not deny having killed him, but they sought to excuse themselves by saying that it was according to their custom to put to death persons who became delirious, and that the teacher had been so occasionally during his illness. Such was their excuse. The real reason, however, probably was that they wished to get possession of his property, which, though not of very much value, would seem of great consequence to them.

So ended Sipi's brief career, a career about as dark and cheerless as can well be imagined, as regards that part of it which was passed in the Mission field. No gleam of light had yet appeared on Vate. It was from the very depth of heathen darkness that his spirit emerged, when the club of the savage shattered the poor earthly tabernacle.

The next visit to the island was made by the Rev. C. Hardie, of Samoa, and the writer in September, 1849, and at that time the state of things was very discouraging: three of the teachers and three children had died, and only one of the survivors was in a state of health to remain. We had but one disposable teacher on board; he was willing to take up his abode on the island, so we were just able to keep the door from being closed. We must not stop to particularize the trials and dangers through which the teachers had passed. Their houses and plantations at some of the stations had been destroyed, and their lives had been more than once in extreme peril, and they had experienced deliverances which seemed almost miraculous. On one occasion a party, numbering thirty armed men, went to one of the stations where several of them were together, with the express purpose of taking their lives; they were baffled, however, and returned to their own land ashamed, hardly knowing why they had failed. The people of another district, who heard of their failure, derided them, and determined that they would go and see whether *they* could not succeed; and

as if to guard against the possibility of failure, sixty armed men, in three large canoes, started to accomplish the mighty feat of putting to death three or four defenceless men. They had got about two-thirds on their way when a strong wind arose, with a heavy sea, and their canoes were dashed to pieces on a point of land, and they were forced to return home without even reaching their destination, and the result was a conviction, in the minds of the natives generally, that the teachers were true men, and that their God was a God of power, and able to protect those who put their trust in Him. This may have had something to do with bringing about the change which followed. At all events a reaction soon took place, and when the next visit was made in May, 1852, the prospects were much more favourable. Two hundred people in the district in which the teachers resided had embraced Christianity, and the Sabbath and other services were being well attended. Those parts where teachers formerly resided, had been visited more or less regularly, and in these Christianity had taken root. At one of the earliest places occupied by teachers, Pango, as many as 200 continued to call themselves Christians. At Eratap, another place where teachers had formerly resided, two boats' crews who had gone ashore to trade were saved from being massacred by a Christian chief named Talipoa. The teachers, also, assisted by the chief under whose protection they were, had succeeded in saving a poor woman and her daughter from being buried alive. So it appears that, at this time, some of the Vatese were something more than mere nominal Christians.

The next visit was made in October, 1853, and during that visit a step was taken the particulars of which must be given. The stations at Havannah Harbour had been broken up, and on that important part of the island but the slenderest hold was retained: one teacher only remained in the whole of the large bay; hence an opening for the formation of a new station, which seemed highly promising, was gladly embraced. Two chiefs, Fatutoka and Marikona, had made an urgent applica-

tion for teachers when the island was last visited and, in evidence of their sincerity, had entrusted to us two youths, the nephew and son of the respective parties, to take to Samoa; the said young men were now returned in safety, having seen what Christianity had done in Samoa and elsewhere, and the application for teachers was renewed by the father and uncle; they were the chiefs of the island which forms the one side of the harbour. The population of the island was large, and appearances promising as regards the healthiness of the place. So, without misgivings, we determined to occupy it, and two Rarotongan teachers, Pikikaa and Kaveriri, and their wives were placed on it accordingly. The following extract from the report of the voyage will give the reader an idea as to how they were received: 'When we took the teachers on shore to introduce them to this most inviting sphere, the joy of the people seemed to know no bounds: men, women, and children crowded around us. Some of the principal chiefs seized our hands and led us through the village, while the crowd manifested their joy in ways the most unmistakable. We never saw teachers on their first landing meet with such an enthusiastic reception.'

The above reception was accorded to the teachers on the 1st of November, 1853, and—will it be credited?—the whole party were murdered by the same people who gave them this reception only nineteen days after that date! As the whole party—the two teachers and their wives and a boy (the son of one of the teachers)—were cut off, the next deputation who visited the island—Messrs. Hardie and Sunderland—were unable to obtain any particulars as to what led to the horrid tragedy. Superstitious fears may have had something to do with it, but it is more likely that the desire to obtain possession of the property belonging to the teachers was the real inducement. If the fear of disease had anything to do with it, the thing feared, instead of being averted, came speedily upon the natives, and that in a way so remarkable as to look very like a judgment. Very soon after the murder of the teachers an

epidemic broke out on the island and raged with fatal effect. As many as 150 were reported to have died, and the disease extended to the mainland also, and cut off many there.

When the island was again visited, in June, 1857, it was found that a goodly number were holding fast to Christianity, and waiting and longing for the return of teachers: the Sabbath was being observed, the public worship of God was being kept up, and the professedly Christian part of the people appeared to be striving to walk according to their little light; and when the island was again visited, in 1858, it was re-occupied by teachers, and from that time onward there has been no further break; the work of evangelization has advanced slowly, indeed, but surely, and so we doubt not it will continue to do till the end be gained.

In September, 1861, it was the writer's privilege, in company with the late Dr. Geddie, to make a visit to the island; and this visit greatly surpassed in interest all former visits, except perhaps the first. We must not enter into particulars with reference to what occurred during the interval of nearly two years; the teachers and their families had enjoyed an exemption from trials unusual for Vate; there had been no serious case of illness and only one death—that of a child.

In the native community one death had occurred, which deserves particular notice; Pomal, the early and faithful friend of the teachers, and staunch adherent to Christianity, had passed away. He was father-in-law to the Samoan, Sualo, which may account for the ready welcome he gave to the teachers on their first arrival. He took them at once under his protection, and through all the stormy years of the mission's history he never flinched in his adherence to Christianity, and he was the steadfast and faithful friend of the teachers through every vicissitude.

The time was now at hand when the management of the mission was to pass into abler hands than those of our native evangelists; Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, from the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia, settled on the island during the course

of 1863. They gave themselves to their work with great zeal and heartiness, gained the confidence and affections of the natives, and for a few years—a very few, alas !—they pursued their labours with encouraging success. I am unable to ascertain the date when failure of health compelled them to leave the island, but during the course of 1869 Mr. Morrison died at

A CHIEF OF VATE.

New Zealand, to which place he had gone in the hope that his health would be recruited, and that he would be able to return to the work of his choice on Vate ; such, however, was not to be ; his work on Vate was done, and he was called to serve in another sphere.

In 1866, another couple, Mr. and Mrs. Cosh, from the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Scotland, joined the mission ;

but, after a short term of rough, self-denying service, they, too, were compelled to leave on account of health. In 1870 Mr. Cosh terminated his connection with the mission and retired to Sydney, where, with restored health, he has laboured happily and successfully as the minister of a large congregation, not forgetting or failing to serve, to the utmost of his ability, the cause which was his first love. The removal of these esteemed brethren and their wives was a great blow to the mission. Happily, after a brief interval, others were found to enter into their labours. In 1872, the Rev. Daniel McDonald, from the Presbyterian Church of Victoria, and the Rev. J. W. Mackenzie, from the Presbyterian Church of Canada, settled on the island —the one at Erakor, the other in Havannah Harbour. We must not attempt to trace the history of the mission during the intervening years. Considerable progress has been made, and the prospects have been brightening year by year. One of the most encouraging things connected with the mission is the fact that trained native teachers have been for some years past lending valuable help to the missionaries in the evangelization of their countrymen, and now some are found willing to go as evangelists to other islands. The following extract from a late report, that for 1881, of the New Hebrides Mission, brings out this fact in a very interesting and encouraging manner. The writer of the report, the Rev. J. Annand of Aneiteum, after mentioning that about forty native teachers are now at work in different parts of the group, supplies the following deeply interesting information :

'In many cases,' Mr. Annand remarks, 'these teachers show real heroism in the cause of Christ. It is often at the peril of their lives that they go away among the savages. This both they and their friends well know ; yet volunteers are found for the work. This year when the Christians on Vate were informed that a teacher was wanted for Api, a man and his wife from Eratap volunteered to go. In this case certainly no pressure was brought to bear upon them to cause them to undertake the work, for their missionary was absent. When

we recall how lately these people themselves were heathens, and how they were wont to treat those who first took them the Gospel, we exclaim, "Behold what hath God wrought." It is only seven or eight years since the Eratap people determined to kill their own teacher, and banish the sound of the Gospel from their isle. Now, one of these same people and his wife volunteer to encounter the same dangers, and run the same risks that their earliest benefactors did, and this, too, that they may carry the light of life to a strange tribe, speaking a language unknown to them.

'Soon after we called at Erakor, in September, the Eratap people arrived, having accompanied Kalisong and his wife (the new teacher) to see them safely embarked. When they came to the beach, an Erakor man spread out a sleeping mat on the ground, upon which to receive a contribution or a missionary collection on behalf of the young couple leaving. In a few minutes quite a fine parcel of useful goods, including a shirt or two, some calico, and several handkerchiefs, was given by the Erakor people. When all who wished to do so had contributed, the package was made up and placed in the boat. A general hand-shaking with the teacher and his wife followed, while we noticed tears on many cheeks, and when we left the shore some of them waded out in the shallow water waving farewells. Then the sound of general wailing arose and came to us over the water, as we glided swiftly out to sea; but soon the wailing died away in the distance, and we were left to meditate upon the power that had changed that man and woman sitting by our side from savage heathens to meek and lowly followers of the Saviour. They were now manifesting the genuineness of the change by leaving home and friends to carry the same glad tidings that had saved them to those sitting in spiritual darkness.

'A few days later we left our friends at Burimba, Api, and calling upon them a fortnight after, we found them enjoying the friendship of the Apians.'

CHAPTER X.

THE MARTYRS OF THE LOYALTY ISLANDS.

MARÉ.

THE Loyalty Islands lie about 120 miles to the west of the New Hebrides, and about 60 miles to the north of New Caledonia. When Christianity was introduced to this group, in 1841, it was very little known to the civilized world. Captain Erskine, of H.B.M. ship *Havannah*, who visited it in 1849, says that it was so little known at that time as 'scarcely to have a place on our charts; and their western sides, and the position of their different points, had never been ascertained till our hurried visit in the *Havannah*.'

Of Mare,* the island with which we have specially to do at present, Captain Erskine writes as follows:—'The discovery of Mare has been claimed for a Captain Butler, of the ship *Walpole*, in 1800; and by others for the *Britannia*, in 1803, which latter name appears first on any chart, as attached to one of the larger islands of the group. M. d'Urville states that in 1827, although the uncertain group of Loyalty Islands appeared on a chart of Arrowsmith's, M. Rossel, his hydrographer, doubted their existence; and their extent was certainly first ascertained by M. d'Urville.' M. d'Urville gave the names of Chabrol and Halgan to Lifu and Uvea, and retained Britannia as the name of Mare. The name by which the natives call the island is Nengone, but it is called Mare by the neighbouring islanders, and that is the name by which it is now generally known.

* Pronounced 'Mārē:' the *a* as *a* in 'father,' and the *e* as *a* in 'fate.'

Mare is a long flat island, of coral formation, about 80 miles in circumference, and having a population of about 4000; clumps of pines appear on some parts, and at other parts on the coast there are immense blocks of coral, somewhat resembling artificial fortifications, which relieve the monotonous appearance of the island, and make it in some parts look quite picturesque. One of these is named Castle Point, from its resemblance to an old castle or fortification, and others, both on Mare and Lifu, might with equal propriety bear the same name. Occasionally, instead of the bold shore and barren coast, there are tracts of low land sloping down to the sea, and terminating in a sandy beach.

The natives are a robust, brave, hardy race, of the Papuan stock, but superior to many of the tribes belonging to that division of the human family; in their heathen state they were fierce cannibal savages. We need not here enter into particulars; enough will come out incidentally, as we proceed.

Christian teachers were introduced to the island on the 9th April, 1841. Very strikingly was the hand of God manifested in the manner in which this was accomplished. With some difficulty we succeeded in identifying the island of which we were in search—Britannia Island—the name Mare was not then known to the white man. We made the island in the London Missionary Society's brig *Camden*, on the morning of the 8th of April, 1841. All the forenoon we kept close in to the shore, looking anxiously for indications of the presence of human beings; nothing of this kind, however, appeared; huge coral barriers seemed to warn us off, and nothing to encourage could be discerned. After dinner a boat was lowered, and we pulled slowly along the coast till night was drawing on and hope was almost gone, when, suddenly, to our great joy, light appeared in the darkness—a canoe was descried in the distance; hope revived, and we made all possible haste to get within hail of the little craft; and, what was our surprise when, as we drew near, a man stood up in the canoe and shouted to us in a language which we understood, 'Ua ou iloa le Atua moni,' 'I

know the true God.' It seemed like a voice from heaven. All that was needful to the accomplishment of our object was provided to our hand. Our most urgent need was an interpreter, and next to that a guide, and here were both in one. The man who hailed us proved to be a native of Niuataputapu, an island of the Tongan group, who, with others of his countrymen, had lost their way at sea many years before, and were now as familiar with the language and the island as the natives themselves. We resigned ourselves without misgivings to the guidance of our newly found friend, whose name was Taufa, and by his help, under the guidance of Divine Providence, we succeeded in accomplishing our object. Two Samoan teachers, Taniela and Tataio, were introduced to the island; they met with an encouraging reception, and we left rejoicing that God had so far prospered our way. We were very favourably impressed with the appearance of the natives, and everything seemed to encourage the hope of an easy conquest. In this expectation, however, we were sorely disappointed. The 'night of toil' was long and deeply trying—eight weary years passed before even a ray of light gladdened the hearts of the sorely tried labourers: they endured great privations, and their lives were often in imminent peril. They plodded on, however, and at length they had their reward. One of the two pioneers, indeed, rested from his labours long before the dawn appeared, entered, we trust, into the joy of his Lord; but, after a time, reinforcements came to the help of the survivor, and in due time success crowned their toil and a precious harvest was gathered in. In few parts of the Mission field have more striking displays of the power and grace of God been witnessed than on the island of Mare.

In 1854, thirteen years after the introduction of teachers, two missionaries, the Rev. S. M. Creagh and the Rev. J. Jones, settled upon the island. The Rev. J. P. Sunderland and Mrs. Sunderland, from Samoa, accompanied Messrs. Creagh and Jones, and remained with them about twelve months, giving them the benefit of their experience in commencing their

FIRST CHAPEL AT MARE.

work. They found a marvellous state of things: about half the population had renounced heathenism and embraced Christianity; hundreds had learned to read, and services and schools were attended by crowds of deeply-interested worshippers and learners, and not a few gave evidence of being genuine converts to Christianity. Churches were organized, and throughout the Christian part of the island the Word of God had free course and was glorified. The other side of the island, however, presented a most striking and melancholy contrast—there the darkness of heathenism remained unbroken, and the miserable slaves of sin and Satan were in the same state as was the whole community in 1841; and this of course was deeply felt by those who had been brought out of darkness into light; and while in all the warmth of their first love they were rejoicing in their newly-found freedom, they longed that their countrymen might participate in the blessings of which they were in possession, and many were found willing, at the risk of their lives, to go amongst them to beseech them to abandon heathenism and embrace Christianity. There were two principal mission stations on the island, at each of which a church had been formed. 'It was our custom,' remarks Mr. Jones, 'at the close of each Communion service, to ask for volunteers to go round to the heathen districts to preach the Gospel.' At the time of which we now write Mr. Jones was the only English missionary on the island. Mrs. Creagh rested from her labours a few months after the arrival of the mission party at their destination, and Mr. Creagh was absent at this time in consequence. During the course of the year 1857 Mr. Jones had come round to visit Mr. Creagh's station and administer the ordinance of the Lord's Supper; and 'after the service, and before we rose from the table,' he writes, 'I asked as usual for volunteers to go round to Medu and Cherethi,' the heathen district. 'Hnaisiline, the principal chief, at once volunteered, and Tizelo and Waingara offered to accompany him; others joined them, and a large party was formed, including some women who wished to go to see the country.

The party was divided into two—the one went right through the island to Cherethi, the eastern extremity of Mare, arranging to call for Hnaisiline and party at Medu, in the south bay, and come home together. Mr. Jones adds that, 'during almost every visit these devoted men were in danger, some plot or other being laid to kill them;' and that it was the same with themselves, the missionaries, when they accompanied them. 'We were all often in danger.' Hnaisiline and party reached their destination in the evening, and when Wabutrune, the acting chief of the district, heard of their arrival he got out of the way. The true chief was an elder brother of Wabutrune, named Waetheane. Hnaisiline requested that Wabutrune might be sent for and told that he had come to preach to him the Gospel. He came, and the message was delivered, and he and his people were urged to embrace Christianity. Seeing Tizelo and Waingara he asked, 'Who are these two men?' Hnaisiline replied, 'They are my subjects, and men of God.' 'Oh,' said he, 'but they belong to the Nade Kuruba (a district that was still heathen and on hostile terms with the Medu people), and some day they will be fighting against me.' 'That,' replied Hnaisiline, 'is impossible, as they do not live among the Nade Kuruba, but with me, and are Christians.' Hnaisiline and party began to suspect that evil was brewing; the heathen of Medu had long been waiting for a pretext to attack the Christians, and the presence of these two men seemed to furnish what they desired. Wabutrune replied, 'I will be nashene to-day and nesene to-morrow;' that is, 'I will be darkness (heathen) to-day, and light (Christian) to-morrow.' Hnaisiline and party did not like that speech; it looked like a threat. Hnaisiline thought, however, that if evil had been seriously intended the chief would have been more reserved, so he concluded that it was only a bit of brag designed to frighten himself and party. With this feeling they retired to rest; but one man of Hnaisiline's party took a more serious view of Wabutrune's speech than the others, and after they had retired he said to Tizelo and Waingara, 'Did you hear what Wabu-

trune said? They intend some evil to us, and especially to you two; you had better swim across the bay under the cover of night, and run on towards home from the other side.' They replied, 'No, we will not run away; we are in God's hands, and if they kill us they can only kill our bodies—our souls they cannot touch.' When it was day Hnaisiline heard an old man come to the house where he slept and awake the young men who were in some part of the same house, saying, 'Why do you sleep? Be off and drink medicine that you may be strong to fight to-morrow.' Hnaisiline was now convinced that evil was determined, so he gave orders to his people to open the oven which had been prepared some time before, saying, 'Let us eat and be going.' The other members of the party did not realize the impending danger so fully as the chief. They had morning prayer, and after partaking of their meal they set out on their homeward journey. Alas! two of their number were never more to see their earthly home.

Hnaisiline did not communicate his fears to his own people, but with calm self-possession took the lead and proceeded on the way. Some of the Medu people mixed themselves up with the party and walked on along with them. After a short time a number of young men were seen running along in by-ways, armed with clubs and spears, to get ahead of the party and be in readiness to attack them at some convenient spot. No more doubt was felt now as to the intentions of the heathen; an attack was evidently determined upon, and the two Christians who were the especial objects of their wrath were in great dread. They came up close to Hnaisiline, and, walking behind him, asked 'What is this?' He replied, 'I don't know;' and yet he pretty well guessed, as did they all, what was coming.

Hnaisiline and party were unarmed, but one man carried a long-handled axe for cutting firewood, etc., during their journey. Hnaisiline called to the man who had the axe to hand it to him, which he did; and he seized it and went on with it in his hand, expecting every moment to be set upon by the armed

heathen who had gone on before. By-and-by they came to a well of water, in the neighbourhood of which it was thought probable that the ambuscade were lurking, but no one was seen. Some women who had come for water were standing upon a rock near the road, and as the party passed, Hnaisiline heard them saying, 'Kolo si Guama,'—Alas, for the Guahamites. The attack was now imminent. Hnaisiline's eyes grew dim with excitement, and he got out of the main-road and found himself brought to a stand, the way being blocked up. A man appeared and called out, 'Yonder is the road.' He turned into the road, and having done so heard a man who had been set to watch call out, 'They go by the road to the right.' The liers in wait moved from the place where they had been, and placed themselves near a part of the road which Hnaisiline and party must pass: coming to a part which was rough and entangled, and, making a slight bend in the narrow path, they found it blocked with armed men. Hnaisiline walked straight up to them, and as he did so they parted so as to allow him to proceed. The leader of the heathen party was known to Hnaisiline, and calling him by name he said, in a commanding tone, 'Wathotha, what is this?' 'Oh,' he replied, 'we are just going to fish.' Hnaisiline knew well enough that this was a lie, so with a simple exclamation of surprise he stepped on. Immediately, however, he heard blows—the ruffians had attacked those behind him. Turning round, Tizelo and Waingara, on whom the savages had fallen, rushed to him for protection. He took the head of the one under his left arm, and the head of the other under his right, and with his axe tried to keep the murderers off. They seemed to shrink from injuring him, he being a great chief, and withal he had been a noted warrior in former days. They wreaked their vengeance on poor Tizelo and Waingara, savagely beating them with their clubs and piercing them with their spears. Waingara fell first, and his body was immediately dragged away to the oven, his murderers quarrelling about his clothes. Hnaisiline continued to defend Tizelo some time longer, but so unequal a struggle

could not be long maintained, and Tizelo soon fell lifeless. During the struggle Hnaisiline heard the leader say, 'Take care and don't hit Hnaisiline,' so he learned that it was not their design to murder him. When Tizelo fell the savages rushed upon the body, stripping off the clothes and sharing them amongst themselves. Hnaisiline made a brave effort to prevent the body of his friend from being devoured by the savage murderers. He placed his foot on the feet of his dead friend, intimating that they must not touch the body. For a length of time he was successful; the terror of his name kept the savages at bay; and while standing over the body of his dead friend he addressed the murderers in the following remarkable language: naming the leader, he said, 'Wathotha, you have killed these two men—two men of God; you have only killed their bodies, their spirits you cannot touch. God will punish you; your people shall be swept away; your land become desolate, and forest trees shall grow upon it. You have attacked me in the early morning; your enemies shall come upon you, not at mid-day, nor at night, but in the morning.'

Some of the bystanders hearing Hnaisiline speak thus, thought he intended to attack them at a future day to avenge the murder of his people, and they proposed that they should at once kill Hnaisiline and as many of his people as they could, that they might have the less to do should they be attacked at a future time. Hnaisiline hearing that, thought it unwise to contend any longer over the body of Tizelo, so it also fell into the hands of the cannibals, and he turned away from the sickening scene and arranged the order in which his party were to proceed: the women were to go first, the men next, and the chief himself would bring up the rear and be between them and their bloodthirsty enemies. Thus they commenced their flight, but the women, mistaking the road, got into some by-paths, so the chief had to take the lead, which he did, telling all to follow him, and that should their enemies pursue them he would fall behind and receive them; they had full ten miles to go before he could feel assured that they were safe.

The conduct of Hnaisiline throughout the whole affair was remarkable. Only a few years before he himself was a savage, and a cannibal like the murderers of Tizelo and Waingara. While he was endeavouring to save them, his people who had been straggling, came up and urged him to fight: first, his own brother, then the deacons, then a man of the party, said, 'Shall we stand and see you covered with blood, and not retaliate?' To every proposal to fight the chief replied emphatically, 'No!' Had he yielded to the wish of his people the probability is that many more would have been killed. The reason, however, why Hnaisiline would not fight was not the fear of man, but the fear of doing what might be wrong for a Christian to do. He said he could have killed their enemies right and left with the axe he had in his hand, and his people might have got arms from the slain, and made a formidable defence; but even as a matter of policy the course he adopted was, all things considered, the best. The reader will remember that a number of the Christian party went to another place, and were to meet their brethren at Medu and go home together. Had a general fight taken place the probability is that they would have been set upon and cut off to a man. As it was they were allowed to pass unmolested, but were told what had happened, and learned the horrid fact that two of their brethren were being baked under mounds of earth near which they passed. So fell the first martyrs of Mare. Guilty of no crime, they died victims to the mad rage of their infatuated countrymen against the Gospel of Christ.

But mark the sequel. The reader will remember the remarkable words uttered by Hnaisiline as he stood over the dead body of Tizelo. In less than twelve months, observes Mr. Jones, the words were fulfilled to the letter: the murderers were attacked in the early morning, many were killed, and the rest fled to the opposite side of the island, and so Hnaisiline's prediction came to pass. He had no hand, however, in bringing about its fulfilment. There were two parties in the district of Medu—tribes we may call them—the one being denominated

the children or descendants of one chief, the other of another. One of the tribes took no part in the attack upon Hnaisiline and his party, so the guilt of that murderous affair rested solely on the other, and on them fell the retribution. As stated above, in less than a year they were driven from their homes with great slaughter. The survivors became Papists, and fled to the Isle of Pines, where they continued in exile till about three or four years ago, when they were reinstated in their own land by the French Government. 'Not one single individual,' remarks Mr. Jones, 'is now living who assisted in the killing of those two men, and while the children of Seivine, of whom they were, have been wandering homeless all these years, the children of Waetheane (the head of the other tribe) have been living contentedly on their own lands, have embraced Christianity, have a considerable number of Church members, a deacon, and a teacher—indeed, are quite a flourishing mission station.'

Thus remarkably has God in His providence dealt with these respective tribes, blessing and prospering the one, while the immediate actors in the murder of the Christians have been cut off, and the whole tribe, Cain-like, have been fugitives and vagabonds for the space of twenty years.

CHAPTER XI.

LATER MARTYRS OF MARE.

ABOUT three years after the above occurrences took place, other victims fell a sacrifice to their zeal for the propagation of the Gospel among their heathen countrymen. The facts connected with their death, with the heroic conduct of their associates, and the invincible ferocity of their persecutors, exhibit in a very striking light the power of the Gospel on the one hand, and the deadly enmity of the carnal mind against that Gospel on the other.

A few years before the events we have to record occurred, the parties concerned in these events were one—now they are separated by a great gulf; the one remain as they were—over the others has come a change which has made them new men. Whence has come the marvellous change? How can it be accounted for except by admitting the solution which the Bible itself supplies? No system but that of Christianity produces such results.

The reader has already been informed that, though the results of missionary labour on the island of Mare have been of a very marked character, a large part of the people remained heathen for many years; the missionaries and their converts were strenuous and persistent in their efforts to induce them to embrace the Gospel, still they continued to cling to paganism; and that these efforts were made in the face of danger and death has also been shown.

The following facts will further show that though some had

fallen, others were found ready to follow in their train—to take their place in the broken ranks, and be baptized for the dead.

On Sabbath, November 4th, 1860, twenty new members were admitted to the Church at the station occupied by Mr. Jones. There are two principal stations on the island, one of which was occupied by the Rev. S. M. Creagh over twenty years, and the other by Mr. Jones. A few years ago Mr. Creagh was removed to the neighbouring island of Lifu, and since his removal Mr. Jones has had the sole charge of the island. Occasionally, at Communion seasons, as already mentioned, the missionaries were accustomed to make an appeal to the members of the Church on behalf of their heathen countrymen. The old question, 'Whom shall we send, and who will go for us?' was propounded, and generally, perhaps invariably, met with a ready response.

When appeals were made under such circumstances Mr. Jones remarks that 'it was customary for some of the older members first to volunteer, and then for the new converts to offer to accompany them.' There were five districts to be visited, which, for the sake of clearness, it is needful to name: they were Cene, Manaku, Peyece, Titi, and Wakene. The most distant of these places from Mr. Jones's station are Titi and Wakene, and the nearest Cene and Manaku. Mr. Jones does not mention how many accepted the call to proceed on the proposed mission; he says, however, that the number who were accepted for it was fourteen.

Mr. Jones wondered why a young man, named Waiwi, who was one of the newly admitted members, and who afterwards became a native pastor, did not volunteer on the occasion, and seems to have rightly regarded him as a likely person for the required service. When spoken to on the subject he explained that he was on the eve of offering himself when another spoke before him. Still he was inclined to say, 'I will go,' when again another spoke before him; and then the thought struck him that perhaps he was not to go, so he did not offer, and his life was preserved for future service. The two whose offers of

service prevented him from speaking—Wagidro and Motace—were both killed, while he escaped without any planning of his own.

Another likely man, who was afterwards interrogated as to why he did not offer to go to the heathen on this occasion, replied that an elder brother had offered, and that his family would not allow more than one of their number to go, as the undertaking was likely to be attended with great danger. He also became a teacher at home. There were rumours afloat at the time, of which Mr. Jones was not aware, that the next party who went to the heathen were to be attacked, and he has stated that had they reached him he would probably have prevented the party from going. The fact that the natives concealed them from him shows pretty plainly that they were not desirous of an excuse for avoiding the danger.

On the 5th of November, 1860, the day after the mission had been arranged, the party started to carry it into effect. There were, as we have seen, five places to be visited, and the visitors were fourteen in number, so they went in little bands of two, three, and four.

It was a happy circumstance that, scattered among the heathen to whom they went, they had numerous friends and relations with whom they were connected. But for this it seems as if few, if any, would have escaped the savage fury of their bloodthirsty countrymen.

One detachment, consisting of four, headed by a man named Paulo, set out to go to one of the most distant places (Titi), was the first to fall in with a party of heathen, and they would have been immediately despatched but for the presence of some personal friends.

Another party, consisting of three—which for distinction-sake we may call No 2—who were on their way to Cene, were met by a man of the heathen party as they were drawing near their destination. He had come to meet them in order to ascertain who they were. If he found that they were friends or relatives of his own, he would warn them to flee for their lives; if not, he

would let them pass on to the Marae—place of public concourse—where death awaited them. Happily they were friends, so he told them that it had been determined to kill the whole party of evangelists that day, and they escaped the snare that was laid for them, and returned in safety to their homes.

Another party, No 3, consisting of three persons, led by a man named Josua, while drawing near to Manuka, the place which they had undertaken to visit, were met by a woman, who was nearly related to some of the Christian party. She begged them not to proceed a step farther, but to at once retrace their steps. They told her, however, that they intended to go on to the Marae. I suppose they did not quite credit her representations, and they were full of zeal and were bent on carrying out their commission; but she, kind woman, persisted in her merciful efforts. She fell at their feet and besought them, with tears in her eyes, to flee for their lives. It is not improbable that the brave woman risked her own life to save theirs.

Seeing her intense earnestness they realized their danger, and yielding to her entreaties, they turned and fled; and not a moment too soon, for a mob of mad heathens were speedily on their track, in hot pursuit. Having got the start, however, of their pursuers, they were enabled to keep it. Their circumstances must have been exceedingly critical, for while a party of the heathen were pursuing them behind, another had gone on before to waylay any Christians who might have gone that day to work at their yam plantations. These are generally at a long distance from the inhabited parts of the island.

Sad to say, the savages fell in with an old man named Hngaiohne, a member of Mr. Creagh's church, who, with his wife and daughters, had gone out to work. Upon these the merciless savages wreaked their vengeance—slew them while unsuspecting and defenceless. Hngaiohni and his wife and daughters were killed because they were Christians; so they were really martyrs for Christ. Josua and his party had some very narrow escapes in the course of their flight. They left the

direct road to their home so as to escape parties who might be lying in wait to waylay them, and the bush through which they passed was 'swarming with their enemies.' They passed several detachments without being observed, these being off their guard, as they were returning so much sooner than was expected.

They came first upon a woman and a young man cooking food, who seem to have been friendly. They told them their death was determined on if they should be caught. Farther on they came upon an encampment, but there were only two men left in charge, the rest having gone to a cavern in search of owls' feathers to decorate their heads in war-fashion. Josua and another of his party stepped past, the third stood and parleyed. One of the heathen asked him why they were running. He replied that 'the heavens looked black, and that it might rain.' He then spoke out plainly, expressing his belief that he and his comrades were being sought that they might be killed. This the heathen to whom he was speaking denied, and while he was giving his reasons for his belief, the other drew near and touched him with his toe, unobserved by his companion. He understood this to mean, 'Be off after your friends without delay.' So he turned and ran; and just as he commenced his flight he saw the foremost of those who had gone in search of feathers emerging from the bush. A few minutes later and he would have been in their power, but as he had the start of them it would have been useless to follow him. When he caught up to his companions he urged them to press on with all speed. Another party was passed, they, too, being off their guard, and engaged in cooking.

But their narrowest escape was yet to come. There was what Mr. Jones calls 'the watch party.' These had encamped in the open plain, and had stationed one of their number on the top of a tree overlooking their camp, and commanding a wide view. Still they managed to slip past without being seen by their enemies, till it was too late to pursue them. Thus, out of all their perils God delivered them, and they reached their home in safety.

Party No. 4 consisted of two, Wagidro and Motace. They went to Peyece. Wagidro was one of the older members of the church, Motace was one of the newly admitted. The people of Peyece were friendly, and being aware that evil was determined against them elsewhere, they invited them to remain over the night; but this they declined, as it was the season for planting yams. They had delivered their message, and they wished to return home without delay, so they set out on their return journey. It seems the savages who failed to effect the murder of Josua and party knew the road which Wagidro and Motace were likely to take on their return, so they waylaid them; they came right upon the men who were thirsting for their blood. Flight was out of the question, so Wagidro, who was walking native-fashion (*i.e.*, single file) before his companion, came right up face to face with the foremost man of the enemy. He spoke to him civilly, inquiring, according to native custom, where he and his company were going; and before there was time for a reply one of the savages shouted from the rear, 'Look at these two dead things!' an expression the import of which was well understood, and it was no sooner uttered than they rushed upon Wagidro, and felled him to the ground. Motace attempted to escape, but was speedily overtaken and killed. So fell these worthy men by the hands of their own countrymen. Had they accepted the invitation of their friends at Peyece, they would, as far as man can see, have been safe. They were permitted, however, to adopt a different course.

The friendly people of Peyece, when they heard of the murder of the Christians, came and took their bodies, intending to bury them in their own land; and they hurried off a woman to warn others of the Christian party who might be in danger. She found a party, to whom she gave the sad news of what had occurred, and told them of their own danger. They met the friendly natives bearing the bodies of their murdered companions, thanked them for their kindness to the dead, and relieved them of further trouble by taking charge of

the bodies. Bearing these with them, they made all haste towards their home, which they reached in safety.

After the murder of Wagidro and Motace, the hostile natives started off to try and intercept party No. 5, who had gone to the most distant places, and had to return by the same way as those whom they had succeeded in murdering, and they would, as far as man can see, have succeeded had not God inclined the heart of a powerful heathen chief, named Sinewami, to protect them.

Sinewami lived at Titi, to which a party of four Christians had gone, the leader of whom was named Paulo, and other two had gone to Wakone. Reports of what had taken place elsewhere had reached Paulo and party at Titi, and to the effect that they and their brethren were being waylaid. The chief came to the rescue. He told them to remain in his house and they would be safe, while he himself would go on to Wakone, five miles distant, to escort back Juta and Rici, the two Christians who had gone to that place. He met them on their return to join their companions, having accomplished the object of their visit. They seem not to have been aware of the friendly intentions of the chief, so on meeting him they begged him to spare their lives. It is possible he may have assumed a bearing intended to put them in fear, in the hope of obtaining property from them. However, before anything was offered, he assured them he would save them; and then one of the poor fellows took off his shirt and gave it to him, and the other told him that he had an axe at home which he would send to him by the first opportunity. The chief returned with them to Titi, and having got all together, he started off with them to see them safely out of reach of their enemies, who were awaiting their return, and hoping to effect their destruction. They had proceeded about four miles on their way when they were confronted by their enemies, who blocked the pathway, and were only prevented from rushing on their prey by the unwelcome presence of the chief. Not daring to lay hands upon them, they assailed them with abusive language, and taunted them

with the futility of trusting their God for deliverance. 'We thought,' said they, 'your God could save you—what about Wagidro and Motace?' They replied, 'You have only killed their bodies; their souls are safe with God in heaven.' Poor Sinewami, as much a heathen as the others, though, for some reason which does not appear, determined to save them, joined in the taunting language. 'Who,' said he, 'will save you from these men? It is not your God that will do it; it is *I* who will save you.' The brave men, notwithstanding the critical circumstances in which they were placed, replied in the true martyr spirit, 'True, it is you who will save us, but it is God who has put it into your heart to desire to save us.' 'Oh no!' said the chief; 'it is I, Sinewami, who saves you, and no one else.'

After this parley, the chief gave the word of command to clear the road. 'Make way,' said he, 'and let me and my friends pass.' The savages, eager though they were to secure their prey, did not dare to disobey; they parted, leaving a clear space for the chief and his *protégés* to pass. He accompanied them two or three miles on their way homewards, and then bade them 'Good-bye,' adding, 'You have nothing to fear; no one dare touch you now; they know that I have protected you.'

Thus did God incline the heart, as they themselves put it, of this heathen chief to protect these brave, devoted men. They returned to their homes grateful, no doubt, to their earthly deliverer, but specially grateful to Him Who, as they felt, was their real deliverer.

These simple records show in a very striking light the self-propagating power of the Gospel. In that respect its whole history is in marked contrast to all other religions.*

* The facts connected with the above tales of martyrdom have been kindly furnished by the Rev. John Jones, who obtained them from the chief Hnaisiline and others who had a perfect knowledge of them.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MARTYRS OF UVEA.

UVEA is the name of a beautiful group of coraline islands lying about sixty miles to the east of New Caledonia. It belongs to the Loyalty group, and is about twenty-five or thirty miles to the west of Lifu, the largest of the Loyalty Islands. The principal island of Uvea is a curved strip of land thirty miles in length, and about three in breadth, and 150 feet in height. The island next in size is separated from its larger neighbour by a channel about a quarter of a mile in breadth, and is twenty miles in length, the two really forming one island. The other islands of the group are mere islets (atolls), the whole number being about twenty, and forming a circular lagoon twenty miles in diameter, with soundings all over, and forming one of the finest and most spacious harbours in the Pacific Ocean. The islands, great and small, are covered more or less thickly with cocoa-nuts. Yams and other vegetable productions, common to the islands of the Pacific, grow in perfection in many parts, and the lagoon yields an unlimited supply of fish; so the natives are amply furnished with all that is needful in the way of food, and by the sale of their surplus yams, cocoa-nut oil, or copra (the dried kernel of the cocoa-nut), pigs, poultry, etc., they can obtain cloth or any other foreign production needed to meet the wants to which the introduction of Christianity and the usages of civilized life give rise.

The population of the group is about 2,000. They are rather a superior race of people. They consist of two distinct

tribes, one of which occupies the eastern and western districts of the larger islands, the other the central one, embracing a part of each of the islands. Those occupying the central district belong to the Papuan race, and are the original inhabitants, the others are descendants of Eastern Polynesians, who a few centuries back were drifted thither from Uvea or Wallis' Island in Central Polynesia. Hence the name which the group now bears. The original name given to it, no doubt by the first settlers, is Iai (pronounced Eaye); each party retains the language of its ancestors, but both languages are generally understood. Altogether the little group and its people present many points of much interest.

Little was known of Uvea till the introduction of Christianity in 1856. From that date it has been more or less prominently before the friends and promoters of Christian missions, and its history during the intervening years has been of a painfully eventful character. On no island of the Pacific, great or small, has persecution raged so fiercely, and with such deplorable results, as in the little group whose story we have now to tell.

The gospel was introduced to the group by two natives of Mare sent thither as pioneer teachers by Messrs. Creagh and Jones, missionaries of the London Missionary Society. They were well received. Whenegay, the principal chief, took them under his protection, and many of the natives placed themselves under their instruction, abandoning heathenism and professing themselves Christians, and everything encouraged the hope that a peaceful and prosperous future was before the little community; and so in all probability it would have proved had no disturbing element been introduced from without. Alas! the fair prospect was soon clouded. In the following year, 1857, French priests arrived and settled on the group; and shortly after disturbances began, the effects of which continue to the present day.

These gentlemen, two in number, immediately on their arrival denounced the Mare teachers as unauthorized, and as teachers of a false religion, and declared that the religion they

came to teach was the only true one. There had been political differences among the people before the introduction of Christianity, and the priests managed to obtain a settlement among a tribe who had been at variance with the people of the district in which the Protestant teachers had been received. These simple men were no match for their antagonists, and though these had denounced them as teachers of a false religion, they were persuaded to become parties to an arrangement which placed them and their cause in a most disadvantageous position, and exerted a disastrous influence on the future interests of the people. The arrangement was that they, the Mare teachers, should confine their labours to the district in which they resided, and the priests would do the same in the other. The reason assigned by the priests for their proposal was that it would promote peace and goodwill. The Protestant teachers acted in good faith, not doubting that the priests of the Romish Church would do the same. The majority of the people in the two districts attached themselves to their respective teachers, and for a short time all went on smoothly.

When, however, the priests considered that they had acquired sufficient influence to keep Protestantism out of their district, they proceeded to invade the other. In vain did the Protestant teachers remonstrate and charge them with a breach of faith; they persisted in their aggressive policy, and one of them left their own district and took up his abode close to the dwelling of Whenegay the Protestant chief.

In September, 1860, the Rev. S. McFarlane, of Lifu, who had been appointed by his brethren to take the oversight of the Uvean Mission till the arrival of a missionary from England, made a visit to the group. Before this date the mission had been reinforced by the addition of a Rarotongan teacher; and now another, a Samoan, was added by Mr. McFarlane, in compliance with an earnest request from Whenegay and his people.

Mr. McFarlane found that the Roman Catholic priest, who

had taken up his abode near the Protestant chief's house, had succeeded, by means not very reputable, in inducing a few of the natives to join him and profess themselves of his religion, and that he was threatening others with a French man-of-war if they would not do the same. On the Sabbath before Mr. McFarlane arrived, the priest commenced active opposition to Protestantism by seizing the *pātē*, a sort of wooden drum or gong, which a lad was beating through the village to call the people together to worship. He told the lad he hated the sound of it, and threatened him if he should beat it again. On the Sabbath after Mr. McFarlane arrived he sent a lad to beat the drum as usual, and the priest, as he was passing his door, rushed out upon him and seized it. This led to remonstrance on the part of Mr. McFarlane. The priest told him, as he had told the boy, that he hated the sound of the drum, and that he knew the Protestant religion was false. However, we hear no more of the hated drum, so I suppose the jealous defender of the Catholic faith considered it politic to leave that matter alone.

At another village the priest had placed a *tabu*, consisting of a piece of calico attached to a stick, on the Protestant Chapel, to deter the natives from entering it. Of coarse Mr. McFarlane told the people that there was nothing to fear from the said tabu, and instructed them to continue to worship in it as heretofore.

At another village a number of refugees were found who had a sad tale to tell. They were from the Roman Catholic district. By some means they had been induced to become Protestants, and had applied to the Protestant teachers to visit and instruct them, and in response to their application the Rarotongan and one of the Mare teachers set out to visit them as requested. This of course they had a perfect right to do, as the priests were entirely disregarding the agreement with reference to the division of work. On their way the two teachers were attacked by a party of Roman Catholics. They were beaten, and their books and clothes were torn and destroyed.

The Roman Catholics then mustered in strong force and attacked the village to which the refugees belonged. They pulled down their chapel, cast the materials of which it was built into the sea, and set fire to the village, and, sad to say, a poor old man who lay sick in one of the houses, and was unable to escape, and a child were burnt to death. All who had declared themselves Protestants had been driven from the village, and their plantations confiscated, and now they were found living in exile, and so they continue to the present day.

Mr. McFarlane had an interview with the other priest who continued to reside in the district where he and his confrère originally settled. He took very high ground, avowed his hatred of Protestantism, and asked Mr. McFarlane in his own boat, what business he had to go about teaching heretical doctrine. He was very wroth with the Protestant teachers, and declared that he intended to lodge a complaint against them for interfering with his district, when a man of war which he was expecting should arrive, with a view to having them punished as disturbers of the peace!

Happily the expected man-of-war arrived before Mr. McFarlane left, so there was an opportunity of getting both sides of the matters in dispute laid fairly before the captain, who was evidently a gentlemanly man, and disposed to deal fairly with both parties. He listened patiently to all they had to say, and, much to the annoyance of the priests, he not only refused to punish the Protestants, but blamed them for creating amongst the natives a dislike, if not hatred, of the French by causing them to dread the visits of men-of-war. The captain assembled the chiefs, and gave them good advice, and expressed the hope that perfect liberty of worship would be allowed. The priests were of course much chagrined, but they continued the same policy as before, telling the natives that they would write to the Governor of New Caledonia to send another captain who better understood his business.

The captain assured Mr. McFarlane that the priests had no authority for acting as they had done, and that they had in-

curred the displeasure of the governor by so doing. Judging, however, from the subsequent conduct of the governor, his displeasure against the priests cannot have been very deep.

In 1863, the Rev. John Jones of Mare visited Uvea, and remained several weeks. He found the teachers diligently and successfully prosecuting their work; but the opposition of the priests was in no way diminished, and it was becoming more and more evident that, if the mission was to be maintained in vigour and efficiency, a Protestant missionary, to be permanently resident on the island, must be speedily obtained. This indeed had been felt for a length of time, and a missionary, the Rev. Mr. Irvine, had been appointed by the directors of the London Missionary Society, but he was not permitted to reach his destination. While waiting in Australia for an opportunity of getting to Uvea, an accident which he had met with on the voyage from England resulted in his death.

Happily there was resident in Sydney at the time a gentleman, the Rev. Samuel Ella, who had spent many years in missionary work in Samoa, and who was still desirous of being engaged in that work. Mr. Ella had been obliged to leave Samoa on account of Mrs. Ella's health. He hoped that the climate of Uvea would suit Mrs. Ella better than that of Samoa, and was induced to offer his services for that field. His offer was cordially accepted, and, during the course of the year 1864, he with Mrs. Ella sailed in the Presbyterian Mission schooner, *Dayspring*, for his new sphere. The *Dayspring* conveyed Mr. Ella and family to Lifu, where final arrangements were to be made for their settlement on Uvea. On reaching that island, however, difficulties of the most formidable character met them. They were prevented from holding any intercourse with the missionaries on the island, and Mr. Ella was told that he must abandon the idea of settling as a missionary on Uvea.

Two men-of-war steamers had recently arrived from New Caledonia with the Governor and a large force on board, in order to chastise the natives. What they had been

guilty of does not appear. However, an attack had been made upon them, and in consequence everything was in a state of complete anarchy. Into the particulars of the petty, I might say contemptible, war waged by a great nation on a helpless people who were entirely in their power I will not enter. I refer to it merely on account of its bearing on the Uvean Mission.

One of the war steamers was found at anchor in Wide Bay, where is the principal mission station of the London Missionary Society, when the *Dayspring* arrived; the other, with the governor on board, had gone round to the opposite side of the island to land troops, that the attack might be made from both sides, and the invaders meet each other in the centre. Sad havoc was made by the lawless soldiers. Many of the natives were killed, and many more wounded, and revolting cruelties were practised. Only one Frenchman was killed. A large amount of property was destroyed or carried off by the invaders; villages were burned to the ground; the church at the principal station, a large stone building, was shamefully desecrated, and turned into a barrack for the soldiers, and the island had been proclaimed in a state of siege. This was the pretext for prohibiting intercourse between the *Dayspring* and the shore. The captain only was allowed to land, and he was marched under an escort to the residence of the commandant to transact necessary business connected with the ship.*

Mr. and Mrs. Ella were obliged to remain on board the *Dayspring*, and go on in her to the New Hebrides. After waiting three months he obtained permission from the French authorities to reside on Uvea as an English resident, and, availing himself of this permission, he proceeded thither in the month of December of the same year, 1864, and in April of the following year he was allowed to officiate as a Protestant missionary.

When the news of the proceedings of the French at Lifu reached Uvea, the Protestants were filled with consternation, and the priests and their followers were encouraged to prose-

* For full particulars see McFarlane's 'Story of the Lifu Mission.'

cute their iniquitous work with renewed vigour. One of the priests on a Sabbath day put himself at the head of an armed band, and led them to different Protestant places of worship, driving out the congregations and proclaiming them Catholic churches. At one of the villages, the teacher, a Samoan, was seized by a Catholic native, and a hatchet was raised over his head, and he was told that if he persisted in his work he would be killed. At another village the teacher, a Rarotongan, was ordered by the priest to leave the pulpit, as he had come to conduct Catholic worship, and that the heretic worship was now forbidden, and all must embrace the French religion.

Similar proceedings took place in other parts, which we must not stop to particularize. The teachers were compelled to leave their villages and remain together in one place, and were told that they and their adherents must either unite with the Catholics in their worship in the chapels which they had taken from them, or take their religion to the bush, as it was only fit for pigs!

Such was the state of things when Mr. Ella arrived in December, 1864. As already mentioned, permission was given him to discharge the duties of a Protestant missionary on the island in the month of April following. This was granted in consequence of a communication from the Emperor Napoleon condemning the proceedings of the French authorities, and directing that Protestant missionaries and their adherents should be allowed liberty of worship equally with Roman Catholic.

This, one would have thought, would have been sufficient to put an end to persecution. Alas! this was not the case. That went on just as before, or rather it became worse and worse. Mr. Ella and his people were placed in most embarrassing circumstances. The Rarotongan and Samoan teachers were compelled to leave the island, and the Protestant population were placed completely in the power of the Roman Catholic chiefs. Shortly after the instructions from the Emperor reached the authorities on New Caledonia, the Governor made a visit

to the Loyalty Islands. He visited Lifu and Mare first, and a considerable measure of relief was afforded to the Protestant Missionaries and their people on these islands; and the Protestants on Uvea were high in hopes that similar favours would be extended to them. In this, however, they were grievously disappointed. A totally different policy, which led to the most deplorable results, was pursued towards them.

The Governor's visit was a very imposing affair. After a long interview with the priests (no consultation was held with Mr. Ella) he ordered the natives to assemble from every part of the island. The meeting was held in the open air. The Governor and his staff, a large number of the natives, and one of the priests and Mr. Ella made up the assembly. The Protestants do not seem to have had any expectation of obtaining redress, nor did they manifest any anxiety about that; but they did hope to have had their churches restored, and a stop put to persecution, and a distinct intimation publicly made that Protestants were allowed by French law the same liberty as Catholics. Alas! no such boon awaited them. Their yoke had been sufficiently grievous, as the reader has seen, in the past, now it was to be made still more grievous. The Governor divided the island into three districts, and over these he appointed three Roman Catholic chiefs chosen by himself, with the advice, I suppose, of his councillors, the priests. Of course, as he knew nothing personally either of chiefs or people, he could only act under the advice of those who did. All the chiefs had formerly been independent, and like other men they had highly valued their independence; hence, to have a foreigner step in, and in the most arbitrary manner deprive them of their rights could not fail to produce profound dissatisfaction, and the fact that the three men selected were all Roman Catholics was an additional grievance to the Protestants. They could do nothing but submit, as from the Governor's decision there was no appeal.

Mr. Ella requested the Governor's decision with reference to the churches which had been taken from the Protestants.

The Governor evidently felt that this was a very awkward affair, and appeared anxious to evade the question. However, I suppose he felt that that would not be quite honourable, so at length he said, 'You can take the chapel here' (Fajaue, the headquarters of the Protestant Mission) 'for four months, in which time you will be able to build another, when you will leave this as Government property which no one can pretend to claim. The other small places will remain in the hands of the Catholics for their use, but are Government property.' Mr. Ella protested against this palpably unjust decision, but was told by the Governor that the buildings were Government property, and, as such, he could dispose of them as he pleased. Some Governments have an odd way of possessing themselves of property—a way which, if practised by private persons, would soon bring upon them the penalty of thieves and robbers.

With reference to past outrages committed upon the Protestants, Mr. Ella (*not the people*) appealed to the Governor, but he was silenced by being told that he had no right to interfere, as they took place before his arrival.

The refugees already referred to, applied for leave to return to their own land. This request I suppose was so manifestly reasonable that it could not well be refused, so it was granted; but a native Catholic chief had the audacity to declare, in opposition to the Governor, that he would not allow them to return to their lands. Upon this the Governor seems to have been much annoyed. He commanded the chief to obey him, and with this he abruptly closed the conference, and walked off to his ship, leaving the Protestants bitterly disappointed and the Papists exultant. The Protestants were now more than ever in the power of their implacable enemies. It is hardly speaking too strongly to say that they were as sheep in the midst of wolves.

In the following month the refugees, trusting to the governor's permission, made arrangements to return to their own land. The chief of the tribe among whom they had dwelt

during their exile, and a number of his people, accompanied them when they set out on their homeward journey. Though they had the Governor's sanction to the step they were taking, they considered it prudent to call upon the chief who had been appointed over the district in which their land lay, to acquaint him with the movement they were making. He lived near the house of one of the priests, and when they reached that and were waiting to see the chief, a mob of Catholics fully armed, who had collected about the premises, rushed out and attacked them in a savage manner, seriously wounding five of their number. The Protestants offered no resistance, but fled back to their place of refuge, where they remain to this day. A French man-of-war called at the island a few months after, and the Captain taking the two priests as interpreters, made, or pretended to make, some inquiry into the matter. He acquitted the party who made the attack, and threatened to take prisoner the chief of the tribe who went to assist the refugees, on the ground that the Governor's permission only referred to the exiles! After this the reader will not be surprised at any decision from the same quarter. Truly, 'judgment was turned away backward, and justice stood afar off; for truth was fallen in the street, and equity could not enter.'

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MARTYRS OF UVEA (continued).

It was now clear that the persecutors might proceed to almost any length of oppression and cruelty without incurring any serious consequences in as far as their rulers were concerned, and they were not slow to improve their opportunity. Open systematic persecution was commenced, and things went from bad to worse till they culminated in one of the most diabolical outrages that has ever been perpetrated in connection with any of our South Sea Missions. The teachers from the Loyalty Islands continued to be especial objects of hatred to the priests, and, in consequence, they shared largely in the outrages that were committed. Every opportunity was seized for heaping upon them insult and abuse. We can only mention one or two instances to show the kind of treatment to which they were subjected. At one village where the chief was a Roman Catholic, and nearly the whole of the people Protestants, an attempt was made to drive the teacher from the place, and soon after he was violently assaulted; and the consecration of a Roman Catholic chapel at Fajaue was taken advantage of to treat him in a most barbarous and cruel manner. The charge against him was that he had advised his people to take no part in the consecration ceremonies, and not to contribute towards the feast on the occasion. For this offence he was dragged from his house by the hair of his head, beaten along the road towards the old Protestant church, which was now being used by the priests as a place for storing cocoa-nut oil. Here he

was bound and imprisoned. A *cross* was extemporized for the occasion by fastening a piece of wood to one of the posts in the form of a cross, and to this he was tied and exposed to the ridicule of the Roman Catholics who had come together from all parts of the island to the feast of the consecration; and in this cruel and profane mockery I am ashamed to say one of the priests who was present took part.

And there was another teacher, a most estimable man, whom I knew well, and who was a fellow-labourer of my own years afterwards in Torres Straits, who was treated in a still more barbarous manner, but the tale of his treatment and sufferings is too long for insertion here.

Among the people a case of peculiar atrocity was that of an old chief named Bumele, one of the first who received the gospel on Uvea. His chapel was taken from him, and, on the pretext that he had cooked a sacred fish, his village was burnt to the ground; and about eight months afterwards, on some other equally frivolous pretext, he was bound in a most cruel manner and placed for about eighteen hours in such a position that he could neither lie down nor stand upright. He was an old man and had a diseased arm, and on that account his sufferings were the more excruciating. His savage tormentors stood around him a great part of the time, and, as if no spark of humanity remained in them, when he begged a drop of water to allay his burning thirst he was answered by jeers and mockery. When he was released he was seriously ill, and he seems not to have long survived his outrageous treatment; and when he died the malevolence of his fiendish persecutors followed him to the grave, to which one of them went some days after and fired a shot into it, saying he would 'send his soul to hell.'* His soul happily was beyond their impotent

* There is an amusing incident connected with this act which I have learned since writing the above. One of the persecutors was smitten with remorse for the part he had acted, and his guilty conscience led him to imagine that he was haunted by Bumele; and the hero, as I suppose he thought himself, who performed the above exploit, said he would settle the business, and his mode of settling was as stated above.

reach, and was, we may surely conclude, welcomed to the abode of the blest as one who had been faithful to his little light, and had really died the death of a martyr for Christ. His enemies succeeded in alienating from him his own son, and this he told Mr. Ella he felt more keenly than all his other trials. These, grievous though they were, he could bear, but to have his own son turn against him filled to the brim his cup of sorrow.

Other cases not less revolting followed. The most common modes of punishment adopted by the persecutors was binding with ropes and confining in hovels. Many were thus treated; others were dragged to the premises of the chiefs and compelled to work for them till they recanted, and professed themselves Catholics; and when they could not be induced to do that harsher measures were adopted. A boy, for persisting in attending a Protestant Sabbath School, was beaten till he fainted. The brave boy went again to the forbidden place, and this time he was seized by the savages, bound, and carried to a pit into which dead bodies had been thrown in the days of heathenism. He was suspended over the mouth of the pit, and let down some distance, and told that if he did not promise not to go to the heretic school again he would be thrown to the bottom. The poor boy, terrified at the prospect of being thus buried alive and left to perish under such dreadful circumstances, yielded so far as with his mouth to give the required promise. Other children, both boys and girls, were also on various occasions treated with great barbarity for persisting in attending the Protestant schools.

The reader will readily imagine what a terrible trial it must have been for Mr. and Mrs. Ella to live amid such scenes and witness the suffering of their poor people, while they were unable to help them or obtain redress. When Mrs. Ella was permitted to send a little food to the sufferers in confinement it was considered a great favour, which was only occasionally granted. Mr. Ella was untiring in his efforts to induce the French authorities to interfere and stop the persecution, but all

was of little if any avail. Indeed he himself was subjected to treatment equally insulting, if somewhat less barbarous than were his teachers and people. He was a British subject, and that was something of a restraint. To what length they might have gone, but for that, it is hard to say. As it was, his property was stolen, and he was personally and openly attacked more than once. The most outrageous assault made upon him took place on a Sabbath-day. He and a number of his people were assembled in the church, and were in the act of observing the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. The Catholics rushed into the church and commenced to drag the people out; violent hands were laid upon Mr. Ella himself, and the communion table was nearly upset. The reason assigned for this disgraceful outrage was that the Protestants were holding a Sabbath school, and that all Protestant schools had been closed by order of the governor.

These are but samples of the treatment to which the Protestants with their missionary and teachers were subjected—extending over a space of about eight years—but they will suffice to prepare the reader for the sad tale we have now to tell of the frightful acts of cruelty and bloodshed in which they culminated. The terrible experiences through which Mr. and Mrs. Ella had passed during these eight years had told so seriously upon their health, especially that of Mrs. Ella, that a change had become a necessity, so in the early part of 1872 they left on a visit to their native land; and it seems as if the persecutors had taken advantage of their absence to strike what they hoped would prove a decisive blow at the Protestant religion on the island of Uvea. It was in the month of April, 1872, that on this tiny land a Bartholomew massacre, on a small scale, was planned, and a determined attempt was made to carry it into execution. The plan was arranged with all secrecy. At a time agreed upon the Catholics were to assemble at Fajaue, the head-quarters of the Protestant party. As a blind, it was given out that they were coming together to celebrate a festival. So unusual a movement, however, as meeting

at that place, together with the fact that the Protestants had been informed by some means that the Catholics had purchased a quantity of arms and ammunition from a trading vessel from New Caledonia, had awakened a degree of suspicion which, alas! was soon sadly confirmed.

It seems to have been arranged that the massacre should commence soon after nightfall, and about that time on the fatal night the murderous work was begun by a party of Catholics who came upon a canoe in the lagoon abreast of the doomed village. In the canoe were three men. They had been out fishing. They were fired upon, and one of them was shot dead and fell into the sea; the others were bound, and with their canoe taken to the shore. As the canoes neared the beach a signal fire was kindled opposite the chief's *pah*, and the murderers issued from their hiding places, and the work of death began. The Protestants do not seem to have had any apprehension of an immediate attack, and were evidently taken unawares. It was the hour when they were accustomed to gather together in their lowly homes to present their evening sacrifice to Him whom they had learned to reverence and trust. The first who fell was an old man name Waletrima, the patriarch of his tribe. The poor old man was murdered in his own house, close to the residence of the priest; the other members of the family escaped with their lives, but some of them were severely wounded.

In another house the inmates were gathered around their family altar when they were attacked. The head of the family had just finished reading a portion of the New Testament when the assassins rushed into the house and killed him with their tomahawks. The portion of Scripture from which he had been reading was found after his death stained with his blood. It is now in the possession of the Rev. W. W. Gill, of Rarotonga, who visited the island shortly after the massacre took place.

A young man was shot dead while in the act of fleeing to the house of a French trader in the hope of finding a safe

refuge, and six others were killed during that dreadful night; the number of the wounded we are unable to give. By the shrieks of the dying and wounded, and the running hither and thither of the terror-stricken relatives of the victims, the whole settlement was soon aroused, and all who had escaped and were able fled to the bush under the cover of night; and, before the morning light revealed their hiding-places, they were able to take measures to secure themselves from the vengeance of their blood-thirsty persecutors. Sad to say, the two fishermen, who had been left bound in their canoe while all this bloody work was going on, were clubbed to death by the merciless savages, and their bodies cast into the sea. A few days afterwards a native teacher with an assistant found the bodies and buried them in the sand. So ended this murderous affair. The Popish party wound up the dreadful tragedy by pillaging and burning the Protestant village.

The affair was duly reported at head-quarters, but months passed before any steps were taken either to punish the perpetrators of the atrocities that had been committed or to prevent the recurrence of similar outbreaks. And when some of the ringleaders were called to account, the punishment awarded them was so slight, that encouragement was really given to the persecutors to proceed to further acts of violence and bloodshed; and such was really the outcome of the mockery of justice on the part of the French authorities. Their taking cognizance of the doings of the Catholics at all, and treating them as meriting punishment was an acknowledgment that they were in the wrong, and a virtual vindication of the other party; but, in as far as checking the evil was concerned, it was worse than useless. Of this we have the most painful evidence to adduce.

During the course of the following year, there was a repetition of the murderous work of an equally savage character with that of the first; indeed it was more revolting in some of its details. At the outset two men and eight women were murdered, and many others terribly maimed and wounded.

The men erected a pah, and kept together for a time. The women occupied the house and premises of Mr. Ella, hoping, I suppose, that there they would be safe. Such, however, was not the case. A number were seized by Catholic marauders, fifteen of whom were most barbarously and cruelly maltreated. The kind of torture employed was to maim them by battering their hands with clubs and the backs of tomahawks on stones or stumps of trees; and subsequently eight were murdered in cold blood, and one of them was killed on the Protestant mission premises.

In cases where life was spared barbarous expedients were employed, and cruel threats made to induce the poor people to abjure their religion and embrace Popery. 'Give up your books and become Catholics, or your lives will be taken,' were the demand and threat put before them. The reader will not be surprised to learn that many succumbed to such pressure, and yielded a forced submission to the cruel persecutors. Some managed to conceal their books, which consisted of the four gospels, a hymn book and catechism, and which were prized as their choicest treasures.

On consenting to become Catholics, they were required to prostrate themselves before the image of the Virgin, give up their books, and receive instead Marist medals and rosaries. A day was fixed for enforcing these humiliating, and to a Protestant mind revolting conditions, and, in order to avoid compliance and get beyond the reach of the persecutors, a number of the people determined to make an attempt to escape. The attempt they well knew would be attended with extreme peril. They had been warned that if anyone was caught attempting to escape he would be cut down at once, and the roads were carefully guarded. However, a number of brave souls determined to run all risks rather than bow their necks to a yoke which they detested. So abandoning their lands, their homes and their property, and taking their wives and children, they forced their way through the thick bush under cover of night; avoiding the roads and making their way across the island, and,

scrambling over the rocks to the seashore, they waded along upon the reef to a place of shelter, and when the morning dawned they sped their way to a Protestant tribe at a distance, which was too strong, I suppose, to be attacked by the persecutors.

In January, 1874, Mr. and Mrs. Ella returned from their visit to England. They found that a goodly number of the people remained steadfast to their principles, and that Protestantism had still a firm hold upon the community, notwithstanding the determined and persistent efforts of the Popish party to destroy it. The poor people in large numbers had resisted unto blood, and held fast their integrity, preferring imprisonment, exile, and even death to violating their consciences and denying their Saviour.

They had done little towards restoring to order their villages and plantations; these were still in a great measure lying waste, and they were living in wretched huts, and cultivating just enough to support life. They had no confidence in those by whom they had been so cruelly oppressed, and in whose power they still were. Hence it is not wonderful that in such a state of uncertainty they had no heart to build houses and churches, and cultivate their lands, which might all be again destroyed or taken from them in a few months. The return of their missionary, however, soon wrought a change. They learned from him that they had the deep sympathy of the directors of the London Missionary Society, and of a very large number of Christians in England; and they had a tangible proof of that sympathy by a considerable grant of money voted to them by the Society, to be expended in the purchase of tools for house-building, and implements with which to cultivate their lands. They at once set to work to repair the waste places, and a powerful and healthful stimulus was given to the mission which has been felt more or less to the present day.

After about two years, Mr. Ella was compelled to remove to Sydney on account of Mrs. Ella's health. He did not terminate his connection with the mission, however, till he had com-

pleted the translation of the New Testament, and the Book of Psalms, and so conferred upon the people for whom he and his estimable wife had suffered so much a priceless boon. Exclusive of the time they were absent when they visited England their mission extended over ten years; but more than once during that time Mrs. Ella had to come to Sydney for change, while Mr. Ella struggled on alone. What both suffered during the years of their missionary life on Uvea, which were almost a continuous reign of terror, man will—*can* never know; but all is known and taken account of by Him who has assured His people that, if they suffer with Him, they shall also reign with Him. All will be adjusted in due time, and no one be a loser in the long run for having suffered for Christ and His cause. After a short interval, Mr. Ella's place was supplied by a young missionary from England—the Rev. James Hadfield, who still continues in charge of the mission, and pursues his labours with encouraging success. In the *Chronicle* of the London Missionary Society for December, 1883, there is a report of the present state of the mission, which will interest and cheer the friends of Protestant missions. Mr. Hadfield writes as follows:

'Speaking generally of the year's work, there is great cause for gratitude to God that we have been able to effect more than we had anticipated. In speaking thus, I do not refer altogether to tangible results, though these are not wanting, but to the active working of God's Spirit in our midst. We feel that the people are getting to make religion more a thing of everyday life, and less a thing to be put on and off with their Sunday clothes. The interest in both Sunday and week-day services has been well sustained—indeed few, if any, of the adults are absent from the Sunday services without some reason.

'The money contributed this year by natives for missionary work, including education, etc., exceeds that of any previous year, and is £36 in excess of last year, making an average subscription of nearly three shillings for every Protestant man,

woman, and child on the island. This is in addition to some gratuitous work on the mission premises, and making seats for the Church.

'The work of education is progressing favourably. Since sending my last report, I have received and accepted applications from ten or twelve middle-aged men to join my young men's class.

'We have been taking active measures this year to combat the evil of intemperance, which seems to have been making a gradual inroad among the people. We have tried to stop this nefarious drink-traffic, but, I am sorry to say, with little success. We might succeed if the Roman Catholics would unite with us; so far, however, from doing this, they seem to encourage its use. We have a written temperance-pledge signed by all the Church members, and some of the other people—I think over 200 in number.

'Our Uvean Missionary Society promises well. I have just received a letter from one of the two native missionaries on New Caledonia, which contains a very cheering account of his work. He has made several converts, one being the chief of the place in which he resides. He has also a school of boys and young men. He appeals to the people here to send him clothing, for the converts at present worship in a state of nudity. The other native missionary has also done good service, though he has no real converts; some few of the young men in his school are able to read and write a little. He is now here, having come for his wife and child, for whom he has prepared a home on New Caledonia. The people here have just contributed about £2, to defray his travelling expenses to his station.'

We must now draw our tale to a close. It is a sad tale—a humiliating tale. In every other case of martyrdom which we have had to narrate, the perpetrators have been heathens—men of whom it may be said with a great degree of truth that they knew not what they did. In this case those who were the cruel oppressors, tormentors and murderers of their country-

men, were men professing and calling themselves Christians, while the instigators of all were men of our own colour—men calling themselves missionaries and ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ. This was thoroughly understood by all parties on Uvea. When remonstrated with for their cruel and wicked conduct to the Protestants, the Roman Catholics would reply: 'It is no use speaking to us; speak to the priests that they may not tell us to do such things.' So upon the priests and the governor of New Caledonia, by whom their doings were abetted, or, to put the thing in the mildest form, connived at, rests the main responsibility of all the cruel wrongs inflicted upon the Protestants of Uvea. So we leave the matter in the hands of Him by whom actions are weighed, and who executeth justice and judgment for all that are oppressed.

It is but justice to the late Emperor of France to state that he was entirely opposed to persecution. A very large amount of sympathy with the Protestant missionaries on Uvea and the other islands of the Loyalty group was evoked in England, Australia, and elsewhere. The press in Australia and England came vigorously to the rescue, and public sentiment was roused to an extraordinary pitch, and this found expression in a memorial to the emperor very influentially signed. Among the names appended to the document are those of the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Earl of Chichester, and the Bishop of London, the late Dean Stanley, the Lord Mayor of London, the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, two Aldermen of London, one ex-Alderman, one ex-Sheriff of London and Middlesex, and the Secretaries and Treasurers of the four leading Missionary Societies in England—the London, the Baptist, the Church, and the Wesleyan. To this memorial the following courteous reply was received:

'TUILERIES, *January 24th*, 1865.

'GENTLEMEN,

'I have received the memorial which you addressed to me relative to the measures recently taken in the Loyalty Islands by the governor of New Caledonia. I am writing to

Commandant Guillain to censure any measure which would impose a restraint upon the free exercise of your ministry in those distant lands. I feel assured that, far from raising any difficulties in the way of the representatives of French authority, the Protestant Mission, as well as the Catholic, will seek to diffuse among the natives of the Archipelago the benefits of Christianity and civilization.

'Receive, gentlemen, the assurance of my distinguished consideration,

'NAPOLEON.'

It is painful to have to add that to the present day full religious liberty is not enjoyed on the Loyalty Islands, and as regards the large island of New Caledonia, religious liberty is not allowed at all. On that island agents of the London Missionary Society were placed as far back as 1841, long before the French had anything to do with the island. In 1845, through untoward circumstances, the mission was suspended, and before we were able to resume operations upon it, the French flag was hoisted, and that was the extinction of religious liberty. *All* attempts to resume our work have been steadily resisted by the French.

Our anxiety to do this led to a second application to the Emperor in 1868. This was made by the Committee of the Evangelical Alliance, and the result, so far as the Emperor was concerned, was equally satisfactory with that of the first, but equally unsatisfactory as regards the end sought. In the face of an explicit assurance from the Emperor 'that the same religious liberty which prevailed in France would be extended throughout the French dependencies, and that he would at once instruct the Minister of Marine to carry out this purpose in New Caledonia,'—in the face of this the door has been kept closed against us till the present time; and as a consequence New Caledonia, as regards the aboriginal population, is very much what it was when the teachers of the London Missionary Society were landed on the island forty-three years ago, and

for this sad fact we hold the French officials, who from time to time have ruled the island, solely responsible. Had we been permitted to re-occupy the island as a field of missionary enterprise for more than a quarter of a century, the natives would have had in their hands a complete Bible in their own tongue, and a Christian literature besides, and we should have had churches and schools all over the island; and there is no reason to doubt that, as on the other islands of the group, so on that, the entire population would have been at least nominally Christian, and would have been largely under the influence of Christianity, and, in that case, no such horrid conflicts would have occurred between them and the French settlers and officials as those which led to so much bloodshed and misery a few years ago. In that case the natives would in all probability have submitted quietly to oppression, as they have done on Lifu, Maré, and Uvea. During these sad outbreaks the French reaped what they had sown. 'They sowed the wind, and reaped the whirlwind;' but, alas! others who had no share in the evil policy came in for a large share of the deplorable consequences.

We do not forget that for many years Roman Catholic Missionaries have been at work on New Caledonia, but to a very great extent the natives have all along refused to have them as their teachers; and to those who do attach themselves to them they do not give the Bible or any solid instruction that produces any beneficial effect. Without the Bible no real and abiding reformation can be effected. This all experience proves. And as a matter of fact the natives of New Caledonian are, as a whole, as deeply degraded to-day, and in many cases indeed more so than they were when the white man first set foot upon their shores

Alas for them! A hard lot is theirs, not only to be placed under a foreign yoke without their having any voice in the matter, but to be deprived of what is man's most precious birthright, freedom to worship their Maker according to their

own wishes, and to have no alternative but to embrace Popery or to remain in the darkness of heathenism.

It is deeply interesting to learn from Mr. Hadfield's report that their brethren on Uvea are stretching out a helping hand. From that it would seem as if a little more liberty were being allowed than in the past. God grant that a brighter day may soon dawn on poor benighted New Caledonia, that they may at length have the Gospel of God's grace—the only remedy for man's misery and man's woe—fully unfolded to them, and the Book which reveals that remedy put into their hands, that they may read in their own tongue wherein they were born the wonderful works of God. Amen, so let it be!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MARTYRS OF THE MELANESIAN MISSION.

BISHOP PATTESON.

THE story of the life and death of Bishop Patteson, with those of his fellow-martyrs, is one of the most instructive and interesting tales to be found in the annals of Polynesian martyrdom. The Bishop himself was no ordinary man, and those who were associated with him were worthy of him and of the cause for which they died. He was a man of high social position, being the son of one, and the nephew of another, of England's most eminent judges. High birth, of course, does not of itself entitle a man to consideration; but, in the case of Bishop Patteson, there was an assemblage of qualities that would have secured for him a distinguished place in any walk of life for which he possessed any special fitness. He was a man of fine talents and high culture, and of singular consecration to Christ and to His cause.

John Coleridge Patteson was born on the 1st of April, 1827. He is described in his Biography, published under the auspices of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, as having been 'an eager, passionate child, full of love and affection to those around him.'

'He always said he would be "a clergyman," and this determination grew with his growth, until the desire of the boy became the earnest purpose of the young man. At the time of the great hurricane in Barbadoes, in the year 1831, he was much impressed with the heroic conduct of his relative, Bishop

Coleridge, who was then Bishop of Barbadoes and the Leeward Islands, and the result of his admiration for the Bishop was declared with glowing colours in the words, "I will be a bishop, mother, and I will have a hurricane too."'

In 1853 he was ordained to the curacy of Offington, a small church on the outskirts of Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire. About a year after his settlement here Bishop Selwyn, at that time Bishop of New Zealand, was on a visit to England, and was seeking to enlist volunteers for missionary work among the isles of the Pacific. Mr. Patteson's mind had been directed to the subject of foreign mission service before he met with Bishop Selwyn, so, when he paid him a visit at his English home, he was prepared to offer to join him in carrying on the recently formed Melanesian Mission. His English home was a highly attractive one. It was in 'a delightful part of Devonshire, within an easy walk of Feniton Court, his father's residence, and in the midst of many other relatives, all fondly attached and living in close intercourse,' yet was he willing to exchange all this for a life of toil, danger, and self-denial in the far-off isles of the Pacific Ocean.

With himself it was no hasty resolve. 'His mind,' he says, 'had run much upon it for a long time.' His views and feelings are touchingly expressed in a letter which he wrote in view of his departure: 'There shall be no great leave-taking; I do not like that kind of thing, and a shake of the hand tells its story as well as many words. The blessed hope that we may all meet again is a real strength now. I dwell more than ever on the thought of my dear mother and Uncle F., and felt much peace in that thought on Christmas Day, during the time of Holy Communion. And I cannot doubt that all the cheerfulness and calmness I enjoy now is a great gift to help me through what is to come.'

In the spring of 1855, Mr. Patteson embarked with Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn for New Zealand, and, like a true missionary, he applied himself so diligently to the study of the Maori language, under the teaching of Bishop Selwyn, that on reaching

New Zealand he astonished the natives by being able to converse freely with them in their mother tongue. This was an achievement unprecedented I think in the history of modern missions. For some time after his arrival in New Zealand, he was occupied chiefly with ministerial work among the European population. This was only, however, till the opportunity was afforded of entering upon his life work—foreign mission service —and after a few months that opportunity was found. In May, 1856, he started with Bishop Selwyn in the mission schooner *Southern Cross*, on a missionary voyage, and from that time onward he did 'one thing.'

The Melanesian Mission, with which from this time Mr. Patteson was identified, had been commenced by Bishop Selwyn in 1848. From the date at which we have now arrived the work was carried on conjointly by Bishop Selwyn and Mr. Patteson till 1861, when the entire care and responsibility of the mission were transferred to Mr. Patteson, and on the 24th of that month he was consecrated Bishop of Melanesia. The island of Mota (Sugar Loaf Island), of Banks' Islands, a group lying to the north of the New Hebrides, had been fixed upon by Bishop Selwyn as the head-quarters of the mission among the islands, and the work of education and training was carried on at New Zealand till 1866, when Norfolk Island was fixed upon as a more eligible place, and, in March of that year, the Bishop and his fellow-labourers took up their abode on that island, and it was henceforth the chief centre of operations.

For a considerable time after the sole charge of the mission devolved upon Bishop Patteson, it was much tried by sickness and deaths among the scholars, both at New Zealand and Mota, but nothing untoward occurred in connection with the Bishop's visits to the different islands till May, 1864, when an event occurred which caused the good man poignant sorrow. The event referred to took place at the island of Santa Cruz—a place of mournful memories from its proximity to the islands where the Bishop himself and two other members of the mission afterwards met their death.

The Bishop had already had one or two narrow escapes. On one occasion, while engaged in purchasing provisions for the ship from the natives of Api—an island of the New Hebrides —the people of two villages quarrelled among themselves, and rushed off towards their respective homes, shooting vigorously at each other as they went, while the Bishop was in the midst of them. Happily he escaped unhurt.

On another occasion, while sitting among a crowd of people on an island of the New Hebrides, called Lepers' Island, a man came rushing towards him, brandishing a club. With admirable self-possession the Bishop remained unmoved, and held out his hand in a friendly way, with a few fish-hooks. His assailant seemed to be taken by surprise by the Bishop's calm attitude, and he was brought somewhat to a stand, and one or two men from the crowd sprang up and seized him, and drove him away. It was afterwards found that about two months before, a native of the island had been shot dead by a white man for stealing a piece of calico, and that the attack upon the Bishop was meant to avenge his death.

And soon after this came the greatest calamity which had yet befallen the mission. The following is the Bishop's account of the affair, written apparently in a letter to a friend: 'I have had a heavy trial since I last wrote to you. Two dear young friends of mine, Norfolk Islanders, twenty-one and eighteen years old, dear to me as children of my own, have been taken from me. Fisher Young, eighteen, died of lock-jaw on the 22nd of August, and Edwin Nobbs, twenty-one, on September 5, in consequence of arrow wounds, received on August 15, at Santa Cruz. Edmund Pearce, an Englishman, was also struck. He is, thank God, quite recovered.'

'Santa Cruz is a fine and very populous island. The people are large, tall, and muscular. In 1862 I landed at seven different villages on the north (reef coast), amidst great crowds, wading or swimming ashore in the usual manner. They treated me well, and I was hopeful of getting some two or three lads to come away with me on a second visit, from whom I might

learn the language, etc., after our work. In 1863 I could not get to the island, the wind being contrary.'

On this occasion the Bishop left the ship in a boat with a crew of five, all volunteers. After proceeding some distance along the coast they reached two large villages. The Bishop went ashore alone and spent some time at each of these villages, and then proceeded farther along the coast. 'At last,' he says, 'about noon, I reached a very large village near the north-west point of the island. I had been there in 1862. After some deliberation I got on the reef, which was bare, as it was low water. The boat was pulled off to a distance, and I waded across the reef 200 yards or so to the village. In the boat they counted upwards of 400 men, all armed, crowding about me. But you know I am used to that, and it seems natural. I went into a large house and sat down. I knew only a few words of their language. After a time I again waded back to the edge of the reef, the people thronging round me. The boat was backed in to meet me: it is a light four-oared whale-boat. I made a stroke or two and got into the boat. Then I saw that the men, swimming about, had fast hold of the boat, and it was evident by the expression of their faces that they meant to hold it back. How we managed to detach their hands I can hardly tell. They began shouting at once, being very close. Three canoes chased us as we began to get way on the boat, men standing up and shouting. The long arrows were whizzing on every side, as you may suppose. Pearce was knocked over at once, Fisher shot through the left wrist, Edwin in the cheek. No one, I suppose, thought there was a chance of getting away. They all laboured nobly. Neither Edwin nor Fisher ever dropped their oars, nor ceased pulling, dear noble lads, and they were as good and pure as they were brave. Thank God, a third Norfolk Islander, Hunt Christian, and Joseph Atkin, an excellent lad of twenty, the son of a neighbouring settler near Auckland, were not touched. Not a word was said, only "Pull port oars; pull on steadily." Once, dear Edwin, with the fragment of the arrow sticking in his cheek, and the blood streaming down,

called out, thinking even more of me than of himself, "Look out, sir; close to you!" But indeed it was so; on all sides they were close to us.

'In about twenty minutes we were on board the schooner. I need not tell you about the attempts I had to make at the surgical part of it all. With difficulty I got the arrows out of Pearce's chest and Fisher's wrist. Edwin's was not a deep wound, but the thermometer was ranging from 88° to 91°, and I knew that Norfolk Islanders, like most tropical people, are very subject to lockjaw. On the fourth day that dear lad Fisher said to me, "I can't think what makes my jaw so stiff." Then I knew that all hope was gone of his being spared. God has been very merciful to me. The very truthfulness and purity, and gentleness, and self-denial, and real simple devotion that they ever manifested, and that made them so very dear to me, are now my best and truest comforts. Their patient endurance of great sufferings—for it is an agonizing death to die, their simple trust in God through Christ, their thankful, happy, holy disposition, shone out brightly through all. Nothing had power to disquiet them. "I am very glad," said Fisher, "that I was doing my duty. Tell my father that I was in the path of duty, and he will be so glad. Poor Santa Cruz people!" Ah, my dear boy, you will do more for their conversion by your death than ever we shall by our lives.

'The last night, when I left him for an hour or two at 1 a.m., only to lie down in my clothes by his side, he said faintly (his body being then rigid as a bar of iron), "Kiss me, Bishop!" At 4 a.m. he started as if from a trance; he had been wandering a good deal; but all his words, even then, were of things pure and holy. His eyes met mine, and I saw consciousness gradually coming back into them. "They never stop singing there, sir, do they?"—for his thoughts were with the angels in heaven. Then, after a short time, the last terrible struggle, and then he fell asleep.

'It was not till four days after the death of Fisher that the fatal symptoms came on in Edwin's case. It was not so acute,

but far more trying to him. For eight days his jaw was locked; for five days and nights he never slept one instant, spasms continually recurring. He may be said almost literally to have spent the whole time in unwearied prayer and praise. Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.'

This sad affair told very seriously upon the Bishop. He went on with his work with his wonted zeal, but he was not the same man as before. Months afterwards he wrote as follows:—'I am an older man since this sorrow. Not that I feel altogether unhappy, and I trust that I am not murmuring at God's will, nor desirous that these two dear ones should be given back. No, no, I don't wish that; but simply I have had a succession of hard knocks, and they have taken something out of me, and I am not altogether, as I can't expect to be, the man that I was before. Dear, dear Edwin and Fisher! their patient endurance of great suffering, and simple loving thoughts and prayers about their poor Santa Cruz people are, and ever I trust will be, a holy example before my eyes. Oh, how blessed to think that all are, we humbly trust, journeying on one day to join that blessed company!'

And these events awakened in the mind of the Bishop serious apprehensions as to his own future. 'Look which way I will,' he says, 'I see anxieties and trials. It may be much smoother than the path I think I see; but I have many holy examples to cheer me, and I ought not to shrink from it.' Nor did he shrink from danger and trial, but went calmly and steadily forward, not counting his life dear unto him that he might make full proof of his ministry and finish his course with joy. He withdrew himself more and more from everything not bearing directly on his proper work, and, like the first great missionary to the heathen, the Apostle Paul, he did 'one thing.' In a letter to Professer Max Müller, written, I suppose, at an earlier stage of his course, he says, 'I determined that I must refuse so much English work. I sat and growled in my den (the idea of Bishop Patteson "growling!") and, of

course, rather vexed people, and perhaps (for which I should be most heartily grieved) my dear good friend and leader, the Bishop of New Zealand.' And he acknowledges that it would have been agreeable to his feelings to have adopted a different course. 'Often, I do not deny,' he says, 'I should, perhaps, like the other people better. It is very pleasant to shirk my evening class, and to spend the time with Sir William Martin (Chief Justice of New Zealand), discussing some point of Melanesian philology; but then my dear lads have lost two hours of Christian instruction, and that won't do.'

The temptation to indulge in the way referred to was brought to an end soon after the date at which we have now arrived. In 1866 the head quarters of the mission were moved from New Zealand to Norfolk Island, and the society there was not of a character to hold out any strong inducements to the Bishop and his fellow-labourers to turn aside from their proper work.

The remaining years of the Bishop's life were similar in character to those which had gone before. He laboured on with unflagging zeal, being instant in season and out of season.

After the removal to Norfolk Island he wrote as follows:

'I, a regular old bachelor and hermit, like my life here uncommonly. I don't know when I have felt more happy. I work, on the whole, hard, and as I have but few distractions now, I get through much more Melanesian work than ever before . . . . What a happy, happy life mine is, so full of blessings, and so free from cares on the whole! It may not be so always, but just now, while feeling conscious that trials may be near, I am thankful for the peace and comfort.'

Trials, indeed, were near: the above extracts were written at the close of 1867, and early in 1868 typhoid fever broke out among the Pitcairn Islanders, and from them it spread to the native members of the mission. Among them there were at one time as many as seventeen cases. Happily none of the English members of the mission were attacked by the disease, so they were able to wait upon and nurse the sufferers, which they did most assiduously. Notwithstanding all their efforts,

however, five died, and among the Pitcairn Islanders the mortality was very great; twenty-three, or one-thirteenth of the whole, succumbed to the disease. It was thought well not to make any visits to the homes of the boys and youths during this season, but to let them all remain at the school. It was feared that if they were taken to their islands soon after the abatement of the disease they might carry infection with them, which of course would have been a dreadful calamity. The influence of the visitation upon the survivors appeared to be very beneficial; and when the sad news was made known to the relatives of the departed, at their island homes, they manifested a spirit equally creditable to themselves and the good Bishop. 'It is good,' they said; 'perhaps if they had stayed here they would have died. We know you took care of them and did all you could for them.' Such was in substance the feeling expressed on all hands, and such the confidence reposed in the Bishop at this time. The closing months of this year, 1868, witnessed two events of a very pleasing and interesting character; the first was the celebration of three marriages—the first Christian marriages that had taken place. Those brought as scholars from the different islands were chiefly young men and boys. A few girls and women, however, had been brought from time to time, most of them being wives of some of the scholars; the first female scholar had been brought by Bishop Selwyn, at an early stage of the mission, clothed in garments made by his own hands.

On the occasion to which we are now referring much interest was awakened—'the chapel was prettily decorated with evergreens and arums, and the brides were beautifully dressed. The whole school was present, and the bridal procession chanted the 100th Psalm. The wedding rings were made out of fourpenny-pieces; the marriage service, which had been previously translated, printed, and read by every one, was evidently felt by all to be peculiarly impressive.'

The other event to which we have referred was of a widely different character: it was the ordination of a native to the

Christian Ministry—the first of the converts of the Melanesian mission who was entrusted with that high office, and so an event of special interest and importance.

The young man on whom this honour was conferred was George Sarawia, one of the Bishop's earliest pupils, and the first scholar from Vanua Lava, an island immediately adjoining Mota. The Bishop's testimony respecting him at this time is as follows:—'His steadfastness of character, intelligence, and goodness generally have marked him out for some years past as the most thoroughly trustworthy of our party, though it is almost unfair upon several others to say this without some qualification; but his position, both here and in his islands, is different from that hitherto attained by any other; there is something about him that has made us feel an amount of respect for his character that makes us, humanly speaking, feel very happy and hopeful as to his future career.' The ordination took place on the last Sabbath of the year. There were present at the service fifty-five Melanesians, a few Norfolk islanders, and a small party of English. 'It was,' says the Bishop, 'a solemn and a most happy time, so much so as to make us full of thankfulness, of wonder, of hope, and yet to prepare us for many failures and disappointments which (if the work is to be like most other Christian works) must needs come. But we thankfully dwelt upon the hopeful side, and tried to accept the blessing without too much anxious thought for the future.'

The way in which the Bishop got possession of George is full of interest, and strikingly shows on what small and apparently fortuitous events great things hang. The Bishop had made an unsuccessful attempt to induce some of the parents on his native isle to allow their children to go with him, and, on returning to his boat somewhat discouraged, he found that one little native boy had scrambled into the boat, and seemed determined to go with him; the people on shore, however, seeing the boy, rushed down into the water and surrounded the boat; all were armed, and were about to commence an attack, when the Bishop laid hold of the little fellow and held him up in his

arms to indicate that he would not take him without their consent. The Bishop was ignorant of their language, but the little manly fellow chatted vehemently to his own people, and the result was that they allowed him to go with the white man.

And that child became the first native convert, afterwards the first teacher, and the first native who was ordained to the Ministry of the Gospel!

George and his wife were settled on Mota, where their efforts, and those of their fellow-workers, seemed to be productive of much good, his subsequent career fully justifying the high expectations entertained by the Bishop respecting him. Our object, however, is not to write a history of the Mission. Of that we can only give glimpses by the way, so we must pass on to narrate the closing events of the good Bishop's career. Early in 1870 he had a very serious illness, so serious that he was obliged to withdraw from the mission for a season, and make a visit to New Zealand for medical advice and change of air and rest. After a few months he was able to rejoin the mission, but he never fully recovered from the effects of the attack. After his return to Norfolk Island he writes, 'For myself I am far from well. I do a good deal of work, indeed, a great deal to count by the hours spent at work; but I have almost always a feeling of discomfort, a sense of something not right. I cannot look forward to much more native work—knocking about. . . . The natives begin to talk of me as the "Tamuragai"—the old man—and I do creep about rather old-man fashion.'

At this time the Bishop was strongly urged by friends to make a visit to England for complete rest and change, but this he could not be persuaded to do, though by deciding to remain in the islands he was denying himself the only opportunity he was ever likely to have of again meeting his father in this life, and this deprivation he felt very keenly. This came to light very affectingly after his death. In his well-worn Bible a passage was found scored and underscored, and blotted with his tears, it was chapter x., verses 28-30, of the Gospel according

to Mark, beginning, 'Peter began to say unto him, Lo, we have left all to follow Thee.'

This touching incident reveals more forcibly than words could the deeply painful struggle that it must have cost the good man to remain at his post under such circumstances; and we can only admire the noble heroism and self-denial which prompted his decision. It is certainly a decision to which few men so circumstanced would have come. It is a painful fact that the great reason that influenced him in deciding to remain was the critical state of the mission occasioned by the infamous 'labour traffic' which so soon after led to the tragical termination of his own life. Of the bearing of this traffic on the mission the Bishop's views were of the gravest character. Early in 1871 he wrote as follows:—'Our great hindrance is the kidnapping of natives from the islands, which has so exasperated the inhabitants that we cannot now land without risk at places where we used formerly to go ashore without any fear of danger.' 'The evil,' remarks the compiler of the memoir of the Bishop, 'was evidently growing every day; but no one was the least prepared to find how vastly its dimensions had increased in a few months, and now the bitterness of feeling on the part of the islanders had been intensified by the atrocities which were fast becoming a recognized part of the system of proceeding.'

CHAPTER XV.

THE MARTYRS OF THE MELANESIAN MISSION (Continued).

THE Bishop's last voyage was commenced on the 27th of April, 1871. Several islands of the New Hebrides group were visited, and traces of the doings of the 'thievish ships,' as the natives call them throughout the Pacific, were everywhere found. Instead of the visits of the mission ship being welcomed as heretofore, the people were shy and distrustful. The Bishop and part of the mission staff remained on Mota, while the schooner returned to Norfolk Island and brought thence Mr. Brooke, Mr. Atken, and twenty-five Melanesians for the Solomon Islands. The schooner reached Mota again on the 7th of June, but the Bishop still remained there, while the vessel visited several other islands, and it was not till about the month of August, or later, that he started on the fatal voyage to the Solomon group. The narrative in the memoir is so involved, and so lacking in dates, that the exact time when the voyage commenced cannot be made out, but we find the Bishop calling at the Island of Florida, of the Solomon group, to pick up Mr. Brooke, who had been residing on that island for some time, and the first date which we meet with after his departure from that is September 1st. On that date the party sailed for Savo, another of the Solomon Islands. After leaving that island the party proceeded to Ysabel, and thence stood for Santa Cruz.

On the 11th of September they arrived at some small islands forming the Swallow Group of the Santa Cruz Archipelago.

The Bishop had determined not to land at Santa Cruz until he had learnt whether any 'labour vessels' had been there. With this view he made for the small island of Nukapu, where he was in the habit of calling to obtain an interpreter for Santa Cruz, as its inhabitants understood Maori, and also the language spoken by the people of Santa Cruz.

'Observing some canoes lying off the island the Bishop, Mr. Atken, and three Melanesians put off in the boat to speak to them. The people not coming off themselves to the vessel was noticed as an unusual circumstance. In previous years they had always come out some miles to meet the Bishop, and had clambered on board without the least fear. On reaching the canoes, and finding that the tide was not high enough to allow the boat to cross the reef, on the other side of which the canoes were lying, the Bishop went into one of them, with two chiefs whom he knew, and was taken ashore, the other canoes remaining about ten yards from the boat.

'Suddenly, without any warning, a man in one of these rose, and saying, "Have you got anything like this?" shot an arrow, which was quickly followed by a volley from his seven companions. Mr. Atken was shot in the left shoulder, whilst of the three Melanesians one was wounded slightly, and another was pierced through and through.

The boat was now at once rowed to the vessel, on reaching which it was at once decided to send a strong party well armed to ascertain the fate of the Bishop. Notwithstanding his wound, Mr. Atken volunteered to go in the boat and act as guide. When they reached the reef the tide was still too low to allow of their crossing it, so they had to wait till about half-past four o'clock, when they were able to pull over the reef, and then they saw for the first time a canoe floating about with no one in it, in the lagoon, and on pulling up to it they found something in it wrapped carefully up in native cloth, and which on examination was found to be the Bishop's body! With sad hearts the party returned to the ship, bearing the remains of him whom all so greatly revered and loved. With intense

anxiety those on board had awaited the return of the boat, and now their worst fears were realized—the dear good Bishop was gone—had fallen a martyr to the horrid labour traffic. The poor deluded natives had killed their best friend! alas! they knew not what they did. They had treated the body with respect, wrapping it in matting and tying the covering carefully at the neck and the ankles; and a palm frond was thrust into the breast, in which were five knots tied, probably designed to indicate the number of those whom his death was meant to avenge. It is very likely that those who so treated the body were friends to the Bishop, but were unable to protect him from the vengeance of others who may have suffered grievous wrongs at the hands of the slavers.

The skull was found to be shattered, and the top of the head had been cloven by some sharp instrument, while about the body were numerous arrow wounds. Death must have been almost instantaneous, so there could not have been much suffering. The sorrowing survivors testify that 'the sweet face still smiled; the eyes were closed, as if the patient martyr had had time to breathe a prayer for his murderers. There was no sign of agony or terror. Peace reigned supreme in that sweet smile, which will ever live in our remembrance as the last silent blessing of our revered Bishop and our beloved friend.' Another of his fellow-labourers, Mr. Brooke, repeats the testimony as to the eyes being closed, and the calm smile being on his face, and adds, 'He probably saw what was coming, from the conduct of the natives, and prepared himself for it.'

An incident, which the Bishop himself related to the Bishop of Newcastle, affords a touching confirmation of the probable truth of the above supposition. The name of the island at which the occurrence took place is not given, but it was an island to which he had made a visit before, and been well received, and to a friendly chief he had promised to repeat his visit; this he did in the following year. He was met on the beach by a number of men, about ten, and when he asked for his friend they replied that they would guide him to him.

They led him a long way inland. At length he was convinced, from their looks and gestures, and violent talk, that they had a design upon his life. As the conviction forced itself upon him that he was about to be murdered, he felt great alarm, and, coming to a hut, he told the natives he would go in there for a little, out of the heat of the sun. He entered the hut and knelt down, and committed himself to God. The effect both upon himself and his would-be murderers was instantaneous and wonderful. He left the hut, feeling himself in the hands of God, and his fear was gone. The natives looked at him with apparent wonder, and talked to each other while pointing at him; then they stopped, consulted, and decided to return to the beach. They took the Bishop back to his boat, and stood on the shore watching till he reached the ship.

The Bishop afterwards learnt that a man belonging to their tribe had been murdered by a white man during the interval of his visits, and that they had determined to kill the first white man who might visit their island, to avenge the death of their relative. The Bishop was to have been taken further inland than the place where the hut stood, and murdered, but when he came forth from his brief act of worship, with his countenance calm and peaceful, they looked upon him, and said among themselves, 'He does not look like a murderer; he is not afraid of us; he cannot have been a party to our brother's death. We will not hurt him, but take him back in safety to his ship.' At that time his work was not done—his education for the higher sphere of service was not complete; now the work was done, the training was finished—he was meet for the inheritance of the saints in light, and the stroke was permitted to fall which dismissed him from the toils and trials of earth to the rest and bliss of heaven. And what shall we say? It seems very sad and very mysterious to us that such a life should have been cut short at a time when its continuance appeared on every account so desirable, but doubtless it was right. God makes no mistakes; and the interests of the cause for which he lived, and for which he died, have been and

will continue to be served by his death perhaps to a greater extent than they would have been by the prolongation of his life. Public interest has been awakened, and public indignation aroused against the iniquitous labour traffic; and though, alas! it is not yet suppressed, it is carried on in a somewhat less atrocious form than it was at one time, and its entire suppression is, we may hope, only a question of a little time; and his place in the mission is filled by a man of kindred spirit and character to himself—Bishop Selwyn, son of the founder of the mission.

We have now seen the last of the good Bishop, but, alas! our mournful tale is not yet done. Another noble man, Mr. Atkin, not unworthy to be classed with him, was added to the roll of Polynesian martyrs shortly after his leader had finished his course, and yet another followed—Stephen Taroniara, one of the Christian natives who were wounded in the attack that was made upon the boat's crew. He had no less than six arrow-wounds in different parts of his body, and one of these was mortal, the arrow having apparently pierced the lungs. The poor fellow suffered much, but bore all with the patience of a martyr, and after about a week's endurance he passed peacefully away from the sufferings of earth to the rest of heaven. Mr. Atkin's wound does not appear to have been of an alarming character at first. With reference to it he wrote to his mother on the 21st of September, the fifth day after he received the wound. 'John, a native, is wounded in the right shoulder; I in the left. We are both maimed for the time, but if it were not for the fear of poison, the wounds would not be worth noticing. I do not expect any bad consequences, but they are possible. What would make me cling to life more than anything else is the thought of you at home; but if it be God's will that I am to die, I know that He will enable you to bear it, and bring good for you out of it.'

As the event proved, it was God's will that the good man should die. His work was done, and while he penned the above lines he was on the verge of the eternal world—the

poison which he feared was doing its deadly work. On the 28th of September he became suddenly worse, and a night of extreme suffering followed. In the morning, as he lay convulsed and suffering excruciating pain, he seemed fully to realize that the end had come. He cried, 'Good-bye,' and about seven o'clock I asked him, says Mr. Brooke, who was waiting on him and assiduously attending to the wants of him and the other sufferers, 'Would he have a little sal volatile?' 'No!' 'A little brandy?' 'No!' 'Did he want anything?' 'To die!' These were his last words, and, after another hour's acute suffering, he passed away.

On the following day the bodies of Mr. Atkin and his fellow-martyr, Stephen Taroniara, were committed to the deep, there to rest till the sea gives up the dead that are in it. We must not withhold from the reader the following affecting words from the pen of Mr. Atkin, written immediately after the death of the Bishop; they are specially touching, as his own death followed so soon after. 'It would only be selfish,' he says, 'to wish him back; he has gone to his rest, dying, as he lived, in his Master's service. It seems a shocking way to die, but I can say, from experience, that it is far more to hear of than to suffer. In whatever way so peaceful a life as his is ended his end is peace. There was no sign of fear or pain on his face—just the look that he used to have when asleep—patient, and a little wearied. What a stroke will his death be to hundreds! What his mission will do without him, God only knows, Who has taken him away!'

A feeling of inexpressible sorrow filled the hearts of the little community at Norfolk Island, when the sad news reached them that the Bishop was gone. 'Dear, kind, good, loving Bishop,' exclaimed the Rev. Mr. Nobbs, 'how full of sadness our hearts are at his loss! We know that they are at rest, and their works do follow them. . . . May the remembrance of the sweet, Christ-like character of our dear Bishop help us to strive to follow him as he followed his Lord. Often I say to myself, why was he so loveable? and why was there a greater fascina-

tion and influence for good about him than any one I ever met? And the truest answer seems to be that he partook so greatly of the spirit of Christ. His sole object seemed to be to do all for the glory of God—to feed those sheep in the wilderness of sin and ignorance.'

Bishop Patteson was undoubtedly a grand and noble man. He possessed a rare assemblage of qualities not often found in the same man. On these, however, we must not enlarge. One of the finest and most striking estimates of him with which I have met is from the pen of Professor Max Müller, and with that our notice of him may be appropriately closed. 'There are many great and good men,' remarks the Professor, 'it may be as great and good as he was, who passed away unnoticed from the world. But that is the very reason why we should be ready to recognize and honour the man, who himself looked for no recognition, and no honour, but who, as by a terrible flash of lightning, was suddenly revealed to us by his death in all his grandeur and human majesty. It is well that we should know what stuff there may be, unknown to us, in the men whom we meet in common life, doing their allotted work steadily and quietly, but carrying in their breasts those lion hearts which neither ambition nor love of ease—neither danger, nor death, can force one inch from the narrow path of duty.

'To have known such a man is one of life's greatest blessings. In his life of purity, unselfishness, devotion to man, a faith in a higher world, those who have eyes to see may read the best, the most real *Imitatio Christi*. In his death, following so closely on his prayer for forgiveness for his enemies,—"for they know not what they do," we have witnessed once more a truly Christ-like death.'*

* From the 'Life of Bishop Patteson,' published under the direction of the Tract Committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, I have obtained my information respecting the life, labours, and death of the Bishop and his fellow-martyrs.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

AND now my task is done. A task, indeed, in the ordinary sense of the word, it has not been, but rather a labour of love. Many of those of whom I have had to write were more or less personally known to me. John Williams I knew well. Of Mr. Harris I knew a little, and considerably more of the elder Gordon and his wife; and most of the native martyrs I knew intimately, and to some of them I sustained relations which death has interrupted but not severed. That I should feel a deep and loving interest in everything relating to them is therefore very much a matter of course; and indeed, in the others, my interest is scarcely less deep.

The records contained in this volume, as the reader will have observed, extend over a very long period, beginning with the martyrs of Tonga, in 1799, and ending with the martyrdom of Bishop Patteson in 1871. And what an eventful period do the intervening years cover! Progress unprecedented in any similar period of the world's history has been the characteristic of these eventful years—progress in every direction—and it is a subject for unspeakable satisfaction and thankfulness to God that the missionary enterprise has fully kept pace with other movements. Indeed, I am not sure that a careful examination of facts would not place this movement in the foremost rank, if not in the very van of progress, during the last seventy or eighty years. From small beginnings the grand enterprise has moved steadily onward, bearing down all opposition and gaining victory upon victory till the glorious consummation seems almost within our grasp.

Missionaries, numbering between two and three thousand, and tens of thousands of natives of the many lands on which missions have been planted, are proclaiming the Gospel with the living voice; and the Bible is speaking to the nations of the earth in two hundred and fifty languages, and it is estimated that there are 150,000,000 copies in circulation, against 5,000,000 at the beginning of the present century. Well may we thank God and take courage. We do not forget that a mighty work remains to be done. But what a vantage-ground do we occupy for the accomplishment of that work! Never at any former period of the world's history was the Church in such a favourable position for carrying the Gospel to the ends of the earth. And what has brought about this state of things? To whom are we indebted for the advantages of which we find ourselves possessed? God has done it—yes, God has done it. Most devoutly and heartily do we acknowledge that; but God has done it by the instrumentality of men, and among these we claim for our martyred brethren and sisters in Polynesia, New Guinea, Madagascar, and elsewhere a distinguished place. Others laboured and suffered, and were, many of them, ready to lay down their lives for the cause, but these actually did so. To them, therefore, belongs the higher honour. Let us glorify God in them, and, stimulated by their example, consecrate ourselves afresh to the service of Him for whose sake and in whose service they lived and laboured and died.

Thus we close these simple records with gratitude to God for the past, and with high and confident expectations for the future.

The triumph of our cause is assured, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it; and the glorious consummation draws on apace. Not many more decades of 'sin and woe,' we trust, remain, before the beautiful words of our Christian poet shall be realized, though we fear they fail adequately to express the severity of the struggle that must precede the final triumph and usher in 'the time of rest'—the glorious millennial day. In his words we take leave of the readers of this volume. May they

and we, each of us, find mercy of the Lord at that day, and receive from His gracious hand the crown of life.

'The groans of Nature in this nether world,
Which heaven has heard for ages, have an end.
Foretold by prophets and by poets sung,
The time of rest, the promised sabbath, comes.
Six thousand years of sorrow have well-nigh
Fulfilled their tardy and disastrous course
Over a sinful world; and what remains
Of this tempestuous state of human things
Is merely as the working of a sea
Before a calm that rocks itself to rest.'

COWPER.

'The Lord will hasten it in His time.'

THE END.

Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row, London.

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